



ועידת התביעות
Claims Conference
Conference on Jewish Material Claims
Against Germany

Claims Conference Holocaust Survivor Memoir Collection

Access to the print and/or digital copies of memoirs in this collection is made possible by USHMM on behalf of, and with the support of, the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany.

The United States Holocaust Memorial Museum respects the copyright and other intellectual property rights associated with the materials in its collection and makes good faith efforts to determine the copyright status of such materials. The Museum has a good faith belief that the materials in this collection may be made publicly available. The Museum welcomes additional information about copyright status. If you have additional information or concerns about the copyright ownership of materials in this collection, please contact the Museum's Library by phone at 202-479-9717 or by email at reference@ushmm.org.

THE HOLOCAUST AND ITS IMPACT ON MY LIFE.

What I remember and what I want my grandchildren to know
about my life experiences.

By GRETA W. STANTON



INTRODUCTION TO MY MEMOIRS.

My dear grandchildren:

A few lines of explanation seem necessary, even though my chapter 1 explains my decision to write my "Holocaust" memoirs. About 8 years ago I decided to take a short course in Memoir Writing given in my community "Clearbrook" by Lotte Robbins, who was then a resident here. We were meeting a few times to learn some of the basics. The following year, 7 of us decided that we want to continue as a group, and so we did. Since most of the women spent most of the winter away from Clearbrook, we continued to meet about 6 times a year for the following years and found it an enjoyable collegial and educational experience. We supported each other in our efforts to remember and reconstruct some of our memoirs.

Chapters 2 Growing Up in Vienna, Chapter 16., The Driver's License, and Chapter 17., Love is Better the Second Time Around, were written as assignments during the course with Lotte. The other chapters were written As we went along, very spontaneously, in terms of my recollections, or my activities as they occurred.

It became clear very quickly that most of my thoughts and my wish to remember were focused on issues related to the Holocaust. It began with my attempt to honor my aunt Klara's memory by doing something about her art work. Later I added stories about my own life and some of my family members' lives during the Holocaust and the consequences for us of having lived and survived this incredible event.

The group members acted as a sounding board and were continuing to support my efforts by their warm and intelligent reactions summed up in the comment that my productions were a mixture of feelings and history lessons. So be it.

About two years ago when I presented a paper at Yad Vashem about my work with Holocaust Survivors and their presentations to local school children, someone suggested that I write to a particular publisher. This helped me to complete my writing and put it into some kind of order. Should it be published, it will probably be edited. If it is not published, it is finished for now and I hope you will at one time read it with interest. There will also be enough original draft copies for my closest friends, should they want to have a copy for themselves.

My thanks go to my Memoir Group Members: Arline Berger, Eva Dukes, Doris Fishman, Gert Kam, Troim Handler, and Pauline Tannenbaum.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

The writing was easy, it came from the heart. The technical aspects were much more difficult. The smattering of knowledge gained through my computer training at the Clearbrook Computer Club, were heavily supplemented by individual instruction and help. My thanks go to Lenny Miller and Hal Wexler, the chairs of the Computer Club, Shirley Schoedes and Robert Freeman, and many other instructors. I could not have done it without you.

Thanks to my secretary Joan McCann for her active work, support and admiration; to my friend Frankie Busch for her technical and artistic advice about preparing the logistics of the manuscript, to her friend Susan Rockoff Bear and her husband and the Prince Speedy Ink company for putting the manuscript into presentable shape.

Greta W. Stanton, 4/9/2004

PS LAST BUT BY NO MEANS LEAST, MY THANKS
TO NINA GARCIA AND THE PSYCHODRAMA

TRAINING GROUP FOR THEIR STEADFAST LOVE
AND SUPPORT THROUGH THE YEARS OF MY
RETIREMENT AND WIDOWHOOD.

MAY 4, 2004

(1 - 3)

(4 - 12)

(13 - 19)

(20 - 31)

(32 - 38)

(39 - 43)

(44 - 47)

(48 - 58)

(59 - 69)

(70 - 76)

(77 - 78)

(79 - 87)

(88 - 98)

(99 - 104)

(105 - 112)

(113 - 116)

(117 - 122)

(123 - 124)

(125 - 133)

(134 - 163)

(164 - 170)

CHAPTER HEADINGS:

1. **DECISION TO WRITE MEMOIRS** (1 - 3)
2. **GROWING UP IN VIENNA (a) Camp Experience; (b) Viennese Culture** (4 - 12)
3. **MY LIFE UNDER HITLER** (13 - 19)
4. **KRISTALLNACHT** (20 - 31)
5. **MY ESCAPE - DESTINY OR CHANCE?** (32 - 38)
6. **PARENTS' LIFE UNDER HITLER** (39 - 43)
7. **SAVING MY PARENTS** (44 - 49)
8. **PARENTS' FLIGHT FROM VIENNA** (50 - 55)
9. **AUNT KLARA THE ARTIST - 1942 - AND AT YAD VASHEM** (56 - 60)
10. **THE WERTHEIMER FAMILY** (61 - 66)
11. **MY AUNT ELLA** (67 - 71)
12. **THE DEUTSCH FAMILY** (72 - 78)
13. **GILA SELA DEUTSCH** (79 - 87)
14. **AUNT KLARA'S PORTRAIT OF DR. WILLIAM BOERNER** (88 - 90)
15. **DR. BOERNER'S LETTERS TO AUNT KLARA** (91 - 93)
16. **DRIVER'S LICENSE** (94 - 96)
17. **LOVE IS BETTER THE SECOND TIME AROUND** (97 - 99)
18. **IN VIENNA AGAIN - 1, 2, and 3** (100 - 122)
19. **MY BAT MITZVAH - 2001** (123 - 124)
20. **IN ISRAEL WITH SUICIDE BOMBERS** (125 - 132)
21. **SHOAH AT YAD VASHEM (GWS PRESENTATION)** (133 - 165)
22. **THOUGHTS ABOUT 9/11** (166 - 170)

23. GRANDMA THE PROF

(171 - 182)

APPENDIX:

- 1. SEARCHING FOR AUNT KLARA'S PICTURES (TRANSLATION OF LETTERS RE PAINTINGS WITH INGE FREY)** (183 - 200)
- 2. TRANSLATION OF 5 PARENTS' LETTERS** (201 - 209)
- 3. ROUND ROBIN LETTERS - 1974 TO 2002** (210 - 249)
- 4. SOME FAMILY PICTURES**

DECISION TO WRITE MEMOIRS. Chapter 1
Written: June 28 1998

My dear grandchildren, Claire almost 15, and Matthew 3 years old:

Your grandma recently gave a workshop to 15 people from Clearbrook's Brandeis organization. The workshop was called "What do I want my grandchildren to know about the Holocaust?" People talked with a great deal of feeling about their own experiences with Anti-Semitism, and whatever their knowledge about the Holocaust was. What also was revealed by many of the participants was the absence of knowledge and perhaps even of empathy on the part of most of our adult children and therefore their (your parents') failure to communicate to you, our grandchildren about this earthshaking historical event in the history of the Jews, and indeed in the history of mankind. What was also revealed was the general reluctance of the grandparents i.e. MY GENERATION, to go over our adult children's heads, so to speak, in order to speak directly to you, our grandchildren, about many things that are very dear to us, but that do not seem to fit into today's scheme of child rearing, especially if they are associated with intense emotional pain, and therefore do not have a "happy end", the "sine qua none" of today's stories.

So, here I am, with another one of my big retirement projects. I am the co-ordinator of a Holocaust speakers' program, to arrange and go along with other Holocaust survivors to the local school systems, to help New Jersey's Junior High and High school students to study and understand some of the events of the Holocaust. The State of New Jersey has had a mandate to teach the Holocaust on all grade levels for almost 20 years, which grew out of the concern over virulent anti-Semitic activities in the State.. The Speakers' Bureau is part of the Ricklis Committee which was founded by a "liberator" by the name of Ricklis, to commemorate the Holocaust. The survivors, who go to speak to students in this way truly fulfill their mission to BEAR WITNESS, TO REMEMBER (SACHOR), and in this way contribute to the "hands on" knowledge of the students. A liberator is a member of the American

Armed forces, who discovered the German Death Camps and liberated the few surviving inmates.

So, on the one hand I am busy teaching student not to forget the Holocaust, teaching my contemporaries at the community in which I live, what I know and what I have studied about the Holocaust .In sharing experiences with other Seniors, I am trying both to learn and to teach from my own experiences, my omissions and my mistakes. Claire, you are a teenager and quite capable of adult thinking, although in my opinion you are still too timid to branch off into your own paths. I know this, my darling, because I too, was such a teenager, and pursued this path for quite a while. I think I was near thirty when I discovered that I would have to go my own way and fashion my future ,and my parents' experiences may not be right for me, because we lived in a different era.. You are a spunky kid, so I hope it won't take you quite this long. At any rate, maybe your memories of me, I hope will be of encouraging creativity and independence. Maybe you can share some of them with your little cousin, Matthew to help him remember his grandma, the rebel, since obviously I will not be around by the time he reaches your current age.

I am digressing, I regret to say. I have taken the long route to tell you the same thing I have been telling my grandparent-students in the workshop. We have done the best job we can in raising our (now adult) children, and they have done the same with you. We have to live with our mistakes as they have to live with theirs and we have to forgive each other for not being perfect. We are living in a very rapidly moving society. Jewish intermarriages with non-Jews have risen to more than 50% of the American Jewish population of about 9 Million. The assimilation of young Jews is difficult to understand for many of my contemporaries, and therefore there has been a sense of alienation in many of us, who were used to much closer family ties and family interdependence. Geographic distances have added to a feeling of distance and alienation. Perhaps my own story as a European Jew who grew up much more assimilated than many,,(even the more secular American Jews in their 60ies, 70ies, and 80ies), and one who returned to a more fundamental allegiance to Judaism , to Israel, and to the historic fact of a Jewish people with a proud history,.

is responsible for my writing to you at this point. Teaching about the Holocaust, and understanding more of the hurts of grandparents who have some trouble understanding the rapid changes in our society .makes me so much more certain that we grandparents have some obligation to attest to our tradition. As a clinician I am constantly confronting myself and some of the people who are interested, with the fact that we have to accept that our children and grandchildren live in different worlds and that we can and must accept them, and their new world even if they are very different from us. LOVE can conquer all. Once we can forgive ourselves for not making our adult children full replicas of ourselves, we can be more empathetic with their plight of the same nature, and of course it's much easier , to let our grandchildren be themselves, because we have no responsibility for their rearing and therefore no guilt.

So, after this long route of a short analysis of the Jewish Seniors' plight, I declare that Seniors have not only the right to be themselves, but also the obligation to leave the legacy of our roots, which are also part of your roots, even though your parents and/or you yourselves may not be very interested at this point, because you have developed your own individualities in different directions. Therefore I have decided to write my memoirs., almost exclusively related to the Holocaust and to my unending allegiance to being Jewish. I want to tell you about the trials and tribulations .of my personal life before, during and after the Holocaust. I also want to stimulate your interest in finding out more of your own Jewish roots, both your grandpa's Russian-American-Jewish background and my own Austrian-Jewish-American history. As we proudly looked at your growth and your achievements at various ages which we were privileged to witness, so I hope you will some day look with pride at our struggles and our ancestors' as well. As I am writing vignettes for my memoir writing group, these are pieces of my life, which I wish to remember, because they are so intricately interwoven with the Holocaust.

Growing Up in Vienna (Chapter 2)

A. Camp Experience (Written October 15, 2002)

Today I was thinking about summer planning when I was a kid and of my one experience in a summer camp when I was about 10 years old. In retrospect, it seems to me that middle class Jews in Europe generally did not send their kids to camp. I do remember earlier vacations with my mother, my aunt Jenny and my cousin Anneliese, when I was about 5 years old in Switzerland; and when I was about 8 years old my mom and I went to Munich where aunt Jenny and family lived. At about age seven I was with my grandmother in Baden, a spa near Vienna where she took the cure. This seemed to be the custom in our general circles. Later I was in Italy with the Munich family, and once I was in Yugoslavia for a summer vacation. This was especially memorable, because that was the year (August 1934) that the Nazis made their first attempt to take over Austria. They came to Vienna, occupied the chancellery and tortured Chancellor Dollfuss to death. I was with my grandmother and we met aunt Jenny and Anneliese in Yugoslavia at a resort, a lovely spot on a lake but also surrounded by mountains, called Bled. My mother had been unable to come since she was in bed most of that year suffering from a bad case of sciatica. My father like most fathers,

stayed at home during summer vacations. For 48 hours we were all extremely upset by the Radio reports (NO TV YET IN THOSE YEARS), that the Germans had taken over Austria but then it seemed that the Germans retreated. Of course, the previous chancellor had been murdered and a new one Kurt Schuschnigg replaced him. He remained until March of 1938, when the Nazis marched into Austria to stay. Incidentally, the Social Democrats had been driven out of the government in March of 1934 and there was shooting at the workers' housing projects. After that the government was semi-fascist, quite right wing, but for 4 years anti-Nazi. So, when you see SOUND OF MUSIC, do realize that the Trapp family and their friends had to flee because they were anti Nazis but they were fascists and quite anti-Semitic. However, the Jewish population was not too unhappy especially considering that the Nazis were in Germany, quite near us. Today it is almost impossible to believe that we continued our lives without recognizing the terrible danger that was going to take over our lives.

It seems that I always get back to the question of anti-Semitism, no matter what I begin with. Now back to the idea of my camp experience: Given my previous description of the more middle class Jewish family vacation patterns, I believe that my being sent to a children's camp must have been the beginning of my family's relative poverty. When I was born, there were three employees. A

cook, a maid, and a nanny, my beloved "Nana". The cook and the maid were let go fairly soon after my birth. However, I remember that cook and her husband continued to come to visit us a couple of times a year, until I was a teenager. When I was about 8 or 10, I began to ride with them on their motor bike to visit them in an outlying district, where they had a grocery and deli. Since I was always a little "fresser" I was in seventh heaven in addition to the excitement of the trips on the motor bike.

By the time I was five or six, my Nana had to go, because we had run out of money. However, this was a terrible trauma for me and I believe I never understood why she had to go, since in those days such matters were not discussed with children. It was also arranged that she would stay in my life as a visitor until her death (following a bad period of cancer), when I was about 12 or 13.

At any rate, to go back to the camp story, when I was about 10, it was decided that I needed some time in the country, and since no family vacation was offered at the time, a camp was recommended and found. For some reason it was very clear from the very beginning that I would be either the only Jewish child or one of very few. This was not particularly talked about but somehow I remember the admonitions about particularly good and quiet behavior so that I would not be considered "different". I cannot really tell you exactly

how this was done, but it seems to me today to reveal a generalized anxiety about anti-semitism, which somehow” rears its ugly head “every now and then. A loud voice was a “fault” I had which was often commented upon negatively. I believe it related particularly to the fact that Jews and particularly Eastern Jews were said to be louder than the native Austrian population. My rich uncle from Munich (Anneliese’s father) upon of his visits asked me “are you a Viennese child or are you (contemptuously with a disgusting face) a POLISH child?

I don’t remember much about the camp. I do believe that I fit in well since I enjoyed hiking and swimming. I didn’t make particular friends but I got along. However, the reason that I am thinking of this particular camp experience was the subtle anti-semitism that was lurking in every corner. One day it was chilly and quite rainy and we all went to seek cover while we were hiking. I was wearing some kind of a baret and someone suggested that I take it off and I refused. So, one of the kids said “dann bist Du Jud “ then you are Jew. I did not say one word. Perhaps I was too stunned, perhaps I was scared and did not feel safe, who knows? No one else said anything either. However I never went to camp again.

D^{R.} RICHARD WERTHEIMER

Rechtsanwalt

WIEN, I. LUGECK Nr.

Telephon Nr. 6225

Postsparkassen-Konto 36975

Mitteilung

dem 25. Juli 1929.

Mein Liebes Grete!

Gestern erhielt ich Deine 1. Briefe endlich, nachdem

wir schon recht besorgt gewesen waren, dass weder am Montag,

noch auch tags darauf eine Nachricht von Dir eintreffe. -- Das

nächste Schreiben wird wohl schon Deine Antwort hier melden.

Wie ich von allen Seiten höre, warst Du ja in Schreiben

besonders in den letzten Tagen, sehr brav. Diese ausgebrei-

tete Korrespondenz hat Dich scheinbar so in Anspruch genom-

men, dass Du nicht einmal mehr die Adressen selbst schreiben konntest. -- Wir freuen uns schon, Dich bald wiederzusehen; hoffentlich hast Du Dich sehr gut "erholt" und bist, soweit dies überhaupt noch möglich ist, braver und ruhiger geworden!

Ich glaube, es lohnt für die kurze Zeit und mit Rücksicht auf das schöne Wetter, das Dir kaum Zeit zum Lesen lassen dürfte, nicht mehr etwas Umfangreicheres zu schicken. Deshalb sende ich Dir gleichzeitig nur ein Heft zum Blättern.

Viele Grüsse und Küsse von Mutti und von Deinem



ADDENDUM TO CAMP STORY

My dear grandchildren:

This is a translation of the letter which my father wrote to me while I was at Camp. I believe it is interesting because it shows both his love for me but also a teasing quality which is both an effort to teach and a “funny” way of expressing criticism. See what you think of it: It is probably quite different from the kind of way in which your parents relate to you now.

Vienna, July 25

My dear Greterl,

Yesterday we finally received your lovely letter, after we had been quite worried since neither Monday nor the next day brought a letter from you. I suppose your next letter will already inform us of your return.

As I hear from everybody, you have been very good in writing letters, especially in the last few days. This very extensive correspondence has apparently given you such a heavy schedule, that you could not even write the addresses yourself.—

We are very much looking forward to seeing you again soon; hopefully you ve had a chance to be refreshed, and you have become more quiet and conforming, if this is even necessary or possible. !

I believe, the beautiful weather and the short time span you will still be at camp will hardly leave you time enough to read. Therefore I do not send you something voluminous but only a magazine to leaf through.

Many regards and kisses from Mutti and from your Vati

CHAPTER 2B CULTURAL INFLUENCES ON GROWING UP

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC, THEATRE, DANCE, BOOKS, ETC

My dear Grandchildren:

The answer to the above title is "All of the Above". How could I grow up in a typical middle-class Jewish family in Vienna without being influenced by all of the available culture, much of which was inspired, created, and executed for many years mostly by Jewish writers, composers artists, actors, directors.s at the time in which I grew up. More than that, Vienna was known as the "City of Music" the world over. I want you to know that the idea of the Viennese dancing in the streets is just a popular myth. That may have been true for a short time after the CONGRESS IN VIENNA (which took place after Napoleon had been defeated) but never since. Nevertheless, Vienna is the city of music which before WW I was governed by an emperor for many decades, whose court encouraged and/or supported artists like Mozart, Beethoven, Mahler, whose population listened to Schubert, Johann & Josef Strauss long before I was born. However, the tradition of music was deeply ingrained in the Viennese. The Vienna Opera was one of the most famous opera houses in Europe; there were two big concert halls which were always filled to capacity, a "Folks" Opera House for the performances of light opera and contemporary musicals, and the famous outdoor

Wineries on the outskirts of Vienna (called Heuriger) where people went to eat, drink, and sing.

All of this was extremely stimulating to everyone who lived there. However, it also had the not-so-pleasant consequence of anybody's being expected to be extremely knowledgeable in all of these areas. After I had come to America I was so surprised to learn that some of my very well educated contemporaries were able to admit that they did not know very much about classical music, or could CONFESS that they did not know a particular piece of music of any ilk that was played on the radio or at a concert (a fate worse than death to a person of my upbringing). I began to be much more relaxed about my real or perceived DEFICITS in my musical education; in fact, I began to think that this perfectionism was either an outgrowth of my imagination or at least only a highly personal recollection of the unspoken demands in my perfectionist family. However, a recent visit to Vienna, and a meeting with some of my old chums, convinced me that my perception had been accurate, and that these "dames" were indeed as well versed in what was going on in the performing arts on an international basis as one would expect of a New York City music critic. So, looking back on these early influences and expectations, I feel that it certainly opened a world of music and the performing arts that has given me endless pleasure all through my life.

Now, more about music: On a more personal basis, music was a very important part of my early life. As I have told you elsewhere, my mother was performing as a singer with her guitar for soldiers, when my father who was in the audience, fell in love with her. My very early life was filled with music, when my mother was either studying her operatic roles at the piano, sometimes with colleagues, or performing lighter music with her guitar for her guests. Two little stories might amuse you:

1. My mother was at the piano studying a piece of music, when my father came home. He was a very brilliant man who was extremely well-educated in his profession (law) and well-versed in literature, etc., but not very knowledgeable about music - perceived as a serious deficit by himself and mother. So, she told me that she felt that he was very quietly approaching her and the piano, looking at the title of the piece she was studying, returning to the door and commenting on the beauty of the piece as if he had known all along what it was. Goes to show you

2. The story goes that when I was a little girl of 3, I was sitting under the piano (my place to crawl under when I was sulking - according to my Mom I never stayed there long enough), and I started to sing (Rhadames, er komme) a line from AIDA in the correct tune. So you see, I was a musical genius!

Indeed, I was born with almost perfect pitch; I could sing on key without help, and music has always meant a lot to me.

One of the tragedies of my life was the fact that my mother had a phenomenal voice but was not permitted a career as a singer by her father, in keeping with the mores and prejudices of her era, which some of her contemporaries managed to overcome, but which she, "a nice Jewish girl" could not fight sufficiently to make a career her first priority. She regretted this to the end of her life. Therefore, my musical talent and a lovely but small voice were never appreciated, an outgrowth of Mom's frustration, perhaps also of maternal competitiveness. "If only you had my voice, I would not let anything stand in your way", she said. But I did not have her voice, which was compared favorably with that of the famous opera singer Maria Jeritza.

I did have the opportunity of music lessons and attended the Vienna Conservatory from age 10 to 12, where I performed along with other children in solo recitals on the piano; I also was the pianist when a group of which I was a participant sang English songs, and I

sang in my elementary school choir at the Schubert Centennial, giving rise to the teacher's statement, (much quoted by my father) "She has a voice like a little bell - sie singt wie a Gloeckerl!"

At the age of 12 or 13, I was selected along with another girl who was a child actress to sing a medley of songs to the tune of popular operas, and we won a first prize at the International Children's Competition. At about that time, my piano lessons stopped, partly because I did not practice, partly because our family finances had deteriorated and it did not seem worth the sacrifice.

My interest in music continued as a consumer, but became activated in my mid-teens when I was part of a group of kids who liked to sing together. We accompanied each other on the piano and spent many hours singing classical songs. I also learned to play the guitar and got to be quite good at it. My story about how I got your Grandpa to fall in love with my guitar and me, I have told you already. It just occurred to me that my conquest of a husband paralleled that of my mother's.

And now it's some 30 years later, my voice is a bit rusty (or more than a bit), my fingers are arthritic, and I am wondering whether it would be more pleasure or more frustration if I started all over again. One can dream, can't one?

Love , Grandma

PS At this time I am editing this (February 2004) and I can tell you that I have had pleasure joining two singing groups at Clearbrook, the community where I live, and I have thoroughly enjoyed it, whenever I FORGET ABOUT MY PERFECTIONISTIC BACKGROUND.

My Darlings:

Today I want to tell you about life under Hitler; first, briefly from March 1933 to July 1939, the time of my departure, and then more terrible, to tell about my parents and grandmother's life from 1939 to October 1941, when they left for the previously mentioned voyage.

I find it necessary to tell you at least a little bit about my life under Nazi domain. Some of it is summed up in my write-up of Kristallnacht, so I will not repeat this. Some other details you will be able to find out from my video-taped interview at Yad Vashem in January 1999. This interview was my preference to an interview by the Spielberg group (he's the moviemaker who immortalized the Holocaust in a popular version in the movie *Schindler's List*). However, my preference was to be in the archives of Yad Vashem, the Holocaust Center in Jerusalem.

Back to Vienna in March of 1938. How does one describe that one's adolescence and early adulthood ended overnight with a rude awakening of threatened destruction, and yet one lived from day to day, slept, ate, laughed, cried, met with friends, prepared to leave the country if possible, and with all the anxiety and uncertainty, we still did not have the remotest idea of what was to come. Let me just briefly tell you that I was born after World War I was over, into an era of democracy and hope for a better world, although the country was impoverished by the war, much of its territory was lost as a result of losing the war, and there was a strong influx of Jews from the East, since these territories no longer belonged to Austria. Thus the immigrant Jews were an additional burden to the Jewish community and the worsening economic conditions led as always to increased anti-Semitism in contrast to the childhood of my parents

under Emperor Franz Joseph, which was one of the few non-turbulent eras in the history of the Jews. Remember I am not talking about Germany, but about Austria!

So, after some years of democratic government, the country's impoverishment led to many political changes (the inevitable increased anti-Semitism) and by 1934 (in March) there was a brief internal struggle, the worker's houses were destroyed (the stronghold of democratic living) and a more right-wing semi-facist government took over. In July of the same year, the leader of the new government by the name of Dollfuss was tortured to death in an attempted takeover by the German (Nazi) government which failed. There continued some stability under a newly-elected president by the name of Schuschnigg. This lasted until March of 1938, at which time the Germans marched into Austria (March 12th) and after a so-called plebiscite Austria became part of Germany. For about 50 years the Austrians claimed they were overrun, but anybody who was there at the time - and your Grandma was - can tell you that the Austrians jubilantly greeted Hitler and gladly became part of the greater Germany. Only for the last 10 years or so have the Austrians admitted that they were willing Nazis and have begun to repent and offer at least token reparations to the Jews who were mistreated, expelled, robbed, etc.

There is a lot of information available nowadays, and I regret my digressing, but I felt that this brief review may help you better to understand our feelings at the time.

Here I had been to the famous Vienna Staatsoper on a Friday to see Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*, and saw Chancellor Schuschnigg in the fancy big Box reserved for dignitaries. I was looking forward to the following Friday where Schuschnigg and I would also be in attendance at a

concert of the Amsterdam Konzertgebaur Orchestra. However, that next Friday was March 12th, 1938, the day of the "Einmarsch" - the Nazis came, the concert was cancelled, and the chancellor was arrested and shortly before, made a very sad and moving appeal to the Austrian population asking them not to resist.

From then on chaos reigned. Of course we had heard horrible things about Germany, but we had lived in a not very Jew friendly environment for several years and no one believed what was to come. I went on with my studies to learn to become an English teacher, even took the teacher's exam under the Nazis, and also began to prepare for emigration, as all other Jews trying to pick up some skills that might be marketable in other countries. Since my major occupation had been that of student, and my avocation was sports, I studied to become a calisthenics teacher, and learned to be an assistant physiotherapist.

Meanwhile we lived from day to day albeit in fear and trepidation but hoping for the best - until Kristallnacht - when all our hopes, dreams, fantasies were shattered. In my time, while I was waiting to get my visa (as I told you before) we were spending time together with friends, in each others' houses. People lost jobs, were not allowed to hold onto their positions, and businesses, some went to concentration camps, some were arrested (BECAUSE THEY WERE JEWS - NO OTHER REASON) and some of them were even released - no apparent rhyme or reason. Aryan "business managers" were put into businesses, at the beginning by some personal agreements since the Jews were not allowed to keep their businesses, but eventually these agreements became takeovers of the employees and the Jews were lucky if they escaped with healthy bodies and minds and without their money. People who had been in the

concentration camps and were lucky enough to be discharged (again - no apparent reason wither for who was arrested or for who was discharged) had to leave the country within 3 weeks but without their money. Which country would accept Jews without money?

While I was still in Austria, Jews were ordered to deliver their gold, silver, furs to the "Dorotheum" at the risk of incarceration or worse. I was elected by family to deliver the goods because the assumption was that a young girl would not be harmed - and I was not harmed physically. By the time I left, we also had a red "J" (for Jew) in our passports. A copy of mine will be attached to this writing. Not until I visited the Holocaust Museum in Washington, DC, did I find out that this red "J" was at the request of the Swiss, so that they could prevent us from coming into Switzerland. We were also given the second name of Sarah and Israel respectively with the intention of shaming us by emphasizing our Jewish identity.

I left by going through the bureaucratic process in a building that had belonged to Baron Rothschild, a Jewish millionaire family, which was taken over by the Nazi bureaucrats, who put nails into the previous tapestries and made offices of our of the "Palace". The head of this operation was Adolf Eichman. I had no personal contact with him. However, I did learn from a friend who was in charge of Kindertransports to England at the time, that Eichman was a typical bureaucrat who was only interested in the legalistics of immigration to other countries for which he was responsible. My friend, an older Jew, was convinced that Eichman saved his life by telling him not to return from England after leading the first Children's transport. Go figure.

I would like to return to my life just before the emigration for a little while. It is so astonishing in retrospect to believe that life was almost normal. However, when I think of how my friends who lived through the London Blitz and my soldier friends in Israel, and the Israelis who live with dance all the time, I understand better that survival depends on one's ability to normalize as much as possible, while also being on the lookout for danger.

So, surprisingly, as some of my friends left for various parts of the world, a worldwide correspondence developed, which started in Vienna, but continued as I came to the USA, and some of it continues to date. If you were wondering why I travel - I am only an "accidental tourist" but my world visits are to friends whom I made more than half a century ago.

As some of my friends left earlier than I did, some of our poetry reading sessions and musicals - they had continued in each other's homes - gradually phased out and other, perhaps more superficial friendships took their place.

I do want to spend a little memorializing one friend I made during this time, who became quite close. MAX ROSENBAUM was several years older than I - a MAN, not a boy like my other friends. I met him at a "wild" party to which I had been invited. I was scared to death of all the acting out at this party and MAX rescued me and took me home - a real gentleman. A warm friendship developed. MAX had been a socialist during his high school days and had gone to Russia to live. He had found work, had lived with a woman (a wife without the benefit of clergy) considered himself married, and had a child. In 1938 he was told by the Russians that he had to leave, never to come back; in 5 or more years of his being there he had failed to become a citizen. Since Russia was quite isolated from the rest of the

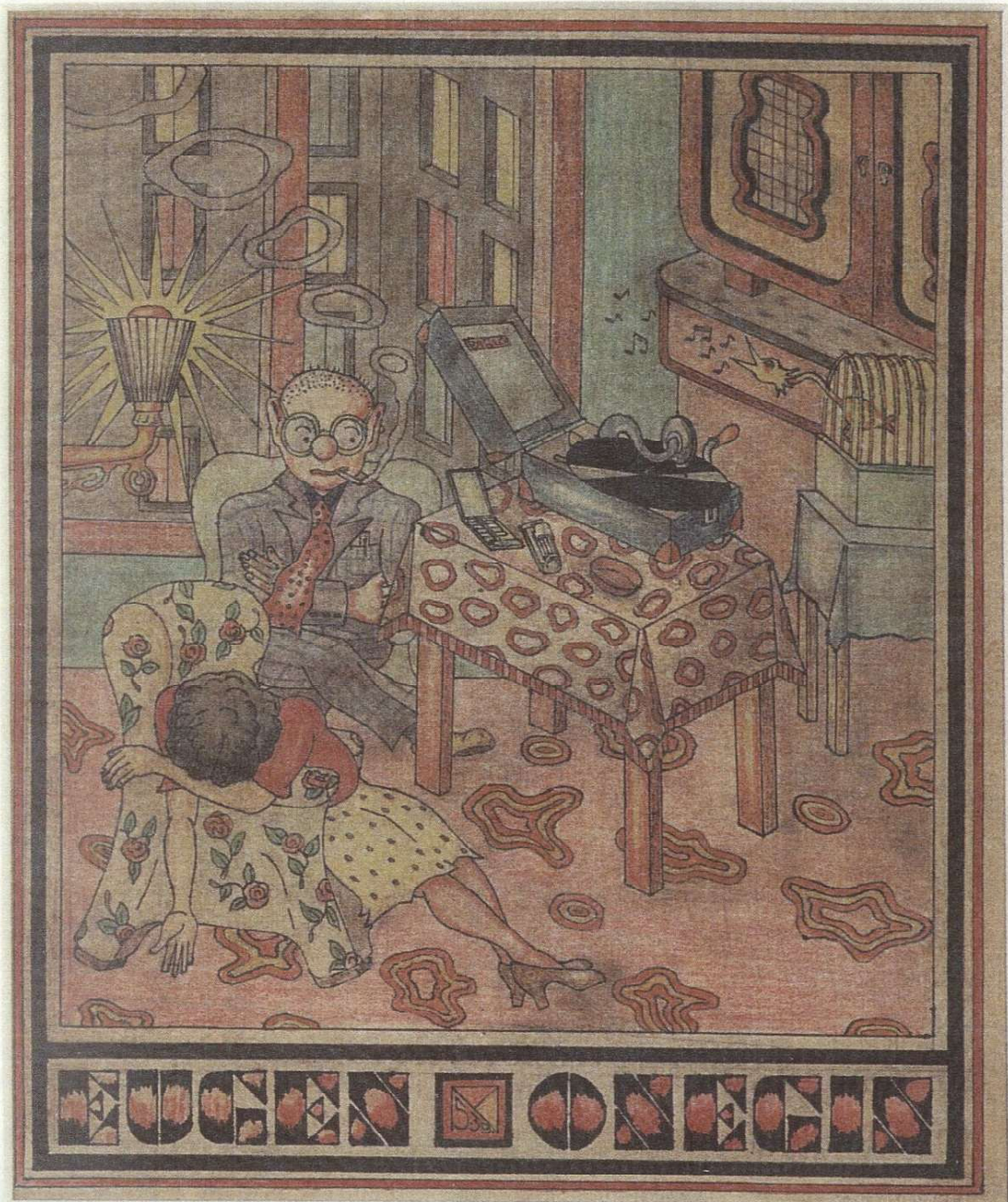
world, he claimed that he knew nothing about what was going on in Vienna, and proceeded to "go home". From the Austrian border on he felt that he was being observed. On arrival in Vienna and descending from the train, he saw his parents but was prevented from joining them, was arrested, and after a few weeks in jail was transferred to Buchenwalds, where he spent 1 1/2 years. I met him shortly after his release, still with a shaved head. We were very drawn to each other and developed a deep friendship. So much so that my very harsh and rigid grandmother called me a "treuloses Weibstueck", an unfaithful rotten female, since I did not continue to pine for my boyfriend (though she had never liked him either). He had left for England's Kitchener Camp - a refuge for young Jews 18 to 25.

Given the situation, we spent a lot of time in my home but even ventured out to go rowing, at great personal risk - but we were young and trusted our "neutral" looks - by then his hair had grown back and neither of us looked markedly Jewish. Only after I had left, and through correspondence with him did I realize his deep commitment, which I could not return with the same depth or at least as unequivocally, since saving my parents had to be my primary concern. Even though my answer was not hurtful and seemed realistic in terms of my inability to help him get out, I feel sad about not having been able to be more hopeful. Max, I believe, was one of many victims of an illegal transport to Palestine, which failed and all were killed by the Germans. May he rest in peace.

Here I have digressed again. I wanted to tell you more about my parents' existence in Vienna after my departure, which went from bad to worse. I will have to wait for the next time. My personal memories took over, but after all, these are MY memoirs, and I do feel that Max deserves a page in

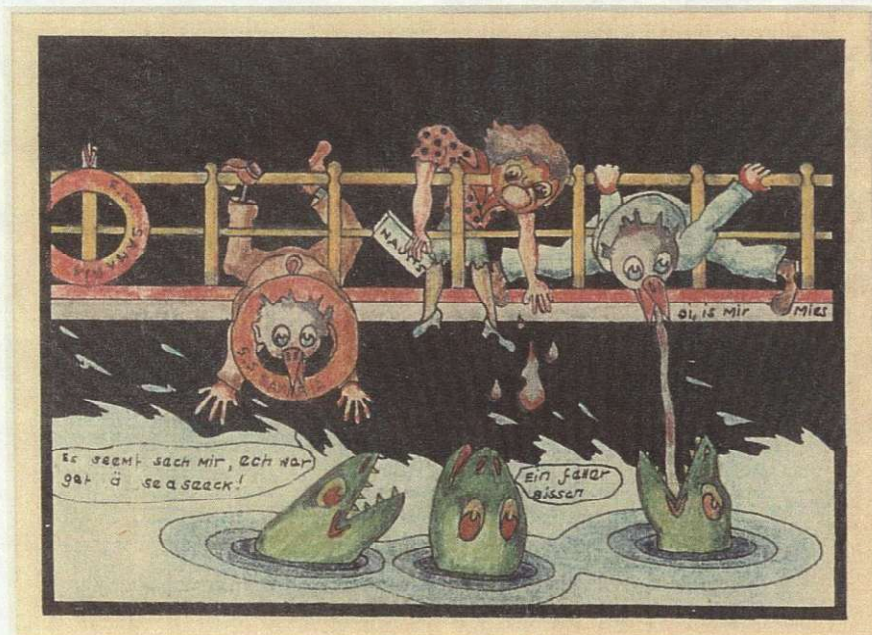
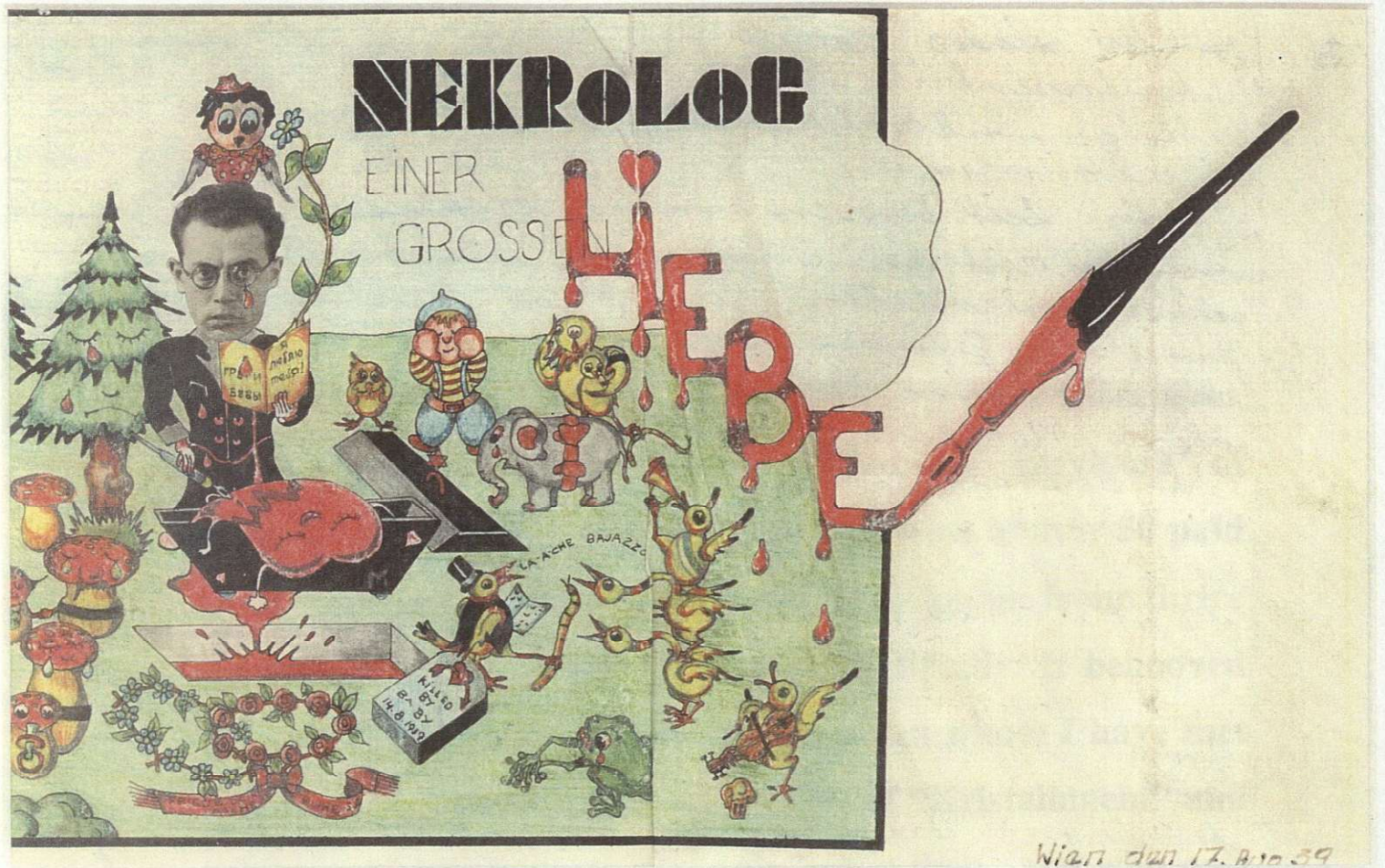
my recollections. By the way, he was very artistic and I have some of the caricatures he painted framed in my house, and I will attach photos of them.

MAX ROSENBLUM'S SKETCH



Max Rosenbaum's sketch





-
- **TALK ABOUT KRISTALLNACHT (Chapter 4)**
-
- **Clearbrook Jewish Congregation November 15, 1996**
- **I have been asked to talk to you both as a Board Member and as a delegate of the “Holocaust Survivors of Clearbrook”. This is a thriving organization of over 50 paid members plus at least as many participants from thrice community who attend meetings occasionally. It behooved me to tell you that most of the members whom I have met are survivors of countless equivalents of “Kristallnacht” and of unspeakable horrors that only began then , and who now find solace in the mutual support group and in the tasks of all survivors “to bear witness” e.g. to talk about their experiences to some of the school children of Monroe Township. I am what I call a “mini” survivor, or what used to be called a “refugee” at my arrival in the USA in September of 1939, with a red J for Jew and the middle name of Sarah (a proud name but not of my choosing) in my passport . I had lived for 1 ½ years under Hitler domain in Vienna, Austria, where I had been born and raised.**

- I am here today to share my memories of Kristallnacht, THE NIGHT OF THE BROKEN GLASS- November 9/10 1938.
- Background:
- In Vienna, there is a place called the "Tuerkenschanzpark, so named because a few hundred years ago Vienna provided a bulwark against aggression by the Turks. In 1938 the population of Vienna and Austria was not equally great in halting the aggression of the Germans. In fact, they welcomed them with open arms and were happy to consider themselves a part of greater Germany. Only now fifty-some years later, do the Austrians admit their own persecution of the Jews and of some other disfranchised groups.
- Strange as it may seem, it is true that anti-Jewish legislation started in Germany in 1933 as soon as Hitler was in power, and was formalized in the Nuremberg laws in 1935. There were indeed, violations of personal freedom, concentration camps, and some brutal, demoralizing, and humiliating behaviors. However, it is also true that the Jewish population in Germany by and large, for some years lived in relative safety, enough so to delude them into believing that

the Nazi political movement would soon blow over. This also kept the Austrian Jews at least emotionally oblivious to what happened next door to them.

- And so it was a tremendous shock and surprise that the “Anschluss” = the unification – which was the official name for the takeover of Austria by Germany on March 12, 1938 brought forth some immediate brutal and excessive behaviors of the Austrian “man in the street”, as for instance having Jewish ladies in fur coats scrub the sidewalks with a toothbrush, and arresting all Jewish men in some streets at random. There soon followed the “Arianization” of Jewish shops (an pure arian –true blooded gentile) was put in charge of a Jew”s business, sometimes for a nominal so called purchase price, sometimes by just kicking the owner out). Withdrawal of licenses of Jewish physicians and lawyers, and dismissal of public servants also proceeded much speedier than it had occurred in the previous five years in Germany. Thus the scene was laid for the outrage of Kistallnacht.

- The first mass attempt to get rid of Jews (as we know now) was focused on Jews that had lived for many years, often decades, in Germany but had remained Polish Nationals

(probably due to the difficulties of becoming German citizens). Whatever negotiations occurred between the German and the Polish governments failed. Therefore, during the middle of October, the Polish government began to deny Polish Nationals renewal of their passports, they were therefore Stateless. The Germans shipped large numbers of Polish Nationals to Poland, but they were refused entry. They landed in a camp at the Polish German border, in a town called CBOSZYN. The conditions of the camps were miserable, as was the way of being shipped there (obviously a forerunner of what was to come later).

- A young German Jew(of Polish Jewish parents,). By the name of Hershel Grynszpan, who was living in Paris, heard of his parents' fate and their miserable living conditions in the camp. Half crazed he went to the German Embassy in Paris on November 7th and shot the first man who walked out of the building , a man by the name of von Rath, a minor official. This is what the world knew as the incident which unleashed the horrors of Kristallnacht. However, today there is some documentary evidence that this AKTION was planned some time before, and the Grynszpan incident provided a welcome stimulus for the planned destruction.

- On the night of November 9th, Reinhard Heydrich, the head of Security Police, issued orders organizing the entire Nazi party plus local police units to cooperate in anti Jewish demonstrations, including the burning of Synagogues, the sealing of Jewish shops, AND ARRESTING AS MANY JEWS AS THERE WAS ROOM IN PRISONS AND FROM THERE DEPORTING THEM TO CONCENTRATION CAMPS. The total randomness, brutality and pervasiveness of the activities of that night and the following day marked Kristallnacht as the official beginning of the Holocaust.
- My own story is a relatively insignificant one, although it gives evidence of the enormous confusion which reigned, and the tremendous luck factor in being saved – or destroyed.
- I happened to know English very well having taken lessons ever since I was a small child. So, when my father could no longer practice law as a means of livelihood and I was no longer permitted to attend school, I began to add to the meager family income by giving English lessons. One of my students was a little boy who happened to be the nephew of my boyfriend, Freddy Diamant. On the morning of November 10th, I was at my young student's house having

walked there for about ½ hour from home. There was no indication that anything unusual had taken place the night before- please, remember that in pre-TV days news traveled much more slowly-. Suddenly, Mrs. Backenroth, the mother of my student interrupted our lesson in great upset, saying that the storm troopers had just been in the apartment looking for her husband, but “luckily,, he was not at home”. She said that he was at the British Embassy inquiring about possibilities for immigration, and she had to “go and warn him”. At this point it still seemed that Mr. B. had been singled out for some unknown reason and the SS men were looking for him individually, not as one of many thousands. The B.’s owned a shop of fine porcelain and housewares.. Mrs. B. asked me to mind the store until she returned. Well, I was a young teenager who had never been on the other side of a counter in my life, but of course, I agreed, especially since she said her employees would arrive soon to manage the store. I was just a little scared, not only because of my inexperience but also because I did not know if the employees were “Jew-friendly” .Nevertheless I was also please to be trusted with the responsibility.Suddenly there was a deafening noise outside, a shattering of glass, breaking of doors , and loud screaming and shouting

occurred with frightening speed. Luckily I was in a back room, and could not see nor be seen, but it was pretty scary.....It turned out that the two employees who had come in the meantime were decent and loyal people. They quickly locked the store, pushed me through a back door and got me a cab, which safely took me home.

- Much to my surprise, I came home to find Mr. B., my student's father in our living room with my family. His wife had reached him at the British Embassy
- . Still believing that they were after him personally, he had called my parents, whose name he knew but whom he had never met, and asked for asylum, which they gladly offered. A little while later, his brother-in-law, my boyfriend showed up, since all the men in that family felt threatened and wanted to stay away from their homes. At this time we all still thought that this was a personal vendetta and that only men were in danger. We all sat in our living room rather anxious, and in typical Jewish/Viennese fashion, we went to the dining room to eat something while trying to help our guests think what they could do.
- A couple of hours later my aunt, Stella Reik called from her home a few blocks away , and said to my mother "Tell Richard to leave, they just took Turek" (her husband). At

this point it began to appear that all the Jews in our neighborhood were in danger. Our two male guest decided to leave hoping to try another, perhaps safer home to hide in. My father, who had been arrested in the street when they were rounding up all Jewish passers by right after Hitler's arrival in Vienna, but had been released after a few days in jail, refused to leave now. He said: I look Jewish, in the street I am sure to be arrested, I am staying home". He put a toothbrush and a handkerchief into his coat pocket, and we all sat and waited.....They never came that day. We found out later that all the men in the apartment houses across the street and on either side of us had been arrested .We never found out why they skipped our house.Perhaps the janitress, who though not Jew friendly was personally loyal, may have said to the storm troopers that there were only two Jewish men in the building and they both had been Army officers in WW I., which at that time still exempted some from arrest and consequences. Who knows?

- This is not a very dramatic story, it only attests to anxiety, confusion, and chaos, which reigned.
- My uncle Turek, who had been arrested was taken to a neighborhood school along with a few hundred other Jews. They were kept there for many hours, perhaps over night,

and along with hunger and thirst suffered many incredible indignities , meant to humiliate them: e.g.drinking each other's urine, beating on each other, at the threat of being shot if they were not sufficiently brutal In the end the group were divided into two: the one's went to Dachau, the two's went home, another indication of the planned chaos and fear inspiring activities. My uncle was one of the lucky ones. He went home. Soon after he received a "Vatik",an immigration certificate for Palestine (now Israel) since he had been a very active member of the Zionist Organization. He and his family were able to leave, and at that time were still permitted to take along a "lift" containing most of the content of their apartment, household goods, and even valuables. He died in the 1980ies at the age of 93.

- You will ask what about the others who were a part of my Kristallnacht drama? My parents and grandmother remained in Vienna through many hardships and humiliations being dispossessed once and relocated twice, being ghettoized, wearing the yellow star armband, being confined by an 8 pm curfew. They were miraculously able to leave for Cuba on October 17th 1941, three years after Kristallnacht, two years after WW II. Began, two days before their scheduled deportation to a Polish destination,

euphemistically called a work camp, 4 days before an ordinance was issued that NO JEW WAS ALLOWED TO LEAVE GERMANY EVEN WITH LEGAL IMMIGRATION PAPERS TO ANOTHER PLACE. My two paternal aunts were indeed deported to points unknown and were exterminated soon afterwards.

- I was able to leave for the USA in August of 1939, the earliest time at which I could obtain a visa, and I was on the ship to the USA when Hitler marched into Poland and WW II; began.
- My boyfriend Freddy Diamant who had been able to go to a refugee camp for young men in England shortly after Kristallnacht, came to the USA in 1940, later joined the US Armed forces, was in the Intelligence Corps, in a special Paratrooper Unit, I believe the 101 Division. He was in the invasion on June 6th on D day, was shot down and wounded. He later studied under the GI bill, and is today Professor Emeritus from Indiana University. His mother was destroyed by the Germans in one of the death camps.
- His sister and family, the Backenroths with their son, my young student were able to get to Paris. I happened to meet Mr. B. in the streets of Paris, where I was stranded in August of 1939 for a few days before being allowed to

proceed to England from where I was to sail for the USA. This was the time when the Hitler-Stalin pact was signed. I was penniless and the B's took me home, helped me to get emergency funds from the Joint Distribution Committee to tide me over, and housed me until it was time for me to be admitted to England. Unhappily, the B's were later caught in the South of France, and perished in Auschwitz.

- 8000 Viennese Jewish men were arrested on Kristallnacht, among them about 1200 who were ready and able to emigrate. 2000 apartments were "arianized".
- On November 18th 1939 at a meeting of the Reich Defense Council, Herman Goering admitted that the hope of exchanging Jewish emigrants for foreign currency had been frustrated by the Evian Conference, because the rest of the world was far from eager to accept Jews. It seems that the Grynspan affair provided a very welcome rationalization to remedy the German Reich's financial crisis through the "restitution" of one billion Reichsmark , a fine at that time imposed on the Jewish Community of Germany "for the
- damages of Kristallnacht.

- **End of presentation (not for publication) addressing the Clearbrook Congregation:**
- **In the USA we live in a country in which anti-Semitism has existed, sometimes milder, sometimes stronger , nevertheless we cause to have felt rather secure as Jews and for that we must be glad. It is also true that especially in Jewish Communities and in Jewish organizations we are quite active in our support of Israel and of Jews elsewhere in the world. We are also aware of our mandate our young people the proud and often sad history of the Jews. As a survivor of Kristallnacht I am proud to be allowed totalk to you today, and to remind all of us to watch out for even small acts of violence, prejudice and bigotry against disfranchised people. Ignored, neglected, and tolerated at times, these acts and sentiments should not escape our watchful eyes and ears. After all, we Jews know from experience that failing to react even to minor violations of human decency may find us paying a much higher price , when these “insignificant” acts turn into the destruction of millions.**

a

MY ESCAPE FROM VIENNA - DESTINY OR CHANCE

(Chapter 5)

Written August 17 1999

My dear grandchildren;

My original intent was to tell you more about my two aunts who were victims of the Holocaust, somehow to atone for my inability to do anything for them. However, I changed my mind because a recent conversation got me to think about my own escape, so I want to write about this now

A couple of days ago I attended a party here at Clearbrook .It happens that there were two other survivors present, who lost beloved relatives, but who had themselves been lucky enough to leave before Hitler destroyed their communities. One was from Riga, Latvia, the place which became the destination of my aunt Ella's destruction, and the other from Vilna, where my friend Silvia Abramsky grew up and was lucky enough to leave before the Nazis got there.

In a few minutes of conversation about the Holocaust the gentleman who happened to sit next to me confided that he himself believed that everything in the Holocaust , in fact everything in life was a matter of chance. I, too , believe this . (My belief was further confirmed by my friend Maria Rosenbloom's conviction, and her statement that the Holocaust literature seems to corroborate this. I learned a lot from Maria and from our mutual friend Blanca Rosenberg. Their fate is immortalized in Blanca's book TO TELL AT LAST.SURVIVAL UNDER FALSE IDENTITY.) In our further conversation. The gentleman indicated that his wife was a firm believer in destiny,i.e. nothing is chance, everything in life is predestined or "bashert" as they say in Yiddish.

Since my own opinion is based on a lifetime of personal and professional beliefs, this conversation did not change my conviction but it got me to thinking about the amazing set of

circumstances surrounding both my own departure from Vienna and even more, the incredible facts surrounding my parents' and grandmother's last minute escape from Vienna, more than two years later, a time at which it seemed virtually impossible, therefore almost unbelievable. This is why I want to leave my poor aunts for the time being and focus on my own and my parents' story in keeping with the survivor's mandate to BEAR WITNESS . You will be able to make up your own mind, whether the incredible set of circumstances are pure chance/luck or whether it was predestined ,so that now in old age I can tell you about this, just another incredible story.

From previous writing you know that Hitler came to Vienna in March of 1938 and that we all lived in relative danger, and of course with a great deal of uncertainty and anxiety. This was so, even though my cousin Walter, aunt Jenny's oldest son , who had lived in New York City since the 1920ies had sent me an affidavit. A so-called "affidavit" was a legal document in which someone guaranteed that the immigrant into the USA would receive financial support, so as not to become a public burden for 5 years after entering the country. This in and of itself was a difficult thing to do since you needed to be pretty well fixed in order to be able to make such a promise, particularly because these were still post depression years and it was not certain that the immigrants could find a job so easily. Or at least, this seemed to be a hurdle at that time. I do remember that we all, back in the German territory were "endangered species" and we assured our relatives, friends and willing strangers that we would do ANYTHING and work at whatever menial job was available to maintain ourselves, once we came to America. Actually, the statistics about the Austrian and German "refugees" as we were called in the early days, bore out the fact that we were indeed self supporting and needed very little initial help. However, the immigration laws of 1924 were very specific about the need for this guarantee. Only many years after the war was over, the law changed to allow survivors of concentration camps to enter the USA with the collective

guarantee of American Jewish organizations who took on this commitment. I do believe that established Jewish organizations would have taken this responsibility earlier, had they known earlier about Hitler's FINAL SOLUTION, i.e. the burning and gassing of 6 million Jews, which was the basis for the name HOLOCAUST=BURNING. You can read up in today's history accounts of the Holocaust that the American Jewish Community was relatively inactive in the rescue of European Jews, partly because of lack of knowledge and partly because of their fears that Jewish Community action could and would further arouse some very anti-Semitic groups such as Father Coughlin, an outspoken anti-Semite with considerable following in the thirties. You find corroboration for my statements in the Holocaust Museum in Washington DC. Sometimes I think that members in today's Jewish organizations are quite similar in one respect, i.e. they delude themselves that we in the US are quite safe, that anti-Semitism has gone away by and large, and we focus instead on the lives of the Jews in Israel, and in other parts of the world. While the American concern and activity elsewhere is of great help, we still have not learned the lesson that IT CAN HAPPEN HERE. In some way it reminds me of the Jews of Vienna in my childhood where at the beginning of Zionism the sarcastic definition of a Zionist was: A Jew who sends a second Jew to Palestine for the money of a third Jew.

Well kids, it looks like I can't help teaching about some facts about the Holocaust whatever my subject is, so please, forgive my long digression.

NOW BACK TO AUSTRIA March 1938-to August 1939, when a teenager, now your grandma, got an affidavit from her cousin Walter Friedsam to come to America. Yes. My dears, but that was only one, if a very important step in the process. Next, you had to have a visa to be allowed to enter the USA, and there were quite a few legal restrictions. Until the late 19th and early 20th century,

immigration to the US was almost unlimited, because the growing country needed workers of all kinds. However, increasingly, Irish and Jewish immigrant were not so popular, especially Jews who were fleeing the Russian pogroms and the Czar's army. So, by 1924 there were some new immigration laws in which restrictions were imposed, and only limited numbers of immigrants from Europe were allowed to enter. Each country had a "quota", i.e. a number above which no more immigrants from that country were allowed to enter the US. Some current historians indicate that this was an attempt to restrict the number of Eastern European Jews who had come from Poland and Russia in the earlier years.

And so it happened that by 1938 after Hitler's taking over Austria I had to wait for 1 1/2 years for a visa even though I had gotten an Affidavit quite early. I will tell you another time, how I lived through these years of waiting. Suffice it to say now that life itself had become much more dangerous and it had become clear that young people had to try to leave if and when they could, because there was no future for them. As indicated the "final solution" was not known to us at that time, but we knew that war was coming and we were hoping that the Allies would stop Hitler, no matter what the cost to us Jews who were left behind, would be. In the meantime, by July of 1939 I was able to get a quota number to emigrate. The Hitler hordes had no objection to any Jew's leaving, as long as s/he did not take any money along. Do tell me, which country would take penniless Jews? America did, because the 1924 immigration laws were still in the books. Given the post depression years and the existence of American anti-Semitism I sometimes think that if they could, they would have changed the immigration laws to our disadvantage, but luckily as I know now, it takes forever to change legislation in our Congress, so the laws remained.

So, here I was, ready to leave Austria, but what about my closest family? My parents as well as my grandmother had gotten affidavits, but there were hitches: My father's birthplace was Bielitz, Silesia in the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy. However,

after WW I. his birthplace had become a part of Poland. Therefore, according to the laws of 1924 he was on the Polish quota, which was a much smaller one, and he would have to wait for (something like 8 years as we know now) a long time, to get a visa. My grandmother, who was in her seventies, needed a stronger affidavit since no-one could expect her either to work, or to be healthy for years. My mother would have been able to leave at the same time as I did, but felt it her responsibility to stay with her husband and her mother and to let me .“the child” go ahead and attempt to find ways to save the family. So here I was in July of 1939 , just 60 years ago, a teenager –as you Claire are now- faced with the task of leaving home by myself, with the prospect of perhaps never seeing my family again, and with the heavy weight of responsibility of hoping against hope that I would be able to do something, so that my folks could follow me to this wonderland, called America, the land of unlimited possibilities. I accepted both , the rescue responsibility, as well as the danger of imminent war. At that time Hitler had already been allowed to occupy the German part of France, Alsace Lorraine, and had marched into Czechoslovakia. Each time we had hoped that the Allies would stop him no matter what it would mean to us. (Just before the Cheat invasion we hoped that the British planes overhead would stop Hitler, even though we were in danger of being hit by those planes. However, Neville Chamberlain had come home saying that he had preserved “Peace in Our Time).

So, there was danger, but I still had a chance to leave. I had received my passport, which as of early 1939 had a red letter “J” for Jew (on the request of the Swiss) and the second name Sarah in it. This was one of many ways of attempting to humiliate and demean us, since this supposedly showed that we were second class people. – At any rate, having the passport and a steamship ticket I was allowed to leave 10 days before the British ship on which I had the ticket was to leave Liverpool, England.

Now comes the first of the big miracles: Unfortunately I cannot remember the exact details which led to my changing my passage

from one ship to another. I know it had something to do with seeing my boyfriend Freddy Diamant. He had been able to go to England to Kitchener Camp, one of the few available rescue missions for young men who were in the greatest danger, to refugee camps. Kitchener Camp was near London, where I also had other friends who had been able to leave Vienna for England earlier. Whatever it was, I was able to re-book from one boat to another, the Cunard Line's SS Samaria was to leave from Liverpool on August 24, 1939.

I was permitted to leave 10 days before the ship's departure. Therefore I left home and family on August 14, 1939 for Paris, hoping that the British would let me in a few days earlier. However, they did not. I was stranded in Paris for a few days. I accidentally met some people (you will meet them in my Kristaslnacht story) who took me in and helped me get some money from the "Joint" refugee committee and I stayed until two days before my departure from Liverpool, when I was allowed into England. I might mention that I was therefore in Paris at the time of the infamous pact between the Russians and the Germans, and thus I experienced how this beautiful city and the people in it changed to gloom and depression over night.

I was finally able to enter England, saw my friends in London and sailed from Liverpool on the 24th of August to the USA. ON SEPTEMBER 1st; HITLER INVADED POLAND, ON SEPTEMBER 3, ENGLAND DECLARED WAR.

The SS Samaria with me on board was already in American waters, when we learned by radio that England was at war, and that the Cunard Line's SS Athenia had been torpedoed by the Germans and most of its passengers had drowned. This was the ship on which I had originally been scheduled.

I had left family and home with great trepidations. I really hated to go to the US because I, as a member of the Zionist Youth movement I would have preferred to go to Palestine (now Israel), illegally of course, as many of my friends did. I had also refused the chance of applying for a scholarship to Cambridge, one of the

most prestigious colleges in England. I did feel an obligation to come to the US to see if I could do something for my family. I was not aware of it then, but this was a rather unrealistic expectation, which however, sustained all of us at that time. I do believe that the miracle of my not having been on the Athenia, thus having been saved, affirmed my hope, and strengthened my resolve to save my family.

Well, was it destiny or chance? I will never know, but I am grateful. I will continue soon to tell you about other miracles that happened.

Love, grandma

DEUTSCHES
REICH



REISEPASS

DEUTSCHES REICH



(Stempelmarke)

Gebühr 3

SM

20.7.1939

REISEPASS

Nr. 174082

NAME DES PASSINHABERS

Grete Anna Wertheimer

BEGLEITER VON SEINER FRAU

UND VON KINDERN

STAATSANGEHÖRIGKEIT:

DEUTSCHES REICH

Dieser Pass enthält 32 Seiten

Ehefrau



Unterschrift des Pabiniabers

Lyette Jara Wehrmann

und seiner Ehefrau

Es wird hiermit bescheinigt, daß der Inhaber die durch das obenstehende Lichtbild dargestellte Person ist und die darunter befindliche Unterschrift eigenhändig voll-



den

20. April 1939

W. Jara

2

PERSONENBESCHREIBUNG

Ehefrau

Beruf *Studentin*

Geburtsort *Wien*

Geburtsort *Wien*

Wohnort *Wien*

Gestalt *mittel*

Gesicht *oval*

Farbe der Augen *grau*

Farbe des Haares *braun*

Besond. Kennzeichen *:-*

KINDER

Name	Alter	Geschlecht

3

MY PARENTS' LIFE UNDER HITLER 8/39 to 10/41
CHAPTER 6:Written June 15, 2000

My dear grandchildren:

It's been a long time since I last wrote to you. My apologies. I do think have a lot, to say and I do want you to have my memoirs at least those pertaining to the Holocaust, but when my memoir writing group does not meet, I don't seem to have the discipline to sit down and write. This is the first time I am writing on the computer, perhaps this will make it easier from now on.

The last time I wrote to you I promised to tell you about my parents' and grandmother's life under Hitler in Vienna, Austria (which had become Germany in March of 1938). This was after my departure in August of 1939.

As you know from my other writings and perhaps from history lessons, World War II. Broke out while I was on the ship to America. Even though The United States was not in the war until Pearl Harbor (December 7, 1941), there was some immediate question about the possibility of communicating in writing between Germany and the US. I need not tell you that my anxiety was greatly increased by this factor and by the doubt whether my letters would reach my family and vice versa. I cannot exactly remember how long it took until I was able to get news from my parents. Usually my father wrote the letter, my mother added a postscript, and occasionally my grandmother added a greeting. This was the household I had left. My two aunts, my father's older sisters, whose stories I told you separately, did not write to me independently, even though we were very close.. Today I am left to wonder why not. I think our assumption was that even German correspondence to other countries might be dangerous. We also knew that my aunts would be informed in detail about my letters, and I often sent them greetings. The direct correspondence was carried on in depth by my dad and me. I must say that on my part it took all I had to give to keep up this correspondence. On their

part I believe today that they did not want to burden me with their sadness. And their lack of hope ever to make it out of Germany, and with the very upsetting day to day occurrences in their lives.

As I know now , my parents, too left out many of the sad details of their daily lives. They reported major occurrences factually without expressing feeling reactions or details, partly perhaps to spare me, but also because there was great fear of mail censorship and its possible consequences, should any of their letters be intercepted and be found unacceptable. As you might know from some of your studies History relating to WW II., and perhaps from some of the movies you see, the Germans were very frank about their intentions to exterminate all the Jews under their domain, but they were also very eager to hide the gory details of their actions (AKTION =activity , any hostile action for instance arrest, relocation, atrocities, and mass destruction).

At any rate, most of the details which I can now tell you, I did not know from their letters but only found out after we were happily and miraculously re-united. Some of the stories I found out through reading papers and reports after the war ended.

I did know shortly after my departure, probably by October of 1939, they had to leave the apartment in which I had lived all my life – probably at a moment's notice and without much of the rather valuable content of the apartment, e.g. my mother's Grand Piano, my father's special book collection, and generally valuably furnishings (silver, porcelain, , chandeliers, etc.) In the letters I was only informed of this fact and of the happy CO incident that they moved in with another family (to which a third family was eventually added) , not too far from our original home, and that the family was indeed very nice and compatible. They became friends, in fact, on the suggestion of both families I got together with the son and daughter of this family in order to share with them my information about Cuba. We stayed in close contact by letter –they lived in Boston, and I in New York City. I know they tried as hard as I did to save their parents but they were not equally fortunate.

Nowadays, when I think of the difficulty of moving one's belongings from one place to another I keep thinking of the trauma of being told from one day to the next to vacate your home and to move to inferior housing- why?- who knows- was it a whim, a punishment, a foreboding of what was to come, or all of the above? At any rate, even though they did not know at that time, about all the horrible things that were to follow, about which we are well informed today, they took it in their stride and managed incredibly well, to take a minimal amount of furniture and equipment, and to get along with the other families well enough to share household and cooking responsibilities.

I forgot to mention that the earlier correspondence occurred by my father's sending the letters to a cousin of his by the name of Erszy who lived in Budapest, Hungary, and my doing the same thing. At that time Hungary was still an independent country. After a few months it became possible to correspond directly between USA and Germany. Nowadays, knowing the eventual fate of the Hungarian Jews, when the Germans took over, I regret so much that I do not remember the family name of this cousin and never could find out what happened to her and her family, I am also very sorry that the massive correspondence between my family and myself was lost somehow and my own moving around. They would add more testimony to my story.

These letters reflect our hopes to get together again. Much of our love and feelings for each other, and daily chitchats, as if everything were going all the way right, while actually, they were of course daily in danger of losing their lives. In the early months after my departure, there was still hope of leaving Germany, once their immigration papers could be augmented so that they became eligible for Visas and could follow me to the USA. By the middle or end of 1940 my father began to write about the impossibility of this happening and their only chance of leaving by obtaining visa to go to Cuba. After that our letter dealt with this subject and all the necessary steps to be taken and tried.

A few months , before they actually and miraculously could leave for Cuba, they had to move again, this time to the second district. This district had been jokingly called the Matzos Isle “ by the Viennese Anti-Semites, because long before Hitler, this district, which is surrounded by water, was inhabited mostly by Jews. Again, all I knew from the letters was that they had been told to move and their new address. This was approximately in the spring of 1941. From later stories, I heard that this was a very frightening move. Living quarters were very crowded, food was hard to get and danger was in the offing. By then they were mandated to wear an armband with the yellow star on it, and were in constant danger of random arrest and reprisals. I believe they went out very little and they were very fortunate to have an “Arian” (pure German) friend, who endangered herself by getting food for them and bringing it into the “ghetto” where they lived. Indeed, I do believe, this is how the progression of the extermination of the Jews took place. First, they were told to leave their homes to move to “some place else”. Then they were told to move again, this time to a part of the Matzos Isle, a ghetto of sorts by then , and then they were moved again to a ghetto in Poland, euphemistically described as being near a “work camp”, and then they were exterminated either directly or in death camps.

My parents and grandmother were supposed to be shipped out to a work camp on October 19th or 20, 1941. As I told you before, they were miraculously able to leave on October 17, thus narrowly escaping deportation and therefore almost certain death . We found out after the war from the Arian friend that the storm troopers came to look for them on October 18th , by which time they were no longer there.

I have recently found a post war Austrian publication called THE EXPULSION AND MURDER OF AUSTRIAN JEWS , which contains a copy of the deportation letter which my parents did not have any more but referred to. This letter is addressed to the woman of the household and directs her to appear with spouse and children to report for deportation threatening with severe

consequences for non-appearance. I will attach a copy of the letter. I also found a statement in this publication indicating that ONE WEEK LATER, there was an ordinance barring ANY Jew from leaving German occupied territory, even if he/she possessed documents for leaving the country and immigrating elsewhere. Indeed a very narrow escape as you can see.

PARENTS' LIFE UNDER NAZIS (1939-1945) (Chapter 7)

SAVING MY PARENTS (Chapter 7) Written September 1999

My dear Grandchildren,

Today I want to tell you about the events leading to my parents' and grandmother's exit from Nazi Austria/Germany, be they miracles, divine providence or both.

As I told you before, I arrived in the USA on the British ship SS Samaria, just 60 years ago today. It was the day after Labor Day, because on September 4th, Labor Day we could not land since the dock workers were celebrating this holiday. The war had just begun in Europe and my dreams of trying to do something for my folks seemed shattered. However, I was not ready to give up. The USA was not at war and I was going to do my damndest to save them. My American family was not much help since they were apparently neither interested nor informed about what was happening, but rather seemed resigned to the events as they occurred. However I was not ready to give up., but kept all my contacts and inquiries open. I learned through some of my parents' friends as well as some of my friends' parents who had come here a bit earlier and who kept the REFUGEE "grapevine" open and who were quite well informed of even the remotest possibilities to get our loved ones out of Hitler territory. So it was that I learned that the only way to get from German territory to the USA was by way of Russia to China, and from there by boat to the US. The cost of such a trip was \$1,0050.-, a very large sum of money for that time period. As you know, I arrived with the permitted 10.- Reichsmark, the equivalent of about \$3.65, so I was obviously dependent on whatever charitable friends or relatives I could find.

Aunt Jenny, my mother's sister, at whose apartment I lived for one year after my arrival, (along with her son Frank and her daughter Anneliese, my first cousins) had come two years earlier from Munich. Her oldest son, my cousin Walter, who had given me the

affidavit to come to the US, lived with his wife and a new baby some distance away. This family was quite affluent, since my uncle Leo, aunt Jenny's husband who had died of cancer in 1936 had had the wisdom to leave his sizeable fortune in trust with his oldest son Walter, the US citizen. This was quite a stroke of luck in 1937, 4 years after Hitler's take over, the persecutions and confiscation of Jewish money were not yet as total nor as regulated as at a later point in time, when Jews frequently were threatened with the loss of life and limb and were not allowed to leave until after they had brought their foreign money back and signed it over to the German government. Thus it was still possible for aunt Jenny to leave Germany and to leave only a relatively small percentage of the family fortune behind. She was also, as other people at that time period, still allowed to send a so-called "lift" to America WITH ALL HER SIZEABLE POSSESSIONS, ANTIQUE FURNITURE, SILVER, CRYSTAL etc. So it was, that she was very well off, although the trust in cousin Walter's name, was eventually to be shared with Frank and Anneliese as well, both of whom had already been out of the country at uncle Leo's death, and who were now residing in the US. Obviously they were all much better off than anybody I knew, and so naturally, I tapped this precious resource first on my arrival in the US in September 1939.. After all I was begging not only for my parents, but for my grandmother, aunt Jenny's mother., who needed to be saved. In fact, my mother had stayed behind in order to protect grandmother. Of course, while we were fearful of the future, which was why the Friedsams (Jenny's family) had left Germany, and we did know that danger lay ahead, we did not know about the horrors which were to come. We had not yet learned the lessons of the Holocaust (does one ever?), that survival depends on love and support even in the worst situations. So, aunt Jenny who was no longer very, very rich but still much more affluent than most, had what I called a "starvation complex", lived very frugally, and was certainly not ready to shell out over three thousand dollars for three land and sea trip to the US. Besides, as I had told you last time, my

family was not yet legally admissible to the States. It was therefore necessary to try to find other ways to get them out of Germany. As I told you, whatever extended family I had in America, none was either available or able to help. So it continued to be up to me to keep up the contact with other refugees who tried to bring loved ones out of Germany every which way. At last, I found out early in 1940 that there were steamship tickets available for \$250.- a piece, which could be purchased and would be available by about the end of the year to travel from Spain to the USA on a Spanish steamship line. In a family argument, I was able to prove to aunt Jenny that there were ways to leave Germany and walk across the border to France or Switzerland, as long as further transportation was available. Many people had taken such risks and had been successful. Today, in retrospect, I think that this was even then a gesture of hope rather than a realistic plan. Nevertheless, with my cousin Anneliese's help, I won a family argument and got aunt Jenny to pay the \$750.- for my parents' and grandmother's tickets.

So the steamship tickets were bought, and we were hoping that by the end of 1940 my folks would be able to get US Visas and once they had those, they would find some way of reaching Spain.

These events occurred either the end of 1939 or the beginning of 1940., a few months after my arrival here. I will tell you later how my folks survived under the Nazi rule, which I believe, deserves a separate chapter in my memoirs. Now I will continue with the miracle of the steamship tickets. 1940 came and went, and things became worse and worse for the Jews of Vienna, although my folks never complained nor did they reveal the extent of their suffering.

At the beginning of 1949 I received a letter from my father, who with many apologies for burdening me, indicated that it seemed clear, that there would be absolutely no way to leave directly from Europe to the USA. However there were many people who had begun to explore the possibility of leaving German territory for Cuba.

The New York City (Austrian) refugee group which functioned like a tightly knit community was already buzzing with the same news and I was referred to a Jewish ex-Austrian by the name of Jaques Torcziner- (I think he or his cousin later became one of the US leaders of the Zionist Organization of America)-this man lived in Havana ,Cuba, and was busy to find ways for the Jews of Austria (remember it was Germany by then) to emigrate by getting them into Cuba.

I started a correspondence with Mr. Torcziner and found out the exact conditions for entering Cuba: The purchase of a Visa for \$350.-non refundable. And a landing bond of \$650.-, refundable at the person's leaving Cuba. There was no way to persuade aunt Jenny to come up with all that money. However, providence OR JUST PLAIN LUCK came to the fore again.

My cousin Anneliese had a boyfriend who had a while earlier arrived from Europe by way of Casablanca and then Cuba. He suggested that I talk to a Mr. Israel who had just arrived from Cuba and who might give me some more recent information about entry into Cuba. – A humorous side issue: My father was a very educated man, my mother a very smart woman with little formal education, which she was sometimes teased about by her “doctor” husband. When they had survived and they were safely in the US , my father who was a “ raconteur “ and a man who liked jokes, used to tease my other with the following story: “When I first told my wife we will have to write to the kid (me) that the only way to leave Vienna is by going to Cuba , she was raving “you are a dreamer, it will never happen”- what more would she have done, if she had realized that we are talking about the WestIndies”(unheard of in Central Europe at the time.

Now back to the serious issue which they were trying to ward off with humor. Mr. Israel was a German Jew, who had been abroad on a business trip at the time of Hitler's take over in 1933 and was advised on the telephone not to return. He had been the owner of a famous department store in Berlin. There he was in Spain, penniless.He started to earn money by sorting out buttons in a

factory. He wound up owning 3 button factories. When things got hot in 1940 he left Spain for Cuba and bequeathed the factories to his gentle Spanish girl friend.

Though Mr. Israel could not tell me anything about Cuba that I did not already know, he turned out to be an angel in disguise. First he hired me as an English teacher for himself in the spring of 1941, when I had just lost one of my menial jobs. In the summer he invited the wife of a prospective business partner and me to join him in a place he had rented in New Hampshire, so that I could continue with his English lessons. Having just become jobless, this was most advantageous for me. As the summer progressed, Mr. Israel not only decided to go into partnership with the above mentioned businessman, but he also decided to help me. To this day I don't know why. I think there were two reasons. 1. He was divorced and at that time estranged from his daughter, and was therefore impressed with my being such a "good daughter". I was young and attractive and he had a crush on me. However, since I was very naïve and innocent he only became a father figure and benefactor. He loaned me \$1950.- for three landing bonds, and \$1500.- for 2 Visas. Aunt Jenny paid 750.- for grandma's visa. This was the very important beginning of good luck but this was by no means all.

I immediately began negotiations with Mr. Torcziner to get the entry visa etc. This was a long, drawn out process and it was "touch and go" from beginning to end. Some of my contemporaries tried just as hard as I did but did not succeed in time, and their folks ended in the camps and were either gassed or burned. In addition to the landing bonds and visas, people could not get out of Germany or German occupied territory, unless they had means of transportation from one of Europe's harbors to their destination. You have probably seen the movie SHIP OF FOOLS, which describes a boatload of refugees destined for Cuba. They were not admitted to Cuba and the ship floated for quite some time on the high seas without any country (including the USA) letting them in. The landing bond charge was introduced by Cuba

subsequently.

And now comes another miracle. As I told you, we had bought steamship tickets for the folks in 1940. I also told you that Mr. Israel had given his Spanish girlfriend one or all three of his button factories. This lady, on his request, went to the steamship line once a month, and gave one of the executives a bottle of good brandy - hard to get at that time. And so, the tickets got postponed from month to month, and in spite of the dearth of tickets at that time, were available for parents and grandma to be used in November of 1941. As you know, the folks had left Vienna on October 17, 1941, 2 days before their scheduled deportation to what was then euphemistically called a "work camp", in a sealed train which had the inscription WIEN - BERLIN - PARIS - JUDEN. From Paris they were helped to get to Bilbao, probably by HIAS or JOINT, American Jewish Committees. From Bilbao they sailed with the above mentioned tickets in a rickety old ship called the MAGELLANES, and after a horrible voyage (through war zones) arrived in Havana, Cuba, on November 29, 1941, just one week before Pearl Harbor. My grandmother, your great, great grandmother died and is buried in Havana. My parents, your great grandparents came to the USA in September 1942. Another time I will tell you about their lives in Vienna after I left, from July 1939 to October 1941, and also about the details of their narrow escape. As you know, my beloved aunt Klara and Ella were not so lucky.

PARENTS AND GRANDMOTHER'S FLIGHT FROM VIENNA
(Chapter 8)
Memoirs GWS written July 23,00

My dear grandchildren,

This is a continuation of my story. The last time I told you about my parents and grandmother's life in Vienna however so briefly. You may recall that they left literally in the last days in which it was still possible to leave. The documentation which I told you about will follow so that you have it "black on white" i.e. in writing. I have to include here the translation of another document and tell you how I happened to have it and why I think it is such important documentation.

The document is a letter I received from my parents right after they arrived in Bilbao, Spain to depart for Cuba.

Bilbao, October 27,1941

My dear Greterl ; (Viennese diminutive for Greta)

We have finally arrived here and are waiting for the SS Magellanes (the ship) which brings us closer to you if not quite near enough. Our telegram from Wednesday will have informed you of our arrival here and . unfortunately . the postscript brought you new worries , which I deeply regret. When you see the facts leading to our telegram you will recognize our regret and deep disappointment. These were the facts: You can imagine that my first move the morning after our arrival in Bilbao was to go to the Steamshipline , the Transatlantic.. There , I was told that according to an ordinance of the previous day people who have a "J"-passport (*indicating that they are JEWS*) will not be permitted to leave Spanish ports. I don't think I have to describe to you how this news hit us, although I myself tried to look at it with logic and did not view it with as much dismay as this bad news seemed to generate. (*My dad, the eternal optimist*)....I said

to myself that the matter is not yet in its final stages and that those of us whose passports, tickets and possessions are all in order would be permitted to leave for their destinations. This is now also the general trend of people's thinking, with which Mr. Ross thoroughly agrees. *(Children you may remember from my previous notes that Mr. Ross is the man in the steamship line who helped by postponing the dates of departure to keep the tickets valid through many months)*, I wrote to him the same day and he agrees with me. *(You see children, how there was really even at that late date very little information about the horrors that could be ahead – i.e. today we know, that the Jews in Southern France were indeed not safe and most of them landed in Auschwitz., the big extermination camp. How wonderful that optimism sometimes paid off much against all odds.)*

The letter continues: By the way I hope this will not demand more financial sacrifices on your part.

Now I will tell you for your information some things about our trip here:

According to the information by the Wiener Kultusgemeinde (these were the officers of the Jewish Community, which in the Holocaust literature are referred to as the Judenrat) we were supposed to leave Vienna on the evening of October 19th and had prepared everything according to these instructions. However, when I made my routine visit to the Kultusgemeinde on the morning of October 17th ,I was informed that the transport would leave the same evening, i.e. 48 hours earlier, which, of course, caused quite a bit of trouble.

(My darlings ,I must insert something else here: L had kept all the letters of my parents, family and friends for many years but unfortunately they got lost in one of our moves. However, guess at what point I found this letter? I had just begun to be very interested in documentation and literature of the Holocaust and had read a very significant informational book called THE WAR AGAINST THE JEWS by Lucy Davidowicz. She talks about the terrible role which the JUDENRAT in the Jewish community

played since they were commanded to make the SELECTION of people for the work-death camps (at the risk of their own and their families' demise .were they to refuse). The author discussed the hatred of everybody for the elders who fulfilled this command. However the author indicates that wherever possible , the Judenrat helped those people who were in a position to get leave their homes and get out of the country.. I know today ,that this letter of my family corroborates, that the Judenrat knew that there would be an AKTION and expedited anyone who had the papers to leave -..to wit, 2 days before the deportation, which was scheduled for October 19th. .As I told you, the postwar pamphlet which I bought in Austria in recent years, has a copy of the letter, which my parents had received, though they did not mention it in this letter except indirectly. The by which NO JEW WAS ALLOWED TO LEAVE, NO MATTER WHAT EMIGRATION PAPERS S/HE POSSESSED).

The attached letter directed the recipients to appear in the Railroad station to be deported to a work camp, indicating that non appearance would be severely punished. This pamphlet also mentions legislation which occurred one week later

(Memoirs written August 27, 2000)

My dear grandchildren:

This is a continuation of the story of my parents' and grandmother's escape from Hitler described in several letters. The originals of these letters were translated by me and are in the archives of the Holocaust Museum in Washington D.D. along with a number of original documents and photos. You can look them up under my name "Greta W. Stanton". These letters describr their last few days and departunre from Vienna as well as their trip to Cuba , along with some side comments from me since we now know some of the facts surrounding their very lucky escape.

Last time I told you of my parents' and grandmother's narrow escape on October 17th, 1941. I now know that they left in a sealed

train marked "Vienna-Berlin-Paris JUDEN (Jews) " instead of being shipped to a so called "work camp" to Poland, which later turned out to be death camps.

Today I will go back to the first of these letters written a few days earlier, so that you can understand how they had no idea from day to day what would happen. You can imaginewhat it might be like to have to live with this "life or death" anxiety every day. Here is my father's letter.

Dr. Richard Israel Wertheimer
Wien II. Schmelzgasse 6/7
(This new address reveals their third forced move)
To:Greta Wertheimer (my maiden name)
351 Central Park West
New York City

Wien ,October 14, 1941 (3 days before their departure)

My dear Greterl,

Your letter of the 22nd of last month we received the 11th of this month. Contrary to your opinion that it would no longer reach us here. Perhaps even the next one will reach us here. We are not quite finished with our preparations as far as all formal papers are concerned. , but the transport to which we are assigned is postponed from day to day. First it was supposed to be the 15th, then the 17th, but it will probably be the 20th before we will be able to depart. You can imagine that the constant postponement is not exactly encouraging .But finally with appropriate patience we will make it all right. The last two weeks we were waiting impatiently for the confirmation telegram of the steamship line but it did not arrive. As you know, in the South they have the "manana" principle and the rest of the world must have patience. Instead of the telegram there came a letter from the steamship company dated September 23rd. , which actually would have been

sufficient, except they did not mention grandmother's name. Because of my impatience I sent another telegram to Mr. Ross (our personal contact) which was answered by a telegram confirming our places in the Transatlantic Line. ---In the letter of Sept. 23, they had informed us that the tickets were no longer valid without additional payments from the USA since they had been purchased more than one year before, and the central office in Madrid would have to decide. I must assume that you, my poor child, will have to be the sacrificial lamb again. I only hope that the difference will not be too much and therefore not too painful. It is the old story of your "dear" parents, whom you are waiting for. The letter to Mr. Ross pleading for somewhat more benign conditions will be sent off tomorrow, so that perhaps he can intervene before you are tapped. Then we can get the show on the road as far as we are concerned, of course, the sooner the better. Once we arrive in Bilbao we will have an abundance of time to write you more. The ship is not supposed to leave until some time between November 5th and 10th, which means that on the assumption of our departure on October 20 from here we will have about 2 weeks in Spain to recuperate from some of the strains of the trip and some anticipated strains. At any rate we believe and hope that this is the last letter we write to you from Vienna. I hope to find news from you at the steamship company in Bilbao. Understandably we can not yet imagine all of this will really happen and that we will be re-united with you at some point. Well, my darling, for today, lots of kisses and a wish of a not too distant re-union. You VATI (DADDY)

My mother's postscript: My beloved child, here is to a re-union. Millions of kisses, Your Mutti (mommy)

My grandmother adds (in old German script): Heartfelt greetings and kisses, looking forward to an early reunion, Your grandmother (She did not make it to the USA but she died "in bed" in Havana, Cuba, nursed by her daughter, my mother. I recently had her name engraved on the tombstone of her husband and young son in the

cemetery in Vienna.)

ren im Oktober 1941 in das hiesige Ghetto eingewiesenen 19 848
Juden wurden 10 993 evakuiert.⁴³

Zentralstelle für jüdische
Auswanderung

Wien IV., den 8. Okt. 1941
Prinz Eugenstraße 22

19. Okt. 1941

Sie haben sich am
um 18 Uhr mit Ihren Angehörigen Gatten

und Handgepäck mit Höchstgewicht von 50 kg pro Person in der Schule
Wien II., ~~Prinz Eugenstraße 22~~ Kleine Sperlg. 2a einzufinden.
Bei Nichterscheinen erfolgt polizeiliche Vorführung

Der Leiter der Zentralstelle
für jüdische Auswanderung
Im Auftrage:

J. Hoff

Postkarte, mit der Frau M.P. und ihr Ehemann aufgefordert wurde, sich
im Sammellager Sperlgasse einzufinden. (DÖW Akt 8496)

43 Lagebericht der Staatspolizeistelle Litzmannstadt, Abtlg II B 4, 9.6.1942, gez. Fuchs,
zit. nach: Adolf Diamant, Getto Litzmannstadt, Frankfurt/M. 1986, S. 125.

This is the document by which Jews were ordered to appear for deportation

Central Office for Jewish
Immigration

8 October 1941
Vienna IV
Prinz Eugenstrasse

You have to be on October 19, 1941 at 18 o'clock with your family husband
and hand luggage of no more than 50 kilo per person in the school at Vienna II and Kleine
Sperlg. 2A

Non-appearance has the consequence of police enforced appearance.

Chief of the Central Office
for Jewish Emigration

Ankunft
No. 45C

2.5. De

Die erst
in das "
Frankfu
plant na
deportie
kung lit
schoss-
nen" d
unter d
schem:

44 Zu c
Ostl
unte
nach

AUNT KLARA THE ARTIST (Chapter 9)

Written June 28th 1998

My dear grandchildren;

Today I want to start telling you about my aunt Klara Wertheimer, who perished in the Holocaust.

Aunt Klara was a very unusual woman. She was born in 1879. It must be almost impossible for you to think of any relative who would have been 120 years old next year. I will tell you more about her life later, but right now I will focus on her untimely death. When she was almost 63 years old, she was shipped to a so-called work camp in Lodsz, Poland and was probably exterminated in the gas chamber of a death camp which was opened about a week later. The attached sheet #1, which is a copy from the archives of Yad Vashem (the Jerusalem Holocaust Center) gives her name, states "JEW" as nationality and indicates that it is photocopied from the original Gestapo files of the tenth transport from "Wien"(Vienna) to the East, on November 2, 1941. I do know from my recent studies, that the death camp near Lodsz named Chelmno was opened December 7, 1941, and therefore I guess that she might have found her tragic end there. Her transport left Vienna only 2 weeks after my parents, your grandparents, who were scheduled to be deported, too, managed to leave Vienna. How they escaped, I have told you with the help of their letters. What did aunt Klara do to deserve this? Good question! She was born a Jew, that was her crime. This was sufficient for the Nazis to determine that you don't deserve to live. You will hear a lot more about this as I go on.

Now I want to begin with her legacy, that she left behind- her art work. Much of my personal Holocaust work was devoted to try to find some of her paintings and to see if I could honor her memory. Where most of her pictures went, we don't know. They may either have been destroyed or stolen as the storm troupers came to deport her. The few pictures which I own now are on the walls of my living/dining room, and you grand children,

31 k. n.
74
AMERICAN JOINT DISTRIBUTION COMMITTEE

AUSTRIA SEARCH BUREAU

HQ USFA ARTISANS BUILDING

APO 777

POSTMASTER NEW YORK CITY

438

Re: File 30877 zh
Paris Memo 680 14/3/46

Vienna, June 3rd, 46

Temp. Pls
7/12/46

Mr. Herrn
Mrs. Frau Richard Wertheimer
Miss Fr. 313 W., 69th, str. NYork 25.

Dear friend:—
Lieber Freund!

The following is a report on your recent request for information about

Nachstehend geben wir Dir einen Bericht auf Deine Anfrage über

1. Brock Helene Ella 5.10.77
2. Wertheimer Clara 29.4.79

1. addr. Dorotheerf. 6

Information secured:

1. has been evacuated to Riga on Jan. 26th, 42 and has not returned.
2. has been evacuated to Lodz on Nov. 3rd, 41 and has not returned.

Not found:

We regret that a search of our files has shown no person of that identity.

Wir bedauern, Dir mitteilen zu müssen, daß die angefragte(n) Person(en) in unserer Suchkartei nicht aufscheinen.

In process:

Our search will be completed in days, and you will hear from us further.

In Behandlung:

Ihre Anfrage wird voraussichtlich in Tagen erledigt werden. Wir behalten uns vor, hierauf zurückzukommen.



Sincerely

Dr. J. Benson Saks

Chief Austrian Operations

Name

Nettheimer

Mädchenname

ID 44240

Vorname

Klara

Geburtsort

Geburtsdatum

29.04.1879

Beruf

Malerin

heutige Wohnadresse

Mien 1, Dorotheergasse 6

Todesdatum

06.07.1942

Todesort

Litzmannstadt

Deportationsdatum

02.11.1941

Lager/Haftstätten

Angehörige

Deportationsnummer

10/632

Überlebt

Dep.Ort

T

Litzmannstadt

Memo

Quelle

Lodz-Transportliste (LT) u.Ghettoadresse

Ghettoadresse

Rembrandtstr. 6/23

2. Quelle

Ghetto Litzmannstadt; Adolf Di

3. Quelle

computer information

Date 18.7.50/KR.

Name WERTHEIMER, Clara

File VCC 148

BD

BP

Nat Jew.

Next of Kin

Source of Information ~~Photoc. of orig. Gestapo Files. Transp.~~
~~from Wien to the East (to Transport)~~

Last kn. Location Wien 1, Dorotheerg. 6

Date d 2.11.41

CC/Prison

Arr.

lib.

Transf. on 2.11.41

to Lodz

Died on

in

Cause of death

Buried on

in

Grave

D.C. No.

Remarks Page No. 32

W 156

ITS

DEPORTATION

3.)

Name: Wertheimer
Geb.-Tag unbek.

Vorname

Suchst. 33

Klara

Geb.-Ort

Nee

Gestorben

Nation

Juden

Grab

in

in

B	C	D	E1	E2	F	G	H	I	K
						/			

Bemerkungen:

2380/38

Landeszentralbank
Dev. St.

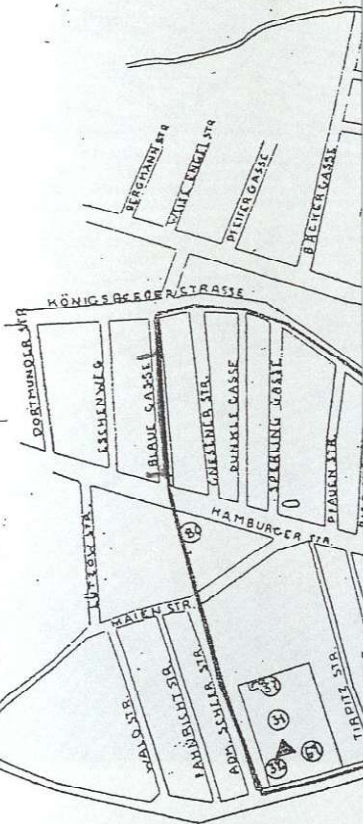
249210 B Gebrüder Möller KG. Kassel

W 156 ITS

NAME	SEX	BIRTH DATE	OCCUPATION	GHETTO ADDRESS	NOTES
WELTFRAJD	MALKA	F 22/ 8/1899		WALD 5 4	
WELTFRAJD	NOECH	M / /1913	ARBEITER	TAL 30 2	SIEGFR 15 2.3.44
WELTFRAJD	PERLA	F 1/ 1/1923		WALD 5 4	
WELTFRAJD	SZYJA	M 29/ 9/1931		WALD 5 4	
WELTMAN	CHAIM	M / /1934		VEIT STOSS 12 9	
WELTMAN	CHAIM	M / /1939	KIND	FISCH 20A 6	VEIT STOSS 24.6.42
WELTMAN	LAJA	F 27/ 7/1933	KIND	FISCH 17 15 FISCH 17	AUSG 20.3.42 TR 35
WELTMAN	LEJBUS KADYSZ	M 17/ 2/1939	KIND	FISCH 17 15 FISCH 17	AUSG 20.3.42 TR 35
WELTMAN	ZALMA	M 15/ 6/1935	KIND	FISCH 17 15 FISCH 17	AUSG 20.3.42 TR 35
WELTMAN SZLAMOWICZ	TAMARA	F 24/ 9/1907	HAUSFRAU	FISCH 17 15FISCH 17	AUSG 20.3.42 TR 35
WELTSCH	TOWA	F 16/11/1898	KRANKENSCHWEST	GNESEN 26LUSTIGE 12	12.12.42
WENDEL	BEREK	M / /1908	SCHNEIDER	ZIMMER 20 2	ALEXHOF 43 AG 10.3.44
WENKART	SARAH CHAWCIA	F 25/ 1/1872	HAUSHALT	GNESEN 26	WIEN AUSG 14.5.42
WENTLAND	HENIA CHANA	F / /1931		TIZIAN 12 3	
WENTLAND	SZOEL	M / /1904		TIZIAN 12 3	
WERCTNIK	LINA	F / /1914		GOLDSCHM 15 3	
WERDIGER	HELA CHAJA	F 28/12/1903		TIZIAN 2 33	
WERDIGER	NATAN NUSEN	M 18/ 5/1902		TIZIAN 2 33	
WERDYGIER	CHAJA	F 28/12/1903	HAUSFRAU	TIZIAN 2 33 NEUSTAD 24	
WERDYGIER	NUSEN	M 18/ 5/1902	GERBER	TIZIAN 2 33 NEUSTAD 24	
WERNER	FANNI	F 15/ 6/1869	HAUSHALT	GNESEN 26	WIEN GEST 13.3.42
WERTHEIM	ADOLF	M 4/ 1/1872	GOLDSCHMIEDE	GNESEN 26WIEN	GEST 26.2.42
WERTHEIM	HEDWIG	F / /1887	HAUSHALT	GNESEN 26	WIEN GEST 31.3.42
WERTHEIMER	CLARA	F 29/ 4/1879	MALERIN	GNESEN 26	REMBRAND 6 GEST 7.7.42
WERTHEIMER	HANA	F 2/ 8/1925	SCHUELERIN	GNESEN 5 8	FRANCIS 13 20.4.42
WERTHEIMER	IRENE	F 9/ 2/1898	DR PHIL.	GNESEN 5 8	FRANCIS 13 20.4.42
WERTHEIMER	JUDIT	F 16/ 2/1927	SCHUELERIN	GNESEN 5 8	FRANCIS 13 20.4.42
WERTHEIMER	PETER	M 11/ 2/1890	DR PHL. INTRUST	GNESEN 5 8	FRANCIS 13 20.4.42
WERTHEIMER	ROSCINA	F 10/ 5/1873	HAUSHALT	GNESEN 26	WIEN AUSG 7.9.42
WERTHEIMER	STEPHANIE	F 23/ 4/1876	HAUSHALT	GNESEN 26	WIEN AUSG 7.9.42
WESOLOWSKI	MOSZEK	M 20/ 6/1929		TAL 6 22	LIMANOW 24 AG 30.6.44
WESSELI	KARL	M 5/ 6/1875	VERTETER	GNESEN 26	WIEN AUSG 14.5.42
WESTMAN	MACHLA	F 17/ 6/1892		TAL 30 17	
WESTPHAL	GEHARD	M 27/12/1921	SCHNEIDER	FROHE 4 6	BERLIN 11 WYM 14.8.42 KERM 22
WEYL	SARA	F 16/ 8/1873	HAUSFRAU	GNESEN 26	BERLIN 23.7.41
WEYLAND	BORUCH	M / /1873		TAL 34 18	
WEYLAND	JENTA	F / /1882		TAL 34 18	W SZPITALA LAGIEW 96
WIATZAK	MORDKA	M 11/ 2/1928	SCHUELER	GNESEN 26	ALEXHOF 14 17.10.43
WICZUNZEWSKI	HELENA	F / /1876	HAUSHALT	GNESEN 26	LESZLAU GEST 30.3.42
WICZUNZEWSEI	JANKIEL DAWID	M 2/ 6/1876	ARBEITER	GNESEN 26	LESZLAU GEST 30.4.42
WIDAWSKA	ESTERA	F 28/12/1928	SCHUELERIN	GNESEN 26	BASAR 8 25.8.43
WIDAWSKA	FAJGA	F 5/ 3/1916	ARBEITERIN	ZIMMER 6 16 FISCH 12	ABG 28.9.43 REITER 9
WIDAWSKA	JUDESA	F 3/ 5/1919		ZIMMER 24 2	ZEROM 18 GEST 27.5.43
WIDAWSKA	LEJBUSZ	M 28/ 7/1934		WALD 10 4	
WIDAWSKA	RASZKA	F / /		TAL 12 40	ALTER: 63
WIDAWSKA	RUCHLA	F / /1910		WALD 10 4	
WIDAWSKA	SENDER	M / /		TAL 12 40	ALTER: 45
WIDAWSKA	SZAJNA RUCHLA	F 26/ 1/1924	SCHUELER	ZIMMER 24 2	ZEROM 18
WIDAWSKA	TAUBA	F / /		TAL 8 6	ALTER: 39
WIDAWSKA	TAUBE CHAJA	F / /1905		TAL 25 4	
WIDAWSKI	CYWIA	F / /1879		ZIMMER 24 4	
WIDAWSKI	DAWID HERSZ	M 14/ 3/1924	SCHUELER	GNESEN 26	BLAUE 19 28.9.43
WIDAWSKI	FAJGA LAJA	F / /1915		ZIMMER 24 4	
WIDAWSKI	JAKOB MOSZEK	M / /1887		ZIMMER 24 4	
WIDAWSKI	JUDESA	F / /1919		ZIMMER 24 4	
WIDAWSKI	ROCHMA SZAJNA	F / /1924		ZIMMER 24 4	
WIDERSZAL	LEONORA	F 2/12/1906	BUROANGEST	TIRPITZ 9 10 HOLZ 75	ABG 1.6.43 SPERLING 12
WIDOWINSKI	BER	M / /1920		TAL 11 1	
WIDOWINSKI	FAJGA RUCHLA	F / /1881		TAL 11 1	
WIDOWINSKI	PINKUS	M / /1879		TAL 11 1	
WIDZINSKI	BINEM DAWID	M 18/ 9/1865	KAUFMAN	GOLDSCHM 23 2	BUSCHL 15 GEST 8.7.41
WIDZINSKI	ESTERA	F 4/ 5/1876	HAUSFRAU	GOLDSCHM 23 2	
WIDZINSKI	BLIMENFELMACHLA	F 30/ 6/1914		ANGEST	GOLDSCHM 23 2 PRZ 19.10.43
WIEDRICH	MAX	M 30/ 7/1881	RENTNER	GNESEN 26	WIEN GEST 26.2.42
WIELAND	SALOMON ERNST	M 6/ 3/1875	SCHAUSPIELER	GNESEN 26	FRANZ 38 AUSG 12.5.42
WIELGOWOLSKA	FRAJDA	F 10/11/1915		TAL 20 11	
WIELUNSKA	SURA RYWEA	F / /1892		ZIMMER 3 1	
WIELUNSKI	CHINDA	F / /		TAL 10 18	ALTER: 48
WIELUNSKI	FRAJDA	F / /		TAL 10 18	ALTER: 11
WIELUNSKI	FRAJDLA	F 3/ 5/1929		TAL 10 18	ALTERMIETER
WIELUNSKI	HINDA FAJGA	F / /1892	TREIBERIN	TAL 10 18	RAUCH 36
WIELUNSKI	LAJZER	M 28/ 3/1897	SCHNEIDER	TAL 10 18	RAUCH 36
WIELUNSKI	LAJZER	M 28/ 3/1897		TAL 10 18	
WIELUNSKI	NUTA	M 23/ 3/1927		TAL 10 18	ALTERMIETER
WIELUNSKI	NUTE	M / /		TAL 10 18	ALTER: 13
WIELUNSKI	RACHELA	F 10/ 2/1925		TAL 10 18	ALTERMIETER
WIELUNSKI	SARA	F / /		TAL 10 18	ALTER: 17
WIELUNSKI	SURA MARIEM	F 12/ 9/1923		TAL 10 18	ALTERMIETER
WIEN	ESTERA	F 27/ 9/1914	SCHNEIDER	ZIMMER 19 19 ALEXHOF 117	
WIEN	SZLOME	M 17/ 1/1939		ZIMMER 19 15	
WIENER	ANNA	F / /1894	HAUSFRAU	GNESEN 13 10 MILCZAR 7	AUSG 14.1.42 TR 3
WIENER	BENJAMIN	M 29/ 6/1927	ARBEITER	GNESENER 3 8	BIER 3 3.10.43
WIENER	FAJGA	F 16/ 1/1920	ANGEST	GNESENER 3 8	BIER 3 3.10.43
WIENER	FISZEL LEIB	M 10/ 6/1919	KOTONSTRUMPF	GNESENER 1 7 ZEROM 29	
WIENER	FISZEL	M 10/15/1919	COTTONARE	GNESENER 1 7	PFAUEN 7 WYM 15.10.42 MATROSEN
WIENER	HENOC	M 5/ 8/1927	SCHUELER	GNESENER 1 7	PFAUEN 7 WYM 15.10.42 MATROSEN
WIENER	JACHETA	F 13/ 6/1893	HAUSFRAU	GNESENER 1 7	PFAUEN 7 WYM 15.10.42 MATROSEN
WIENER	ROJZA GITLA	F 15/ 3/1918	WASCHERIN	ZIMMER 19 14 ALEXHOF 14	ABG 16.1.44 ZIMMER 17
WIENER	SZMUL ELIEZER	M / /1913		TAL 4 30	
WIENER BIALEK	JACHETA	F 13/ 6/1893	HAUSFRAU	GNESENER 1 7	ZEROM 29
WIENER GAWRONSKA	DOBRUCHICA	F 27/11/1927		ZIMMER 18 12 ZEROM 11	

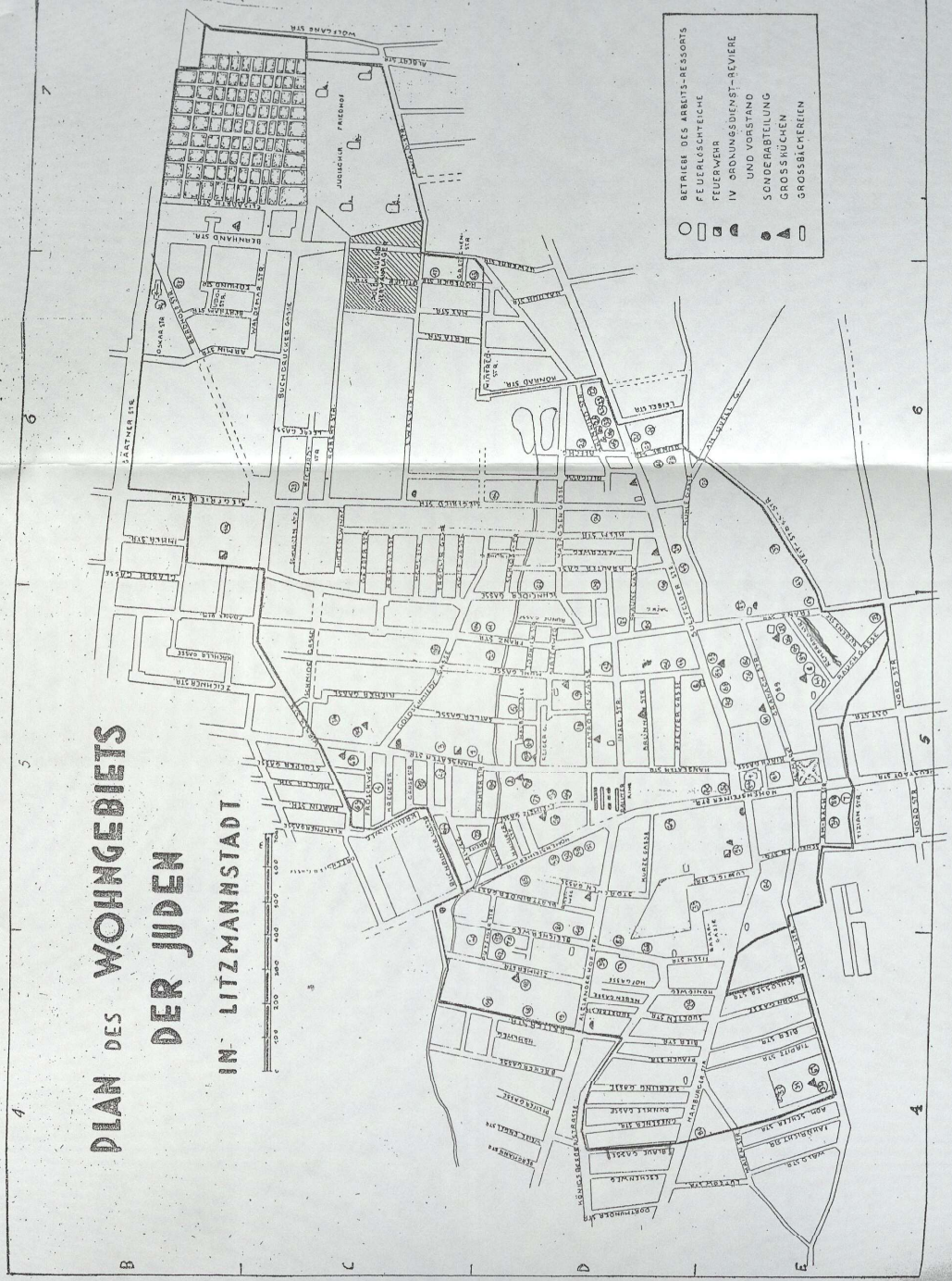
List of Lodz Ghetto Residents

PLAN



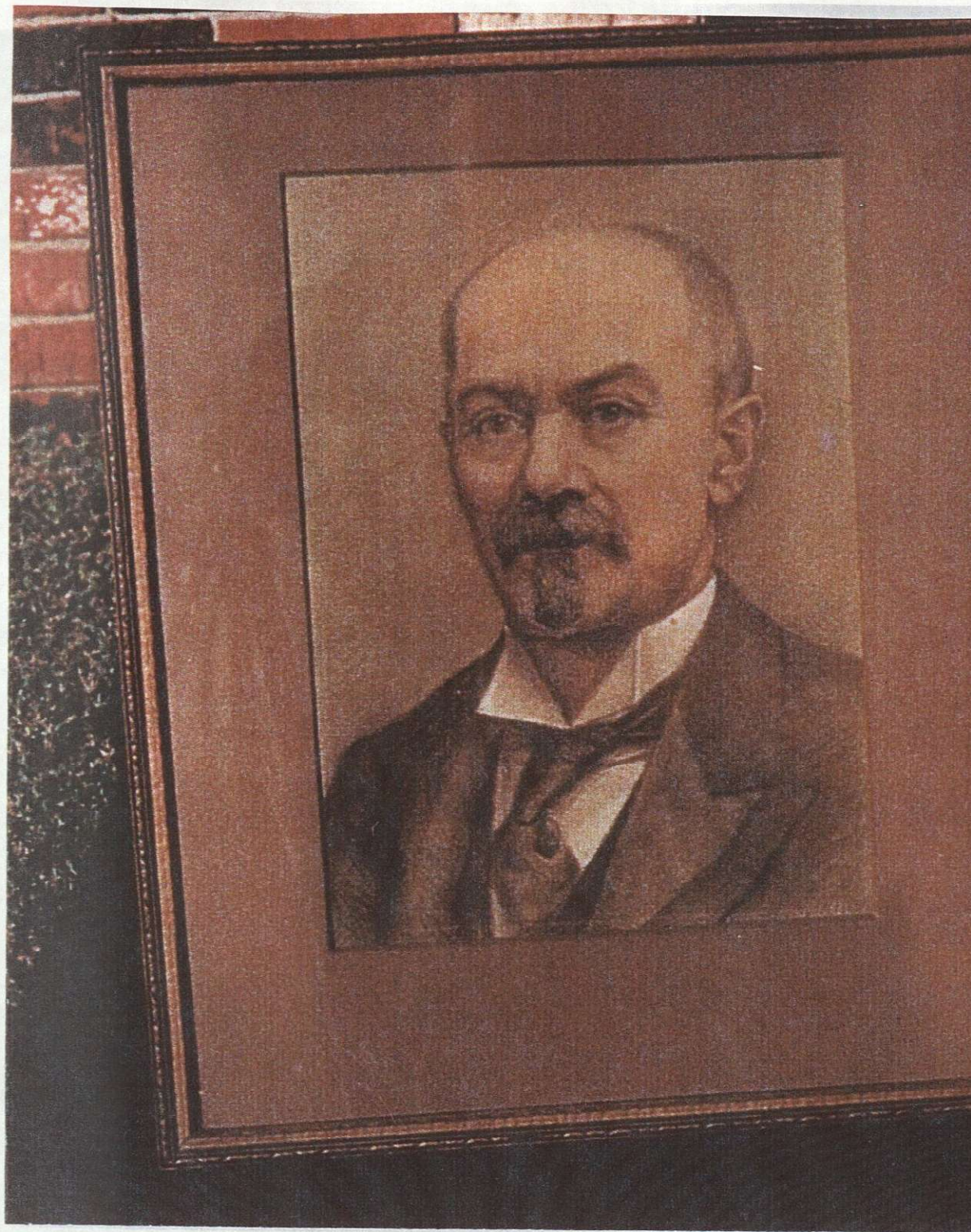
PLAN GETTA ŁÓDZKIEGO (sporządzony na zarządzenie władz niemieckich)

PLAN DES WOHNGBIETS DER JUDEN IN LITZMANNSTADT

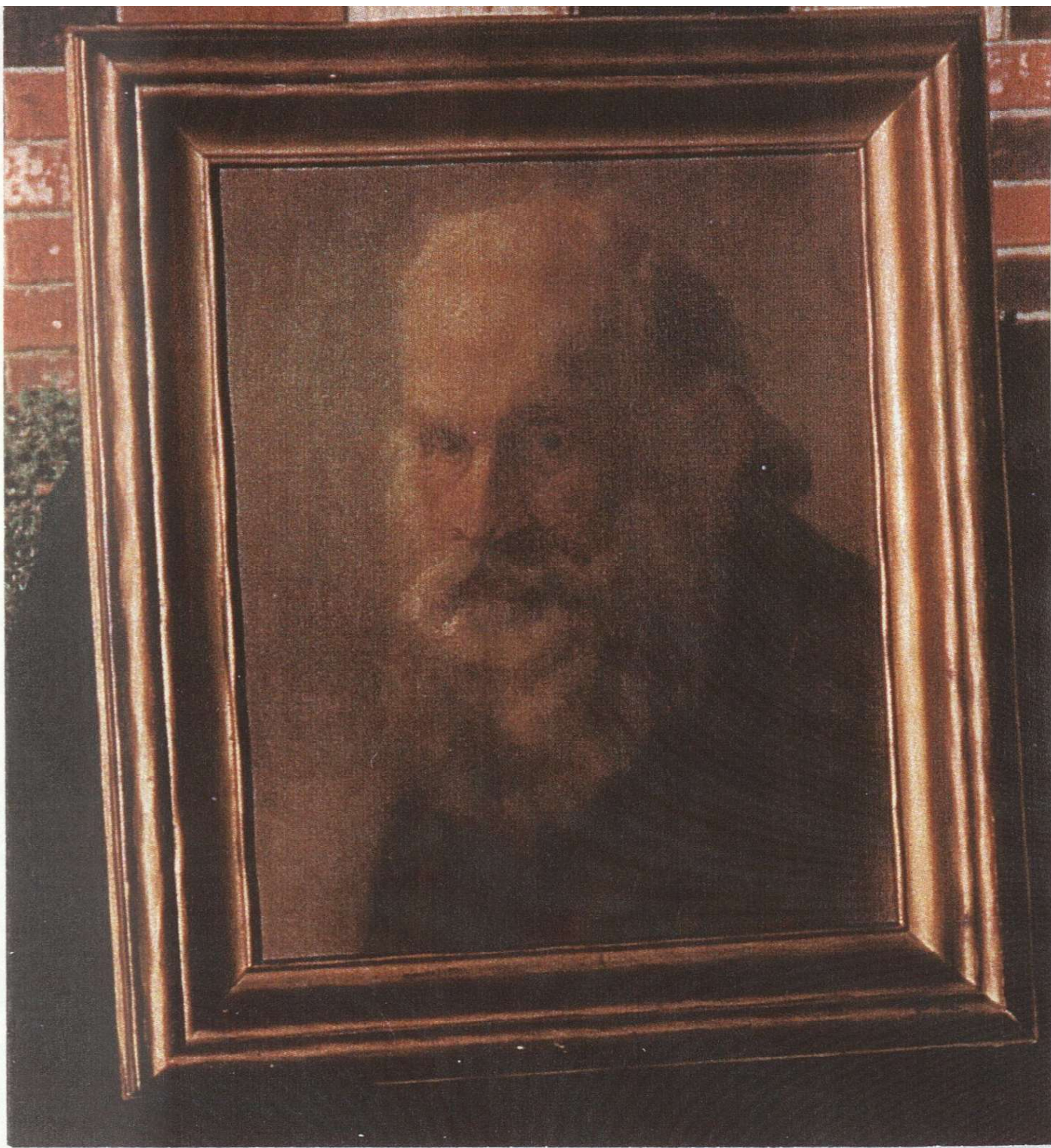
















My father's
 Ex-Libris = bookmark -
 adapted later for
 me by Frankie Busch





My presentation of
 Aunt ~~KLARA'S~~ ARZA'S
 Ex Libris for her
 friend to Yehudith
 Shendar, the
 curator of the
 Yad Vashem Museum



have seen them many times. I am also attaching photographs of other paintings which were made long before WW II., and also a photo of aunt Klara in her studio ,which shows some of her paintings made long before Hitler came.

AUNT KLARA'S PAINTINGS TO YAD VASHEM

Written June 27th 1999

My dear grandchildren:

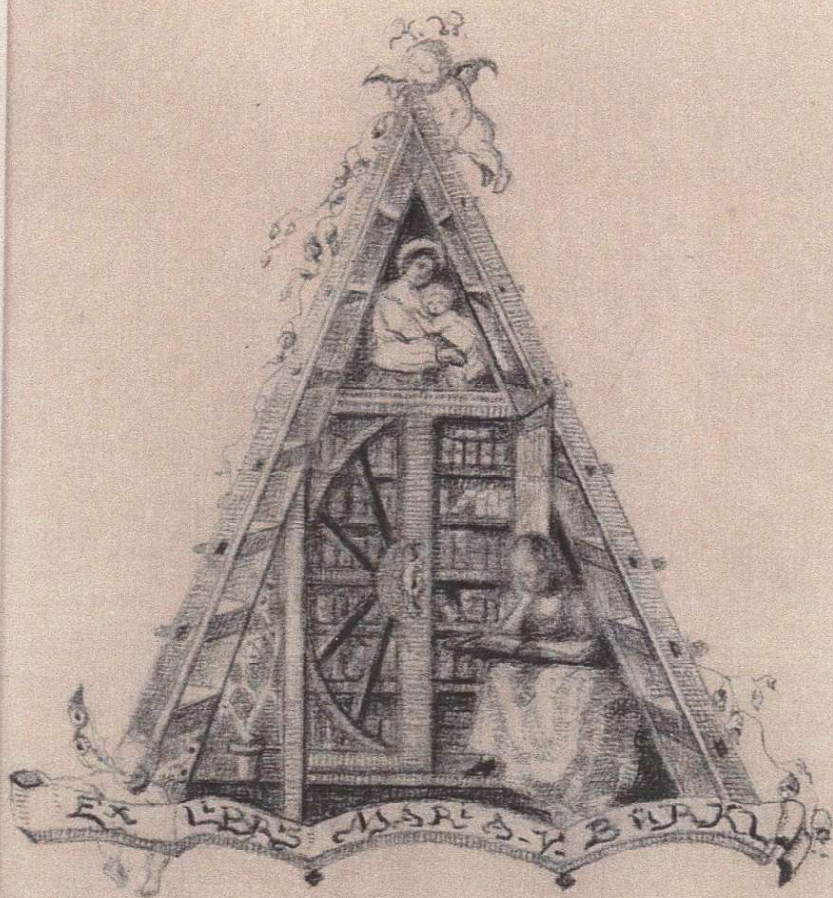
It's been a long time since I last wrote to you. Since my memoir group was not meeting, I was not disciplined enough to write, unless I have the incentive and stimulation of the group.

This winter I was in Israel for three months and now, just before my group is meeting again I am trying to decide where to begin, since a lot of things have happened lately.

I will return to the subject of my aunt Klara, the artist, since some very exciting things have happened in relation to my efforts to find out more about her life and death during the Holocaust and to honor her memory.

I may have told you already that I had found out on a trip to Vienna that she apparently died in the Lodsz Ghetto and not in a death camp. I was determined to find out more about this if I could, upon this year's visit to Israel and indeed I did. But first let me bring you up to date about the reason for this year's trip to Israel, as if I needed a reason-! I love to be in Israel and to spend time with the Reiks, my Israeli FAMILY, who are much closer to me than my blood relatives-.

I told you before about my educational involvement in the Yad Vashem International training program for educators which I attended two years ago in January of 1997, and indeed I had learned a lot then. During the whole month I spent in Jerusalem I tried to find some time for my personal research into family history. Among other things I tried to get an appointment with the curator of the Art Museum , and succeeded with the help of the



Meiner lieben, guten Maria in
 herzlichster freundschaft
 zugewidmet unter dem
 Gottes:

„Bildung macht frei!“

Maria Wertheimer

Klara Wertheimer (1879-1942), *Ex-Libris Maria-V-Bürki*.
Pencil on charcoal on paper.
Gift of Mrs. Greta Stanton.
Collection of the Yad Vashem Art Museum.



Klara Wertheimer (1879-1942), *Still-life*.
Oil on canvas-board.
Gift of Mrs. Greta Stanton.
Collection of the Yad Vashem Art Museum.

List of Aunt Klara's paintings:

	<u>Title</u>	<u>Measurements with frame</u>
1.	<i>Roses in Green Vase</i> (oil) c.1935	21 3/4" x 20 1/8" 553 cm high x 511 cm wide
2.	<i>Young Jewish Matron</i> (oil) c.1920	15 1/2" x 13 3/4" 387 cm wide x 349 cm high
3.	<i>Jewish Merchant</i> (charcoal) c.1935	23" x 19" 483 cm wide x 587 cm high
4.	<i>The Artist's Mother</i> (charcoal/pastel) c.1920 Oval Frame	12" x 10" 305 cm high x 254 cm wide
5.	<i>The Old Man</i> (oil) c.1910	23 3/4" x 20" 603 cm high x 508 cm wide
6.	<i>Pink Flowers</i> <i>Roses</i> } (watercolors in one frame)	23" x 19 1/2" 584 cm wide x 495 cm high
7.	<i>Flowers in Vase, Wilting Flowers on Table</i> (oil)	20 1/4" x 16 3/4" 514 cm high x 425 cm wide
8.	<i>Still Life</i> (date unknown)	15 1/2" x 24 1/4" 394 cm wide x 616 cm high

Paintings in Yad Vashem's Possession

1.	<i>Ex Libris</i> c. 1937	
2.	<i>Still Life in Studio</i> (oil) c. 1925	6" x 8" framed

Name	Wertheimer		Mädchenname		ID	44240	
Vorname	Klara	Geburtsort		Geburtsdatum	29.04.1879	Beruf	Malerin
Letzte Wohnadresse	Wien 1, Dorotheergasse 6		Todesdatum	06.07.1942	Todesort	Litzmannstadt	
Deportationsdatum	02.11.1941	Deportationsnummer	10/632		Lager/Haftstätten		
Überlebt	T	Dep.Ort	Litzmannstadt				
Memo							
Quelle	Lodz-Transportliste (LT) u.Ghettoadresse				Ghettoadresse		Rembrandtstr. 6/23
2. Quelle	Ghetto Litzmannstadt; Adolf Di		3. Quelle				

coordinator of my program, Katherine Berman who has since become my friend. My purpose was to get her advice about some museums in the USA which might be approached by me because they might have an interest in my making a bequest of aunt Klara's paintings, which would be my way of honoring her memory. I had had some contact with the Jewish Museum in New York City and some correspondence with people who might advise me but I thought that a Holocaust related museum would be preferable. I WAS aware of the trend of the times, which only seemed to have interest in artists who had produced Holocaust themes in their art, but I felt that an artist who was a Holocaust victim might also find a place that would want to exhibit her few remaining pictures. Parenthetically, your parents, (my children and their spouses), are not really interested in my "roots" or perhaps they prefer their own tastes in decorating their homes, so I AM concerned about preserving the few memorabilia which I possess in the most meaningful way. I also had previously established that aunt Klara's paintings, (though her name was not known publicly, and she had only been a "starving artist") were indeed quite reputable works of art.

I must admit that I did not think a world famous place like Yad Vashem would be interested but I hoped to get some good counseling about where I could go to find a place which would. Much to my surprise, the curator, Ms Bella Zaijchik, looked at the photographs of aunt Klara's work which I had brought with me and pointed to one of them saying "this belongs in Yad Vashem". I am attaching a copy of the picture. It is an Ex-Libris (a book mark), which she made for a Christian friend. It shows a bookcase, a Madonna with child and a dedication.

(In your great grandparents' days people had bookmarks specially designed for them. For your information I am also attaching a bookmark which my father had designed for himself (Justicia, a figure representing justice since he was a lawyer, and law books. I am also attaching an adaptation of my father's bookmark which a friend had made for me. This is just a flavor of the "old world

culture" for you).To go back to aunt Klara's ex- libris for her friend Maria v.Buerkel: what attracted the curator's attention was the motto which said:BILDUNG MACHT FREI, which translates: (higher) "education will give you freedom". This was done many, many years before the Nazis put the motto ARBEIT MACHT FREI , which translates into "work will give you freedom" on the entrance to Auschwitz, their most widely known death camp. You see, my aunt's values emphasized education, long before Auschwitz emphasized the importance of a slave labor camp with the same words. Therefore it was easy to see that Ms Zaijcheck felt this picture belonged in Yad Vashem. She even persuaded me to give up this picture and another one, a floral still life which she felt was representative of my aunt's art, during my life time, and leave the other pictures as a bequest upon my death-my original intention. We agreed that I would bring these two pictures in person on my next trip to Israel.

And so I did. This was my next trip, two years later. The attached photograph is one of Ms Yehudith Shendar, who is now the curator of the museum, and myself as I hand her the pictures. I felt it was a very memorable occasion. The picture was taken by the Reiks, who take me everywhere, when it's important, so they took me from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem for the occasion. .

By the way, let me advise you (forgive the professor) to follow my example to confirm everything important in writing: To make sure of our agreement and to get some information about the process of insuring and/or assessing the paintings before sending them eventually, we had some correspondence following my visit. Was I glad that I did and that I keep copies of everything. When I called to make an appointment to come to Jerusalem with the pictures I was told that I would have to appear before a commission to give my gift to the museum. I replied with a great deal of indignation that I had a written agreement with the previous curator. I followed your grandpa's old and very good advice "always go to the top guy". And therefore I insisted that I had to talk to the curator herself. Ms Yehudit Shendar the new curator' called me a few

days later, most friendly and accepting and said “of course, we will be delighted to have your aunt’s pictures”. She turned out to be an exceptionally wonderful human being. Not only did she interview me at length about my aunt, but she took an interest in my own story and also facilitated this as well as other contacts with relevant people . All this, even though she was going to the Ukraine the next day on Holocaust business. This encounter turned out to be a very wonderful experience, both sad and exhilarating.

Both before her departure to the Ukraine and after her return Yehudit facilitated a number of very important contacts for me. First, even though she had just intensively interviewed me about my family in connection with aunt Klara’s art work, she encouraged me to consider that interview as belonging to the museum, and to allow myself to be interviewed separately (a la Spielberg’s interviews in the US), by someone at Yad Vashem. I have the video of this interview, you may look at it whenever you are ready. (I played snatches of it to you ,Matthew ,when you were about 5 and you loved seeing your grandma and a picture of yourself on the screen). I will also adapt some of this interview to catch up on some family history to complete these written memoirs.

Furthermore Yehudit arranged for an appointment for me with one of the Yad Vashem staff who was an expert on the Holocaust data on Lodsz, which turned out to be an extremely important source of information, given in a most sensitive and helpful manner. Her name is Dr. Michal Ungar and I am very grateful to her.

THE WERTHEIMER FAMILY HISTORY (Chapter 10)

THE WERTHEIMER FAMILY HISTORY-----MY FATHER'S FAMILY- Written: Rosh Hashanah 1998 / 5769

My dear grandchildren:

Today I will continue to tell you some more about my aunt Klara Wertheimer-may she rest in peace- though heaven knows she did not die in an ordinary way. Having been shipped from Vienna to the Lodsz ghetto in November of 1941, where she perished.

Even though I have sometimes trouble to believe in a God who either permitted the Holocaust or could not prevent it (various religious interpretations exist about this), I choose to believe in a G..d that provides an eternal resting place, even though we can't see it. Therefore, when I visited Vienna, I went to the cemetery and visited the graves of my paternal grandparents. My uncle Albert, my aunt Ella's husband is also buried there. My father's two sisters, Klara about whom I am now writing, and Ella about whom I will write later, were both deported by the Nazis and who knows what happened to their earthly remains after they were destroyed. Remember, one went to Lodzs and one to Riga, both destinations well known for the brutality with which older women were destroyed. So, it is easy to see that upon my visit to the cemetery I mourned more for the ones whose graves I could not visit. I had the names of my two aunts, the Holocaust victims added to the family grave.

Rosh Hashanah is the time to remember family, so I want to tell you about the Wertheimers, my father's family, starting with aunt Klara, the artist. She was my father's second older sister. I began telling you earlier that she was a very unusual woman and then I got sidetracked by talking of her tragic death. Now let me tell you why I call her very unusual. She was born, as previously indicated in the latter part of the 19th century (1879) in a small town in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy by the name of Bielitz in Silesia.

(After WW I. The town became part of Poland and was renamed Bielsko). She was the second daughter in the family of a well to do Cotton Merchant by the name of Adolf Wertheimer. He and his bride, Bertha Signer were both born and raised in a small Hungarian town WAAG NEUSTADTL, and after their marriage moved to Bielitz ,the center of the cotton trade, in which Adolf, my grandfather, your great grandfather was involved. He was a very religious man and the home was kept by Bertha in true Jewish kosher tradition. Nevertheless it appears- according to my information- that the family was sufficiently assimilated, to speak German as their native language and apparently no-one knew how to speak Yiddish. This may be because Austro- Hungarian Jews were more emancipated than the Jews who lived further East, in Poland and Russia. The Jews of the East remained much more ghettoized until WW II began, when Hitler re- ghettoized everyone.

My father told me of his father's being very tolerant . For example he took the family to a non kosher restaurant where they ate what they wanted while he had a glass of milk., quite unusual for conservative and orthodox Jews at that time, and perhaps even today. My father and both his sisters seemed to be proud of their parents and my father frequently repeated some lovely stories about his parents.

Now, aunt Klara as a young woman, probably around the age of twenty, said to her orthodox, tolerant father "I will never marry. Give me my dowry and I will go to Vienna and study painting." And so she did, apparently with his blessings and her dowry. Interestingly she studied with a well known Tyrolian painter by the name of Egger Lienz, totally in contrast to her Orthodox Jewish background. (Tyrol is a part of Austria which performed very Catholic "Passion Plays" full of anti-Semitic references to Jews as "Christ Killers") Why Egger Lienz I have no idea, perhaps he was the only one she knew of at that time.

I believe my aunt Ella, the oldest sister, was the first in the family

who moved to Vienna when she got married. Perhaps my father went to Vienna about the same time as aunt Klara did. His purpose was to study law at the University of Vienna. This must have been around 1900. A few years later, after my grandfather's death in the early 1900's, my grandmother followed, and my grandfather's remains were transferred and buried in Vienna. I believe he died in 1908. I wish I knew more about the early life of the family, beyond the fact that they were well established, very middle class, well to do, and lost all of their money in WW I., probably at least partly, because of patriotic feelings for Austria which caused people to give up most of their money to the war efforts. It was called "Gold gab ich fuer Eisen" = I gave up gold for iron (ammunition?). Strange isn't it given the anti-Semitic accusations of Jews being unpatriotic, or perhaps only Jewish fears about being considered so. Earlier, when I told you about visiting the cemetery, I hope I gave you a feeling of a piece of the family history.

I was planning today to tell you about my early experiences with my aunt Klara and her sister, my aunt Ella. However, before I search in the crevices of my mind to recall childhood memories, which is after all the purpose of writing memoirs as a senior citizen, I have to tell you about some discoveries I made on my recent visit to Vienna. They confirm my conviction that the most horrible thing of Holocaust memories is the chaos and total unpredictability of events, the irrationality and senselessness of the destruction of millions which is reflected in every personal story one hears. None of it makes sense but we try against all odds to make sense out of every story we hear. I believe this applies to what I am about to tell you as an example.

My "need to know" which is always with me takes me to find out as much as I can about the Holocaust, both to cope with my own fate as one spec in this horrible event, and perhaps by chance to find out something personal about relatives, as I study and teach about the Holocaust. Thus I go to read the computerized

information which exists today, whether I am in the archives of YAD VASHEM or in the archives of the "Organization des Oesterreichischen Widerstandes"= office of the Austrian resistance.in Vienna.

As I mentioned to you before, my parents left Vienna on October 17th 1941, (a date of legal departure which is almost impossible to believe) two days before their scheduled deportation to a Polish "Work Camp" and along with my maternal grandmother reached Cuba one week before Pearl Harbor. My grandmother died a few weeks later and is buried in Havana. My parents were able to come to the USA subsequently. Their story will be told to you later. They had received a letter which ordered them to appear for deportation at a particular place in Vienna on October 19th. I had heard of this from them after they came to the USA but had never seen the letter. After the war I found a copy of this letter(the deportation order) in a pamphlet which was sold in Vienna after the war at the above mentioned organization. I will therefore attach a copy and my translation of this deportation order.

It is quite possible that my father ,who was very close to his sister, may have known at the time of his own departure from Vienna, that aunt Klara had received a similar letter with a different date for her deportation. My mother's oblique reference in a letter from Bilbao en route to Cuba seems to confirm this. Heaven knows , he could not have done anything to help her. However, the silence which prevailed over all Holocaust stories and people's individual fates for almost 50 years seems to be typical both for the pain which people pushed underground and for the fact that the world did not want to hear nor believe what people experienced.I know that my father inquired at the earliest possible time, i.e immediately after the end of WW II. from the Joint Distribution Committee about the fate of his sisters. He received the information that his sister Klara Wertheimer was deported to Lodsz on November 2, 1941 "and did not return", and his sister Ella Helene Brock was deported to Riga

on January 26, 1942 "and did not return".

In my efforts to find out more, I addressed the Red Cross many years later, and got the same results, in fact, their information was not quite as accurately detailed. However, I tried to use every opportunity to inquire again. Therefore, in the winter of 1997, when I was in Israel the opportunity arose. I spent one month in Jerusalem taking an intensive international seminar on the Holocaust at Yad Vashem, the World's most famous center on Holocaust history and education (I was fortunate to be able to attend as a University Professor studying and teaching about the Holocaust). I used the opportunity to go to the library and the archives frequently. I got much more information and their computer and microfilm about some of my childhood friends. However, the information about my two aunts was still the same. Nevertheless, I continued to inquire at every opportunity. So, the most amazing thing happened. When I was in Vienna one month ago (1995) for a Hakoah reunion, about which I will tell you separately, I went to the previously mentioned archives of the Austrian Resistance, which includes data on the Jews who were deported from Vienna. I talked to the archivist. **YOU WILL NOT BELIEVE IT**, there was some additional information in the computer. She had indeed been deported to the Lodsz Ghetto on November 2, 1941, had arrived on November 29, 1941. There was an address, Rembrandtstrasse 7, and a date of death, July 6th, 1941. As I told you before, I had assumed that she had been immediately shipped to a nearby death camp but this information seems more accurate. What does it mean? I really don't know. It probably means that she died either of Typhus or of starvation, the cause of most deaths in the ghettos, certainly not good deaths. However, somehow it allows me to hope that there was a person with her who perhaps held her hand during her ordeal or was sad about her death. Dr. Michal Ungar, the expert on the Lodsz Ghetto told me that this may be possible. She said that there was a group of Viennese intellectuals and artists, etc. who seemed to be a group and somehow escaped the fate of most of this transport to be

shipped to Auschwitz in April. Aunt Klara's death date is July 6, 1942 in Lodsz. It gives me some relief to know that she was not burnt or gassed. I also cannot help wondering whether some of the paintings or sketches which were done by residents of the Lodsz Ghetto and were preserved and are now at Yad Vashem and are also in a book about the Lodsz ghetto, may contain her contributions. Why do I think so? She was a woman full of optimism and very determined. At the beginning of Hitler's takeover of Austria, there must have been some talk of deportations: I remember her saying, "I would just take my paints and palette and paint wherever I go". I think she would do so, as long as she could hold a pencil or a paint brush. Perhaps this is a naïve hope but it's possible. I keep asking everyone who knows someone on the Lodsz ghetto about information, I hope she did not suffer too much. May she rest in peace.

העביר הנכבד הזה את אברהם
בן הזה שמוראל ווערטהיימער זל
נפטר בשנת כ"ד אייר תרע"ב לפק
איש אמונים הולך תמים ביראת השם ובכשרון מעש
לחיד נדגו כל חסידים ורחמנו לכת בשבט טעם חזקת
כל ימיו אודיד אשתו הנכד כל נכדי טובו ונדיקו.
ה' ז' א' ב' ה'

BERTHA WERTHEIMER

GEST. 10. MÄRZ 1928.

RECHTSANWALT

D^r ALBERT BROCK

GEST. 18. NOV. 1926.

HELENE ELLA BROCK

GEB. WERTHEIMER

GEB. 5. OKTOBER 1877

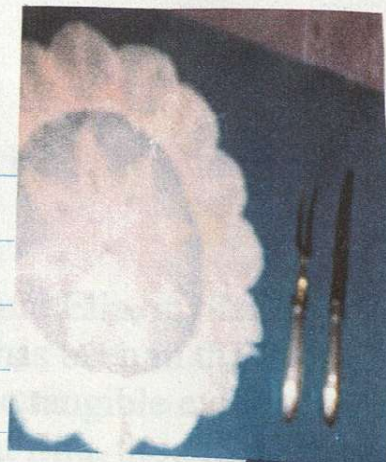
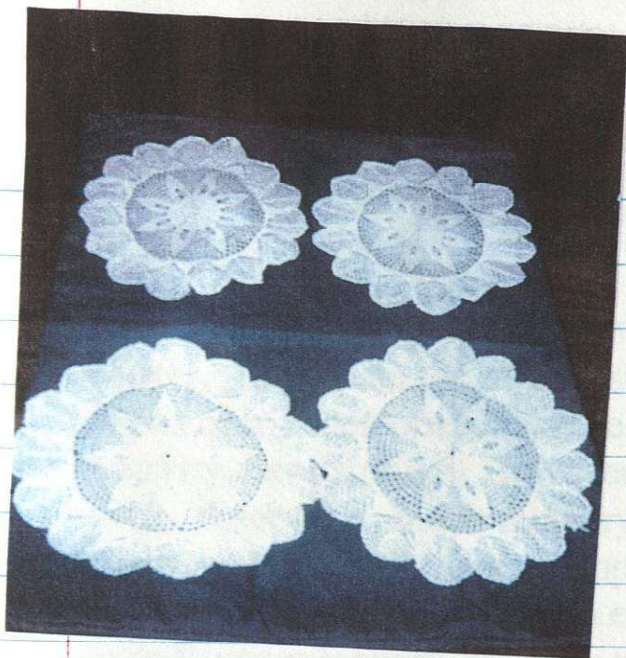
DEPORTIERT AM 26. JANUAR 1942 NACH RIGA

KLARA WERTHEIMER

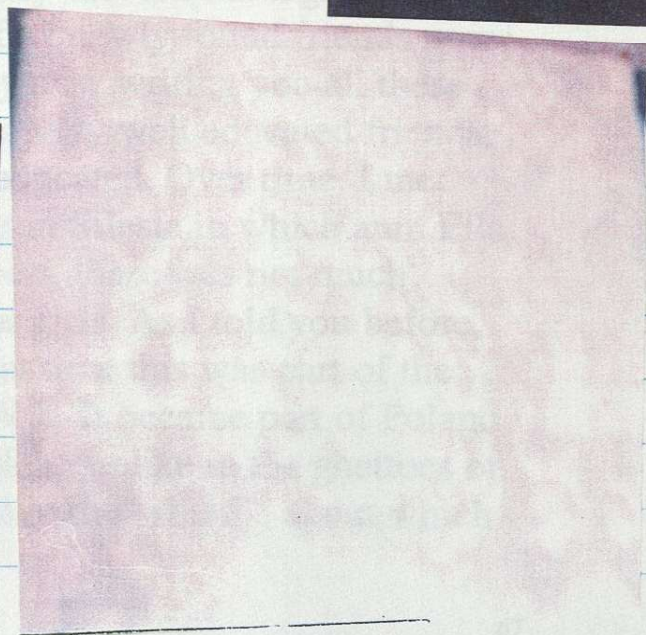
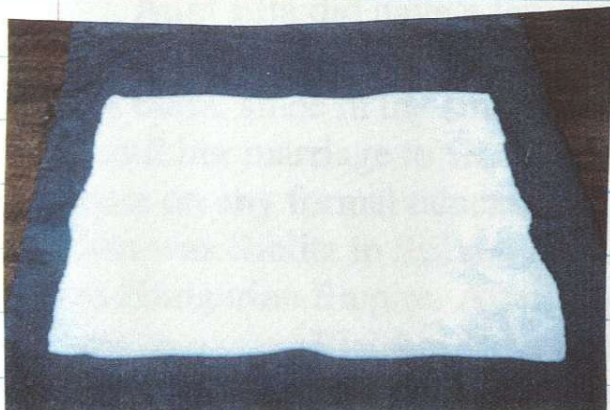
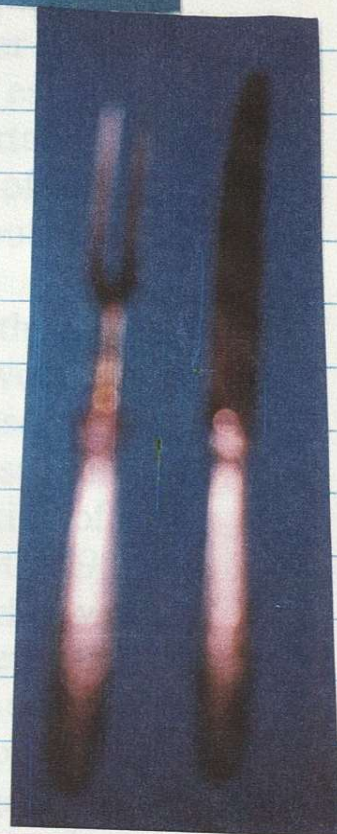
GEB. 29. APRIL 1879

GEST. 7. JULI 1942 IN GHETTO LODZ

July '99



Mont Ellen
Uncle Albert
and some of
Mont Ellen's
handmade
work



MY AUNT ELLA (Helene Ella Brock nee Wertheimer`)
(Chapter 11)

Today I would like to tell you about my Aunt Ella, my father's oldest sister. Aunt Klara the middle sister has been in the foreground of my memories, because of the tangible evidence of her creativity, her paintings. However, aunt Ella, though a "mere" housewife, deserves as much memory, since she and her husband, my beloved uncle Albert were an important part of my early childhood. And, sadly her unknown end after her deportation from Vienna to Riga on January 26, 1942, was probably one of the most traumatic ones which Holocaust history informs us about.

First, let me point out to you one of the attachments to this letter, which are photos of a few of the small pieces of handiwork, which she left for me with friends before her deportation. These are more or less typical for almost all the creations of middle class "mere housewives" of her generation. These represented the kind of recreation in which the women who lived at the end of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th century engaged in. In the earlier years of her young adulthood, before her marriage to uncle Albert, she probably went to dances with her girlfriends, and since she was quite well read, I must assume that she not only did a lot of reading for recreation but also that perhaps they met to read together or to share their reading, much as I and a few newly found friends now share our memoirs (my reason for my now writing you all these letters). Aunt Ella did have a few also very well educated friends, though none of them were formally educated. Over time, I met most of them, since in the small town in Silesia in which aunt Ella lived until her marriage to Uncle Albert, there was not much emphasis on any formal education for girls. As I told you before, the town was Bielitz in Silesia. At that time this was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. After WW I. It became part of Poland and was re-named Bielsko. Nevertheless, unlike in the ghettos of Poland and Russia, where Jews lived in the "shtetl", about which

there is much more historical information available, the girls of my aunts' generation attended government schools, but in general, education beyond grammar school was not easily available. My aunt Klara, as I previously told you, broke away from the usual pattern of other women, but aunt Ella, to the best of my knowledge followed more the traditional pattern.

You must understand that some of this information is partly oral history partly conjecture from some casual remarks of family members and spotty recollections of conversations. In the olden days, at least in my family, people were not given to sharing information about their daily activities but their lives were assumed to be identical in terms of following ancient Jewish tradition. Since both of my families (Wertheimer and Deutsch) were at various stages of assimilation. The history is far from identical.

I think the whole family's move to Vienna, the big city, after WW I., and after their orthodox father's death, represented not only a break with tradition and a move away from Jewishness, but also an opportunity for intellectual expansion and – YES – also for assimilation to the general non-Jewish population. To the best of my knowledge, neither of my father's sisters engaged in religious practices. On the other hand, the women and their friends showed the signs of some education (albeit informally self taught), and some relatively sophisticated knowledge of what went on in the world. In other words, on today's terms you would assume that they were avid readers of the Austrian equivalent of the New York Times, they went to the theatre, to exhibits, or traveled. If only some of them did some of these activities, they freely shared their pleasures and information with their friends. Some of their days' trips to the Austrian countryside on long hot summer days, are fond memories to me, since I was invited to join them on some of their "Ausfluege" in my pre-teen years.

Aunt Ella moved to Vienna at the time of her marriage to uncle

Albert shortly before her marriage to uncle Albert. In terms of the trend of the times, my grandfather's affluence, and my aunt Klara's use of her dowry for her education as an artist, I think I am correct in assuming that aunt Ella's marriage was "arranged" as was the custom of the times. I think it would probably also be correct to assume that aunt Ella's dowry was substantial and also that at least some of this money was used to buy an office for my uncle Albert who was a lawyer, and to start his career, as well as get an apartment in an excellent section of Vienna, and furnish it. This office was later shared by my father, who finished his law degree after his service as an officer in the Austrian army. (Yes in WW I. My father, your grandfather was an officer in the Austrian army – little did he know how Hitler would repay patriotic service many years later- while my husband, your grandfather was an officer in OUR army, the USA in WW II. This little statement in itself seems to represent an example of some of the general" history of the Jews") I knew this office well because I often went to visit it, not in my uncle's life time but later when it remained my father's office. To this day, when I pay a rare visit to Vienna, I make sure to visit the building where the office is located.

Memories from my earlier life about aunt Ella and uncle Albert:

This was a childless couple who had a lot of love to give to children. What was closer at hand than to love Ella's kid brother's daughter, little Gretl- ME. When I was a very little girl my mother was still involved in Voice lessons for her operatic career. In order to give her time and space, either my nursemaid Nana, or my grandmother took me to the park. It was not at all unusual to have my uncle Albert come to the park and play with me, though at this time I have only a vague recollection of his loving visits. He died when I was about seven years old. Many years later, someone told me that business reverses had driven him to suicide. I don't know anything about his death nor do I remember anyone's talking to me about him. I do know that my aunt Ella wore black clothes (the

Austrian way of expressing mourning) for many, many years. I also do remember going to the Vienna Woods with uncle Albert and aunt Ella and some of their couple friends, when I was about 5 or 6 years old. In later years I went with aunt Ella and some of her friends on occasional day's trips, sometimes also accompanied by my aunt Klara. These were more or less family Sunday outings for which I seemed to have been "loaned" to my childless aunts and their childless friends, and I thoroughly enjoyed the extra attention.

In my middle and later teens my focus shifted to greater closeness to my aunt Klara. Partly this was due to the proximity of my Highschool to aunt Klara's studio, so that I sometimes stopped by on my way home from school. I was also please to be used by her as a model occasionally. Sometimes I found my father there, who had continued his family visits to aunt Klara from the time she was taking care of their mother. Grandma Wertheimer died not long after my uncle Albert did.

Death was not particularly explained to children in my time, but I remember a little story that was told to me much later: My maternal grandmother was taking care of me while the rest of the family went to my paternal grandmother's death.. After some sadness or quiet time, I began to play and sing. My maternal grandmother who was a somewhat harsh, critical woman was supposed to have said to me: "your grandmother died and you are playing and singing", to which I replied: "you don't know how it looks inside my heart."

I only remember my paternal grandmother as a sick old lady who was confined to bed with a heart condition for many years, living in a beautifully furnished apartment with aunt Klara taking care of her, on very meager incomes. I remember being allowed to play songs on an old musdical clock (if I was very careful), and the melody still lingers in my ears. After her mother's death, aunt Klara made her studio her permanent residence. Both my aunts lived on vedry, very limited incomes. After becoming a widow, aunt Ella rented one of the living rooms in her beautiful apartment, aunt Klara sold a painting now and then. Both had a

small pension, though I do not know from what sources. Both of them augmented their meager income by selling some of their inherited pieces of jewelry or household goods, e.g. oriental carpets, paintings of "better times". How much of it was left when Hitler came and they had to leave their respective homes, and how much was looted and destroyed, I have no way of knowing. They did wind up living together after at least one forced move, at the time of their deportation to their final destination and destruction. I loved them very much, and oh- did they love me!

I told you before about aunt Klara's deportation and death in the Lodsz ghetto. About aunt Ella I only know that she was deported 12 weeks later (from the same apartment. However, she was deported to Rega, and the only information I have is that "she did not return". The postwar reports about the deportations to Riga and the Riga ghetto are absolutely horrible. Her deportation date was January , 1942. The stories range from shooting in the Rumbola Forest, to being directly forced into the (gas) vans of destruction. Some were housed in the ghetto, which had been vacated of the Riga Jews, when the German/Austrian and the Dutch Jews were brought there at the above date. They either perished in this ghetto or were eventually shipped to a nearby destruction camp. I am still trying to find out whether aunt Ella found a somewhat kinder death in the ghetto itself. Or perhaps she was one of the few survivors. I doubt it, because she would have tried to find us. What a sad life, and what a horrible ending. I hope her life in the great beyond makes up for it.

8/10/46

AMERICAN JOINT DISTRIBUTION COMMITTEE

AUSTRIA SEARCH BUREAU

HQ USFA ARTISANS BUILDING

APO 777

POSTMASTER NEW YORK CITY

438

File 30877 zh
Paris memo 680 14/3/46

Vienna, June 3rd, 46

Temp. Rec.
7/10/46

Mr. Herrn
Mrs. Frau Richard Wertheimer
Miss Fr. 313 W., 69th, str. NYork 25.

Dear friend:—
Lieber Freund!

The following is a report on your recent request for information about

Nachstehend geben wir Dir einen Bericht auf Deine Anfrage über

1. Brock Helene Ella 5.10.77
2. Wertheimer Clara 29.4.79

1. addr. Dorotheersf. 6

Information secured:

1. has been evacuated to Riga on Jan. 26th, 42 and has not returned.
2. has been evacuated to Lodz on Nov. 3rd, 41 and has not returned.

Not found:

We regret that a search of our files has shown no person of that identity.

Wir bedauern, Dir mitteilen zu müssen, daß die angefragte(n) Person(en) in unserer Suchkartei nicht aufscheinen.

In process:

In Behandlung:

Our search will be completed in days, and you will hear from us further.

Ihre Anfrage wird voraussichtlich in Tagen erledigt werden. Wir behalten uns vor, hierauf zurückzukommen.



Sincerely

Dr. J. Benson Saks
Chief Austrian Operations
AJDC

inquiry

9.50.

137542

Name: **B R O C K Helene Ella**

No: T

Nec: **WERTHEIMER**

Nat: **Jew.**

B. D: **5.10.77.**

X Ref:

B. P: **Bielitz, Silesia, Gy. (Bielsko, Poland)**

Address: **Vienna 1, Dorotheengasse 6. (Oct. 41.) Austria.**

Occupation: -

Last news: **dep. to Riga, Latvia, on 26.1.42.**

Date: -

Enquirer's name: **WERTHEIMER Richard**

Address: **313 W., 69th St., New York 29, N.Y.**

Relation: **brother**



(old card C 544, enq. undated)

Date **11.7.50/FE**

Name **B R O C K, Helene Sara**

File **VCC 148**

BD **5.10.77**

BP

Nat **Jew.**

Next of Kin

Source of Information **Photos of orig. Gestapo files. Transp. from Wien to the East (15. Transport)**

Last kn. Location **Wien 1. Dorotheerg. 6/30** Date **d 26.1.42**

CC/Prison

Arr.

lib.

Transf. on **26.1.42**

Riga

Died on

in

Cause of death

Buried on

in

Grave

D. C. No.

Remarks **Page No .5**

יד ושם
מכון לחקר השואה
ארכיון
YAD VASHEM
Holocaust Martyrs' and Heroes
Remembrance Authority
Archives

YAD VASHEM

DAF-ED

דף-עד

יד ושם

Forschungs- und
Gedenkstätte
Jerusalem, Israel
P.O.B. 3477

GEDENKBLATT

ירושלים, הר הזיכרון
ת.ד. 3477

חוק זכרון השואה והגבורה —
תשי"ג 1953
קובע בסעיף מס' 2:
תפקידו של יד ושם הוא לאסוף
אל המולדת את זכרם של כל
אלה מכני העם היהודי, שנפלו
ומסרו את נפשם, נלחמו ומרדו
באויב הנאצי ובעוזריו, ולהציב
שם וזכר להם, להקלילות,
לענווה ולמנוחת שגורם בגלות.

DAS GESETZ ZUM ANDENKEN AN DIE MARTYRER UND HELDEN
YAD VASHEM, 5713 — 1953 — ARTIKEL NR. 2 LEGT FEST:

Es ist die Aufgabe von Yad Vashem, dokumentarisches Material in Israel über all die Juden zu sammeln, die ihr Leben im Kampf und im Aufstand gegen die Nazis und deren Helfer hingaben, und das Andenken an die Opfer zu bewahren, wie auch das der Gemeinden und Institutionen, die wegen ihrer Angehörigkeit zum jüdischen Volk vernichtet wurden.

Familienname *
BROCK

1. שם המשפחה *

Vorname
(bei Frauen auch Mädchenname)

2. השם הפרטי (שם לפני הנישואין)

ELLA HELENE WERTHEIMER

Geburtsort
(Stadt, Land)

4. מקום הלידה
(עיר, ארץ)

Geburtsdatum

3. תאריך הלידה

BIELITZ, ÖSTERREICH (POLEN)

5. OKTOBER 1877

Name der Mutter

6. שם האם

Name des Vaters

5. שם האב

BERTHA (SIGNER)

ADOLF WERTHEIMER

Name des Ehegatten

(bei Frauen auch Mädchenname)

ALBERT

7. שם בן או בת הזוג

(אם בת זוג נא להוסיף שם משפחתה לפני הנישואין)

Wohnort vor dem Kriege

Wien I., Mollzeile 19

8. מקום המגורים לפני המלחמה

Wohnorte während des Krieges

Wien I., Dorotheergasse 6

9. מקומות המגורים במלחמה

Umstände des Todes (Ort, Datum, etc.)

10. נסיבות המוות (זמן, מקום, וכד')
Wurde am 26. Jaenner 1942 nach Riga verschickt und kehrte nicht zurück

Ich, der/die Unterzeichnete

Greta W. Stanton (geb. Wertheimer)

אני, הח"מ

wohnhaft in (volle Adresse)

24 Summerall Rd. Somerset, N.J. 08873

הגרה ב (כתובת מלאה)

Verwandschaftsgrad/Freundschaft zum Verstorbenen

Nichte

קירבה (משפחתית או אחרת)

erkläre hiermit, dass ich diese Aussage wahrheitsgetreu und nach bestem Wissen erstattet habe.

מצהירה בזה כי עדות זו נכונה לפי מיטב ידיעותי.

Unterschrift

Greta W. Stanton

חתימה

Ort, Datum

Somerset, New Jersey

5. Oktober '78

מקום ותאריך

... ונתתי להם בביתי ובחומותי יד ושם... אשר לא יכרת: יטעוהו נה

... ihnen will ich in meinem Haus, in meinen Mauern Denkmal
und Namen geben... der nicht soll getilgt werden."

Jesaja 56/5

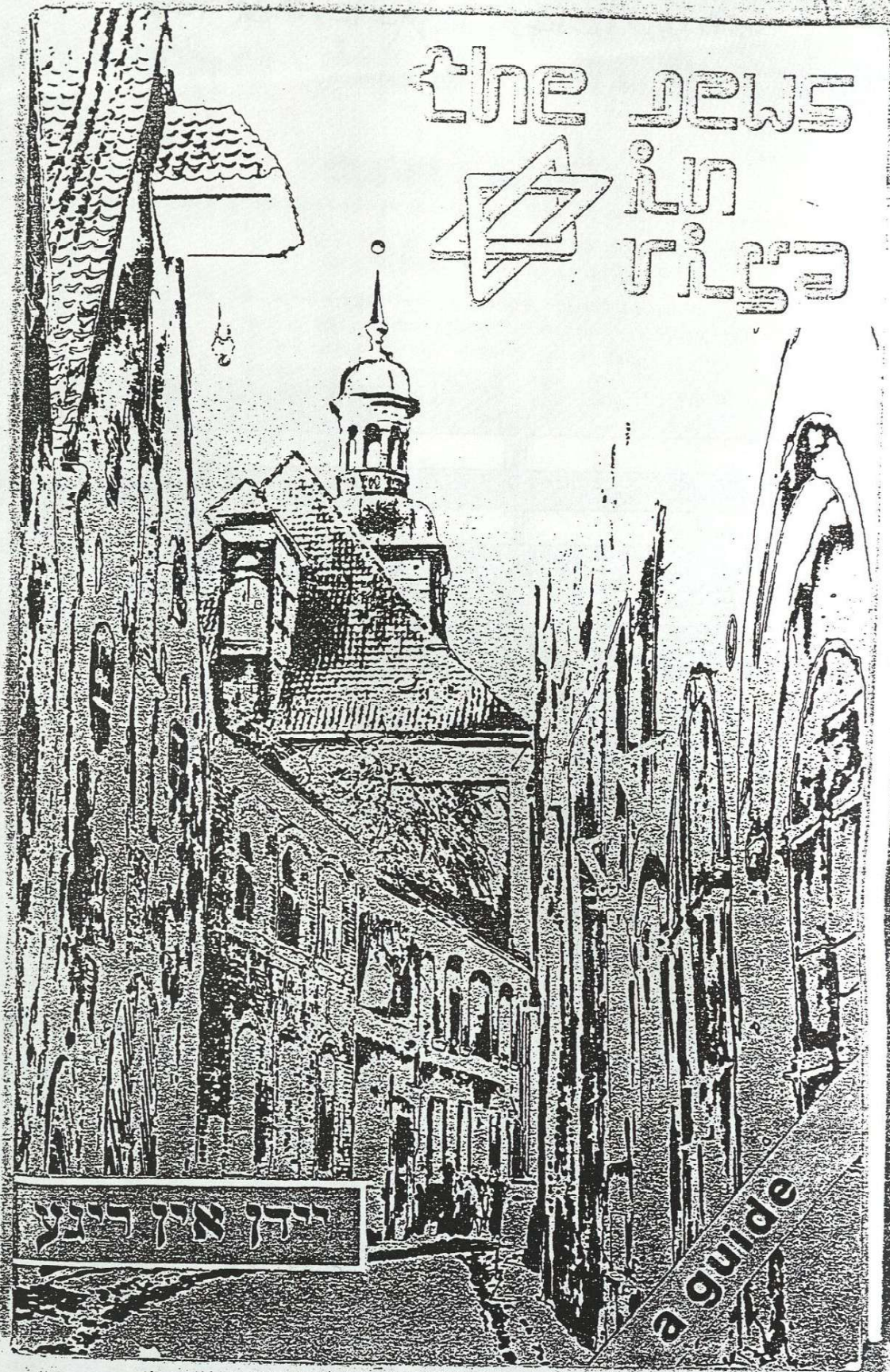
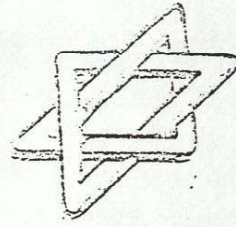
* נא לרשום את שמך של כל נספה על דף נפרד.

* Bitte den Namen eines jeden Umgekommenen auf einem separaten Gedenkblatt aufzuschreiben.

computer information

Name	Brock		Mädchenname			ID	20484	
Vorname	Helene		Geburtsort			Geburtsdatum	05.10.1877	
Beruf								
Letzte Wohnadresse			Todesdatum		Todesort			
Wien 1, Dorotheergasse 6/30								
Deportationsdatum		Deportationsnummer		Lager/Haftstätten		Angehörige		
26.01.1942								
Überlebt		Dep. Ort						
x		Riga						
Memo								
Quelle				Ghettoadresse				
Deportationskartei IKG								
2. Quelle		3. Quelle						

the JEWS in RIGA



יידן אין ריגע

a guide

Riga - Latvija

FRAGMENTS OF THE JEWISH HISTORY OF RIGA

A Brief Guide-Book with a Map for a Walking Tour

Published by the Museum and Documentation Centre of the
Latvian Society of Jewish Culture

Riga 1991

are the places where the vast majority of Jews from the Riga Ghetto were massacred — about 30,000 in Rumbula alone. In the late 60s Riga Jewish activists succeeded in obtaining permission from the Communist authorities to put a tombstone there although not until 1989 it was marked as a Jewish mass grave — just victims of Nazi terror.

77. PREFECTURE, now Riga City Militia Department. 7 Aspazijas Boulevard. In Tzarist Russia the Secret Political Police Department, «Okhranka», was housed here, in the time of Latvian Republic — Riga Police Department or «Prefecture». One of the main places of tortures in the summer of 1941.

The house of a Jewish banker Shmulyan. 19 Valdemāra Street.

This place, as well as Prefecture, can be regarded as one of the main places of tortures. On July 4th, 1941, just in the street opposite this house, volunteers of the «security detachment» were registered, all those who wanted, as it was written in the recruiting appeal, «... to take part in the cleaning of the country from bad elements». Thus, the ill-famed «Arajs's detachment», that played a particularly fatal role in the tragedy of Latvian Jews, was created. Also tens of thousands of foreign Jews, deported to Latvia in order to be killed here, died at their hands.

79. RIGA GHETTO (1941 — 1943).

The original boundaries of Riga Ghetto were: Maskavas St. — Vitebskas St. — Ebreju (Židu) St. — Lauvas St. — Lielā Kalna St. — Lazdonas St. — Kijevas (Katoļu) St. — Jēkabpils St. — Lāčplēša St.

The institution of Riga Ghetto was officially proclaimed as early as August 23rd, 1941. On October 25th its gates were locked. 29,602 Jews were driven together under strict custody behind barbed wire in the area where about 13,000 people had lived before. Among them there were 5,652 children, 8,300 invalids, 9,507 women, 6,143 men; only half of them were young and able to work. On November 29th and December 8th, 1941 the so-called «Great Ghetto» was annihilated in murderous «aktions». Approximately 25,000 inhabitants of the ghetto were brought to Rumbula and executed there in cold blood (see No. 3).

80. «SMALL GHETTO» AND «REICHSJUDEN GHETTO». The boundaries of the new, reduced ghetto from November — December 1941 went along Daugavpils St. — Maskavas St. — Ebreju St. — Lauvas St. — Lielā Kalna St. up to Daugavpils St.

Shortly before the action on November 29th, 1941, 4,500 Jewish men were sorted out and placed in a special labour camp. Later 300 Jewish women, who survived during destructive «aktions» as specialists, were also sent there. This ghetto for Latvian Jews had existed until November 2nd, 1943 when after «selektion» — selecting invalids for execution — those pronounced fit were transferred to «Kaiserwald» concentration camp in Mežaparks.

In the middle of December foreign Jews, mainly from Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria were placed in the part of the camp opposite the so-called «Small Ghetto» which after December 8th, 1941 remained empty. More than a thousand of them old and weak — were slaughtered on March 26th, 1942 during the notorious «Dünamünde Aktion». It was promised to the exhausted people that they would be taken to work in warm conditions in a cannery at the mouth of the Daugava, in German «Dünamünde». But they were all shot in Biķernieki Forest.

At first
for diff
deporte
of inma

This
particul
there w
themsel

81. R

This

foreign J
there on
shot ther
brought
spring ar
sent to th
to the ca
environs.
the summ
trains we
of cold in
graves. M
Dreilini F
— to Krū
foreign J
move, we

They
railway tr

82. A

«SMALL

The G
waiting for
of struggle
groups app
of 1942, af
of life, bro
where the
assembled
Kalna Stree
Street where
not used. T
of liquidati
of the «Sma
in Lielā Ka
however, m
On October

ere massacred
s succeeded in
abstone there
ictims of Nazi

jas Boulevard.
hranka», was
epartment or
941.

nain places of
unteers of the
was written in
try from bad
a particularly
thousands of
eir hands.

tebskas St. —
st. — Kijevas

August 23rd,
iven together
00 people had
9,507 women,
aber 29th and
in murderous
ught to Rum-

ie boundaries
long Daugav-
lna St. up to

n were sorted
who survived
is ghetto for
selektion» —
ansferred to

Czechoslova-
called «Small
n a thousand
2 during the
ople that they
mouth of the
nieki Forest.

At first, the deathrate in «Reichsjudenghetto» was rather high, capital punishment for different «violations» was frequent, but the camp was replenished with the deported people who were arriving during the whole of 1942. Therefore the number of inmates remained about 11,000.

This ghetto was also liquidated on November 2nd, 1943. «Selektion» led to a particularly great number of victims among foreign residents of the ghetto because there were mothers with little children and many invalids there. The rest found themselves in the camp in Mežaparks.

81. RAILWAY STATION ŠKIROTAVA.

This railway station within Riga precincts was usually the terminal point for foreign Jews deported to Latvia. The first train with 942 people from Berlin arrived there on November 30th, 1941. All of them were immediately sent to Rumbula and shot there. According to a German Security Police report 19,000 foreign Jews were brought to Latvia in early 1942. Trains began to arrive particularly often in the spring and summer of 1942, later on — more seldom. Part of those prisoners were sent to the Riga ghetto, young men — to Salaspils concentration camp, others — to the camp «Jungfernhof» (Latvian name Jumprava — «Maiden Estate») in Riga environs. Jewish barracks in Salaspils and «Jungfernhof» camp were liquidated in the summer of 1942. Only a few dozen of people survived there. Still most of the trains were «death trains» literally and figuratively: the deported Jews either died of cold in locked carriages on the way, or they were driven directly to the mass graves. Most frequently they were executed in Bikernieki Forest, sometimes — in Dreilīni Forest. In many cases trains passed Škirotava and went further to the east — to Krustpils, Litene, Pitalova. In the environs of these stations mass graves of foreign Jews were also found. About 2,000 old and weak people, who could not move, were shot on the territory of Škirotava station.

They were buried in three big pits. Later the German occupants built a new railway track above this place.

82. A HIDING — PLACE FOR ARMS OF RESISTANCE FIGHTERS FROM «SMALL GHETTO». 66/68 (at those times 66) Lielā Kalna Street.

The Ghetto was not only a place where people were starving, suffering, and waiting for their inevitable end in mass graves. They were also incessantly thinking of struggle, resistance, escape. According to Gestapo papers the first Resistance groups appeared in «Great ghetto» already in November of 1941. Since the spring of 1942, after the liquidation of «Great ghetto», arms had been secretly, at the risk of life, brought to «Small Ghetto» mainly from «Pulvertornis» (Military Muzeum) where the Germans arranged a storage of war trophies. Arms taken to pieces were assembled in the camp and hidden in different places — 58 Ludzas Street, 14 Lielā Kalna Street, etc. One of the last and largest hiding-places was at 66/68 Lielā Kalna Street where Ovsei Okun, a leader of the Resistance, lived. However, the arms were not used. The Resistance group was getting ready for armed confrontation in case of liquidation of the ghetto. Bunkers were secretly constructed within the precinct of the «Small ghetto», secret passages to the «outer world» — beyond the barrier in Lielā Kalna Street up to the Orthodox Cemetery — were dug up. The Gestapo, however, managed to discover step by step the bunkers and those hiding-places. On October 28th, 1942 a group of ghetto-breakers gave their last one-and-half-hour

battle to the ambush of security police on the 15th kilometre of Madona road. After that, on October 31st, all the young men under the Jewish camp custody, who cooperated with the Resistance fighters were shot. Little by little the Gestapo came upon the tracks of the rest of the members of the secret organization. Part of them were put to death in the Old Jewish Cemetery, others were tortured to death in the inner Gestapo prison (Raina Boulevard and Reimersa Street corner), many died of starvation in the Central prison.

83. «KAISERWALD» CONCENTRATION CAMP (MEŽAPARKS), the area between the railway tracks and Viestura Avenue now covered with dwelling houses.

On July 21st, 1943 Reichsführer SS Himmler gave an order to liquidate all ghettos in the East and transfer all Jews capable to work to the concentration camps. In accordance with this order, construction of a concentration camp was started in Mežaparks. It was done by prisoners brought from Sachsenhausen concentration camp, who were mainly Germans and Poles. At first, it was named «Konzentrationslager Sauer» after the camp's commandant SS Sturmbannführer Georg Volde-mare Sauer. Later it was named «Konzentrationslager Kaiserwald» after its location in Mežaparks (Forest Park) which since the old times has been called «Kaiserwald» by Baltic Germans.

This camp differed in no way from any other Nazi extermination camp. As everywhere — a thin slice of «ersatzbread», the same «Appell» — roll-calls in the morning and in the evening, often lasting for hours. People here were abused in the same way: forced to do «exercises», stand up, lie down, jump like a frog, crawl, squat dozens of times. Many of them perished during «night alarms», when the prisoners had to stand in front of their barracks. After a signal, kapos supervisors armed with clubs would begin their outrageous violence sessions in the barracks. The rest were waiting for the prisoners behind the doors and under the windows. Often such «alarms» with repeated driving out and back would go on for hours. And every time there were victims among the prisoners.

Having found themselves in the camp, the Jews were deprived of their last belongings including civil clothes with the yellow six-pointed star of Magen David. Latvian Jews have been wearing those stars on their breasts and backs for two years. Foreign Jews had to wear the star only on their breasts, but with the word «Jude» inscribed. In «Kaiserwald» camp the prisoners were dressed in threadbare rags marked with red and white oil-paint: two semicircles on both sides of the clothes at the front and a circle or a multiplication sign on the back. They had also «stripes» on their pants, like generals. Everybody, even women, had their hair cropped. Later the prisoners were dressed in striped clothes with their camp numbers on their jackets and on their pants above the knee.

The last prisoners from Liepāja and Daugavpils ghettos — in total fewer than a thousand people — found themselves in the camp in Mežaparks. 1,700 women and 80 men from Vilnius ghetto and smaller groups from other camps in Lithuania, Poland, North-Western Russia were also brought there. In mid-summer of 1944 the last train with prisoners arrived in Mežaparks from Osvientzim and brought to Riga approximately a thousand young Jewish women from Hungary who were exhausted to death. «Kaiserwald» concentration camp had over ten branches «ABA» (Ar-meebekleidungsamt) in Milgravis, «Balastadamn», «Strasdenhof», etc. Thousands of prisoners went through the main camp and its branches. The number of prisoners

road. After
study, who
stapo came
art of them
death in the
any died of

), the area
ing houses.
quidate all
ion camps.
s started in
icentration
zcentration-
org Volde-
b» after its
een called

i camp. As
-calls in the
oused in the
frog, crawl,
, when the
supervisors
ie barracks.
ie windows.
a for hours.

of their last
agen David.
or two years.
word «Jude»
adbare rags
ie clothes at
so «stripes»
pped. Later
ers on their

fewer than a
women and
1 Lithuania,
r of 1944 the
ught to Riga
e exhausted
ABA» (Ar-
. Thousands
of prisoners

was regularly reduced by constant «selektions» — murders of teen-agers, elderly people, shootings of hostages. Every time labour groups of the strongest men were formed anew. They never returned to the camp. Later it was found out that those prisoners were used for mine clearing in the front-line area, others were sent to big mass graves to burn corpses. They were usually chained. Most of them could not survive long. Those who endured till the end of their work were killed on the spot.

In the summer of 1944, when the Red Army started fighting on the Latvian territory, «Kaiserwald» inmates were taken by sea to a more terrible place — Stutthof concentration camp. The first group was shipped there on August 6th, 1944, the last one — during the first decade of October, a few days before the Red Army entered Riga (October 13th). Martyrs of «Kaiserwald» were driven from Stutthof to other camps, since the beginning of 1945 by senseless «death marches» (Todesmarsch). Prisoners were saved from inevitable death by offensive actions of the allies in the East and West. Not more than a thousand of Latvian Jews, who were taken to Germany, survived till the liberation.

84 — 85. PLACES WHERE JEWS WERE HIDDEN DURING HITLER'S OCCUPATION.

Our route went through the hell of the Holocaust. Putting a finish to the excursion we shall lead our guests along the oases of humanism, human solidarity.

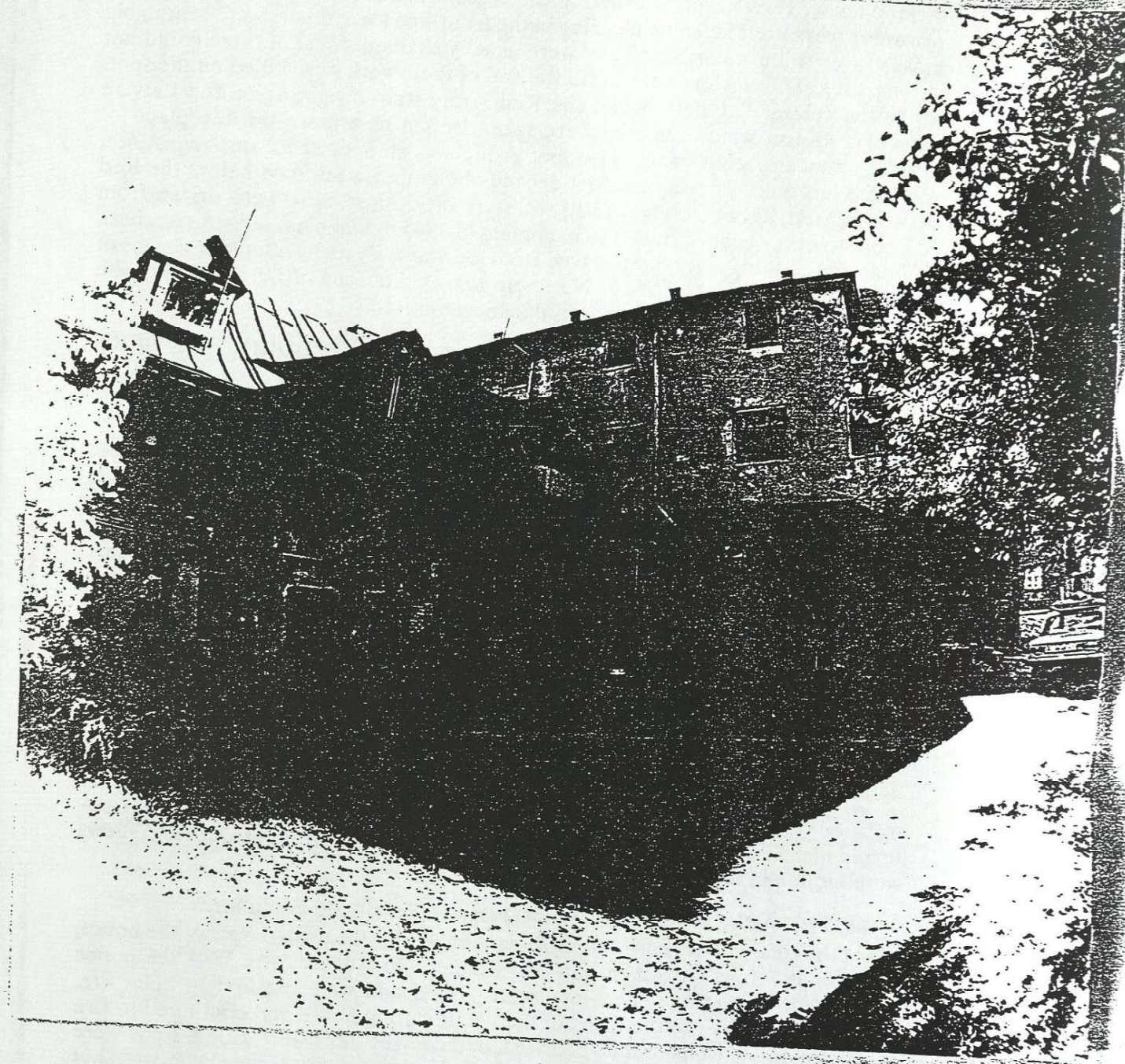
Žanis Lipke (see No. 29), his family and many assistants were not the only people who at the risk of their lives and safety of their families rescued Jews. Elvira Rone, 56 Tērbatas Street, rescued 8 Jews, Artūrs Motmillers — 6. Smaller groups or single Jews were hidden in many places in the city. As it had been already written, altogether about 150 Jews were saved in Riga. Several cases, when the rescuers perished together with those whom they tried to keep away from death, became known. Thus, Anna-Alma Polis, who at 15 Peldu Street was hiding 7 Jews, paid for her love of mankind with her life. So did Andrejs Graubiņš. He was hiding 5 Jews at 75 Avotu Street. The refuge was discovered. Graubiņš was arrested and executed in Dachau concentration camp. Other cases, similar to these, are mentioned in German papers, but the names and addresses are not indicated.

84. THE HOUSE OF THE LIPKE FAMILY. 8(50) Balasta Dambis.

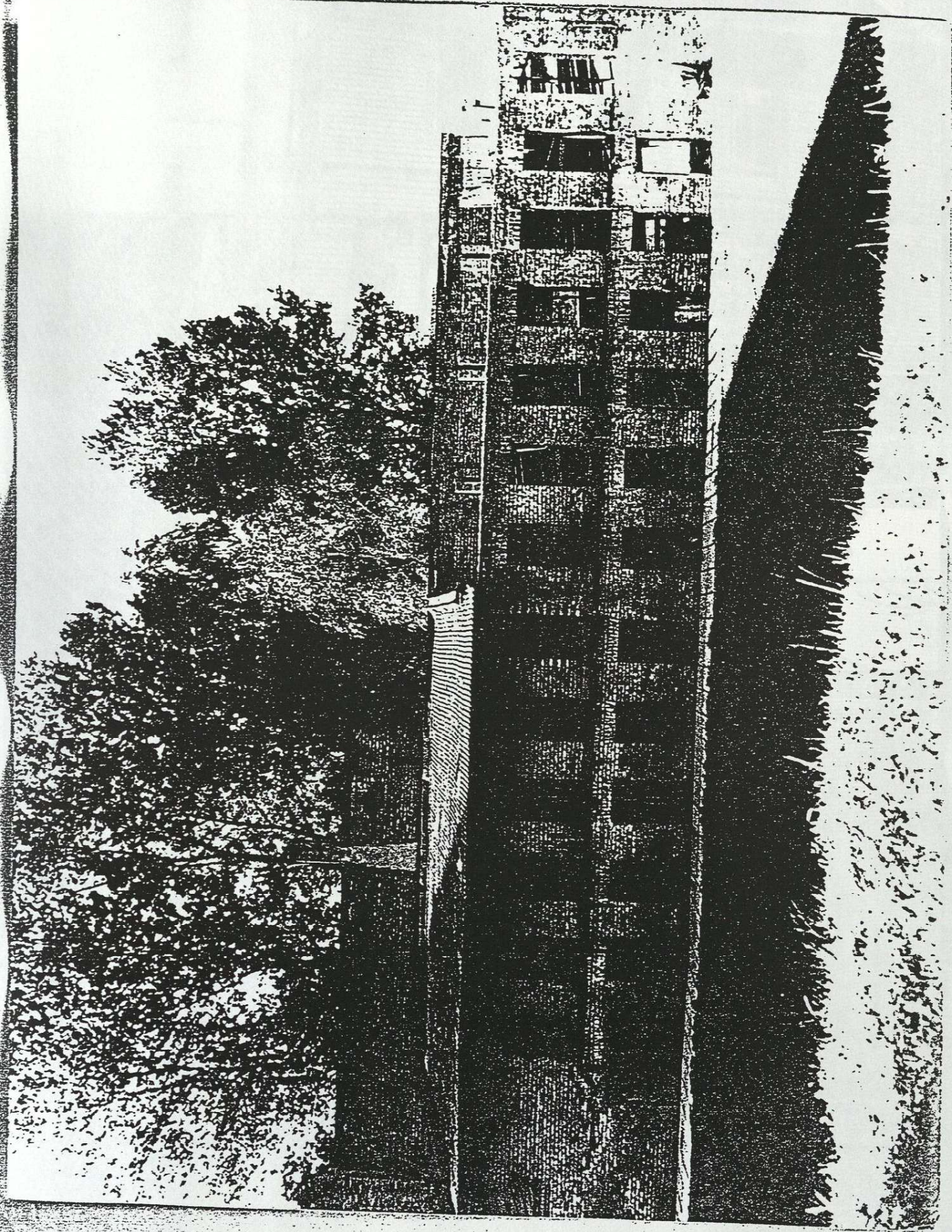
At the time of German occupation the Lipke family was hiding the Jews, who escaped from the ghetto, in a specially dug hiding-place before they were transferred to other places in Riga or to the rural area in the environs of Dobeles. 53 Jews were hidden in that way.

85. THE APARTMENT OF A. — A. POLIS. Old city, 15 Peldu Str.

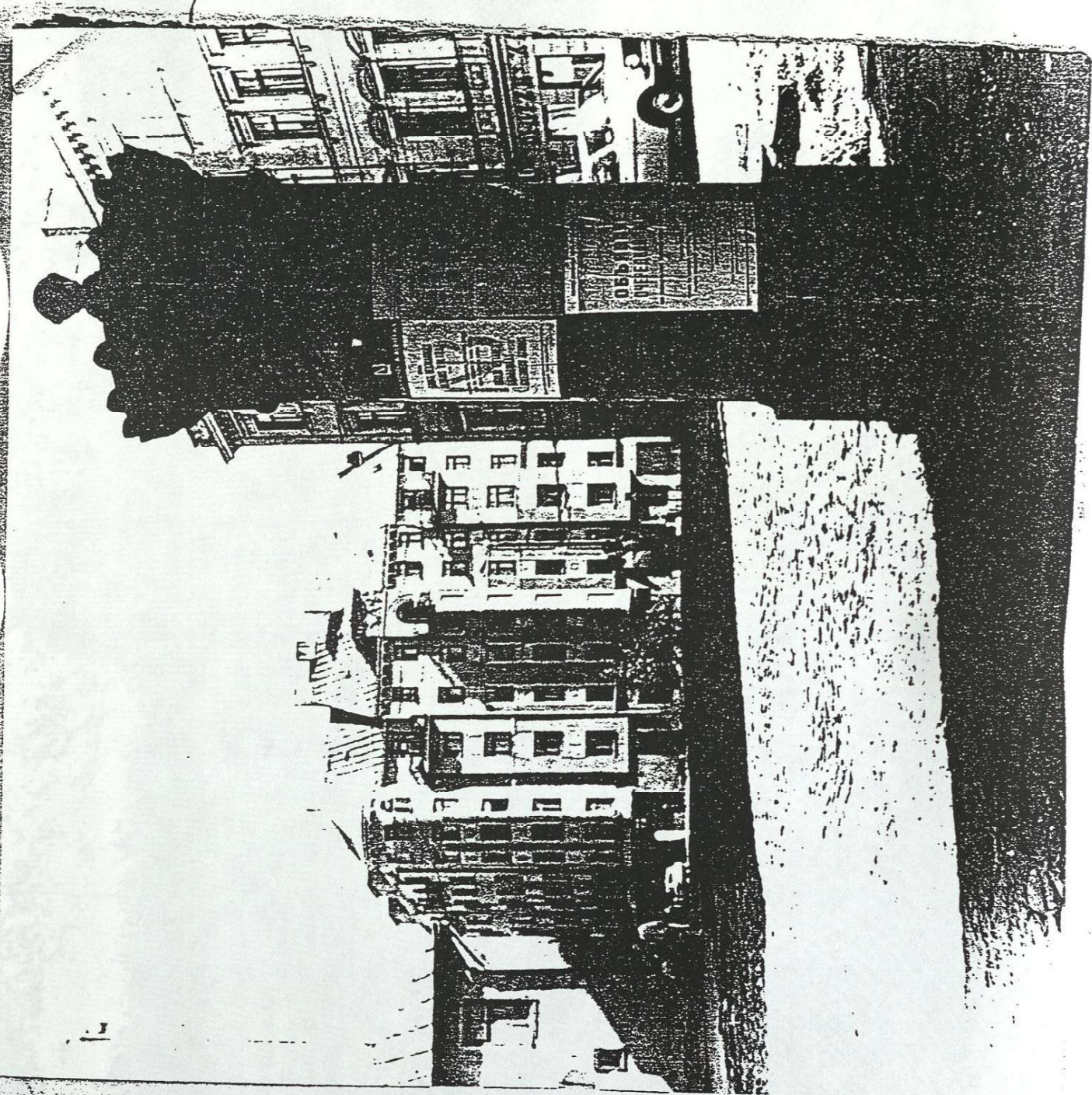
At the time of Nazi occupation Anna-Alma Polis, the yard-keeper of the house, was hiding 7 Jews — 6 men and one woman. On August 24th, 1944 the police discovered their refuge. The Jews were armed and were the first to open fire. Several of them ran to the ruins of the neighbouring house and continued to fire back. The police called out a special SS detachment. Jews were killed, some were put into the Central prison. They died together with their rescuer, who was shot after terrible tortures. Next day, on August 25th, 1944, a fascist newspaper «Tēvija» told the tragic story of the events at 15 Peldu Street in the article headlined «Jewish bandits are rendered harmless!»

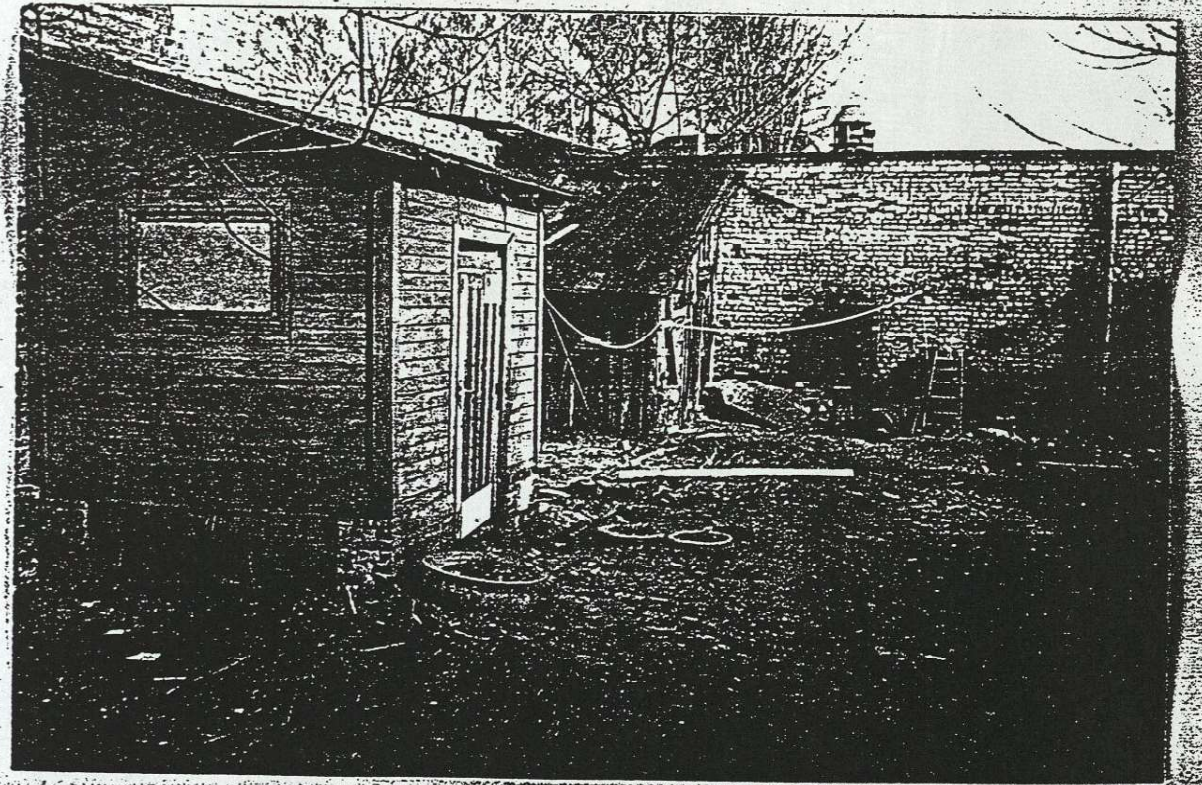
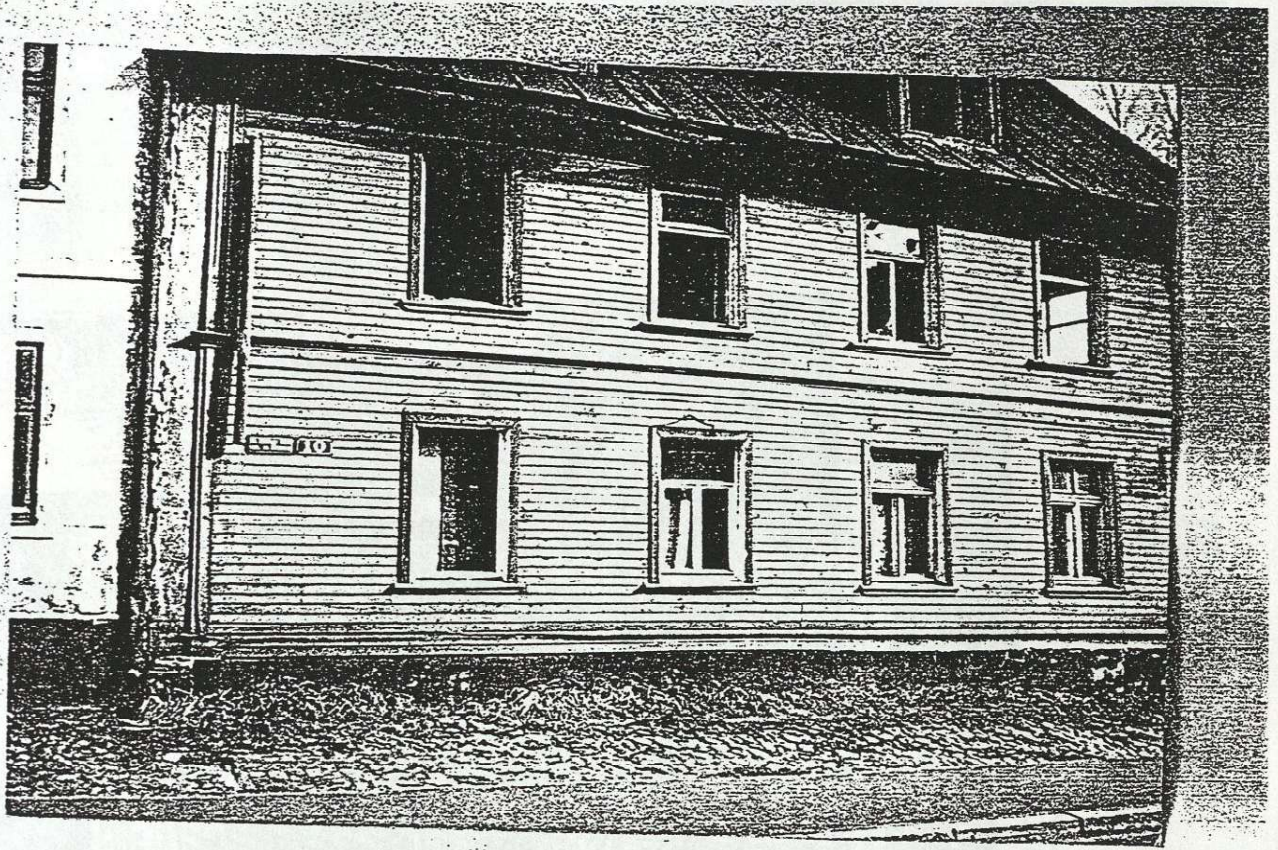


Riga
Ghetto



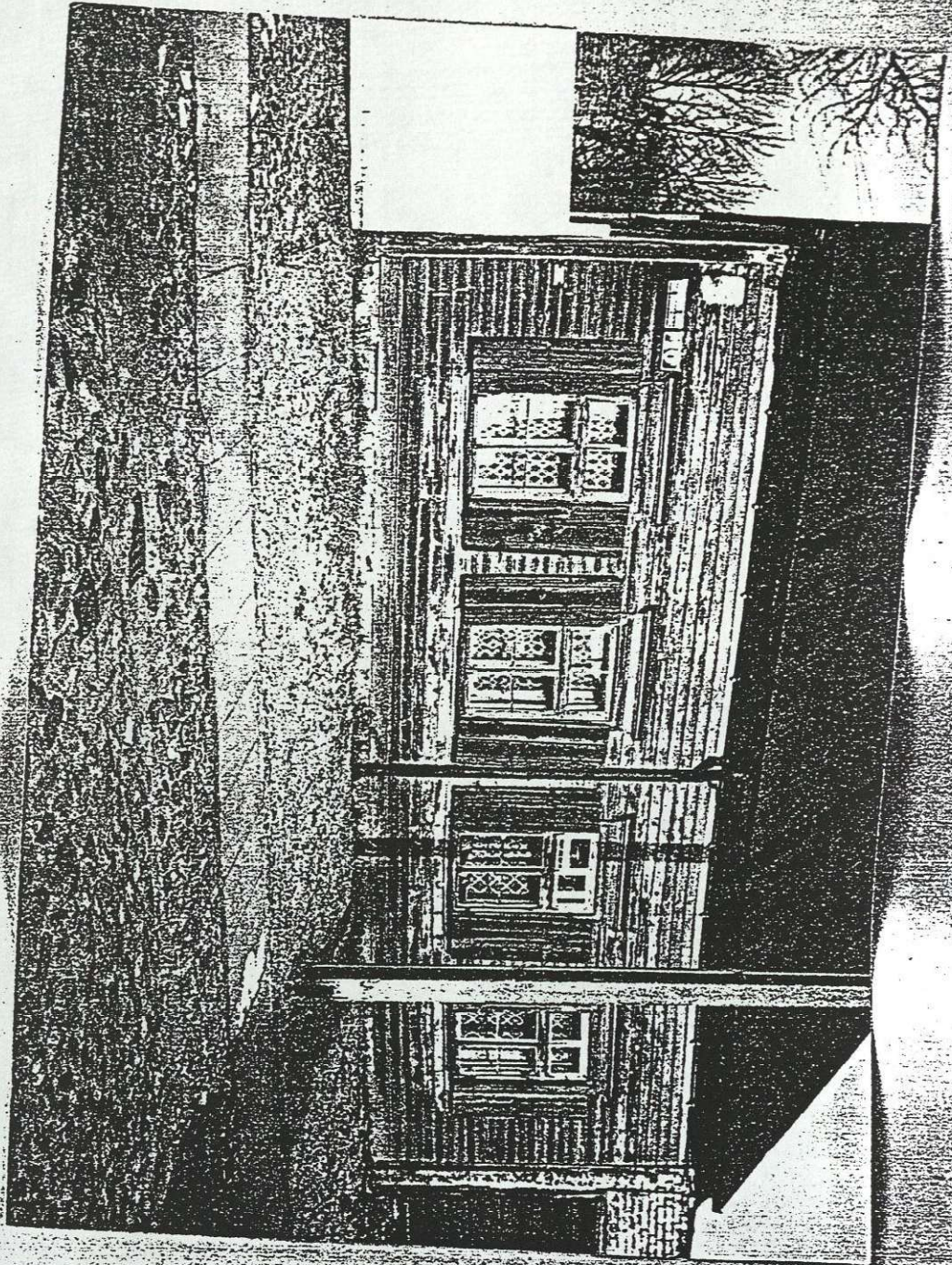
6-2-5 025 1



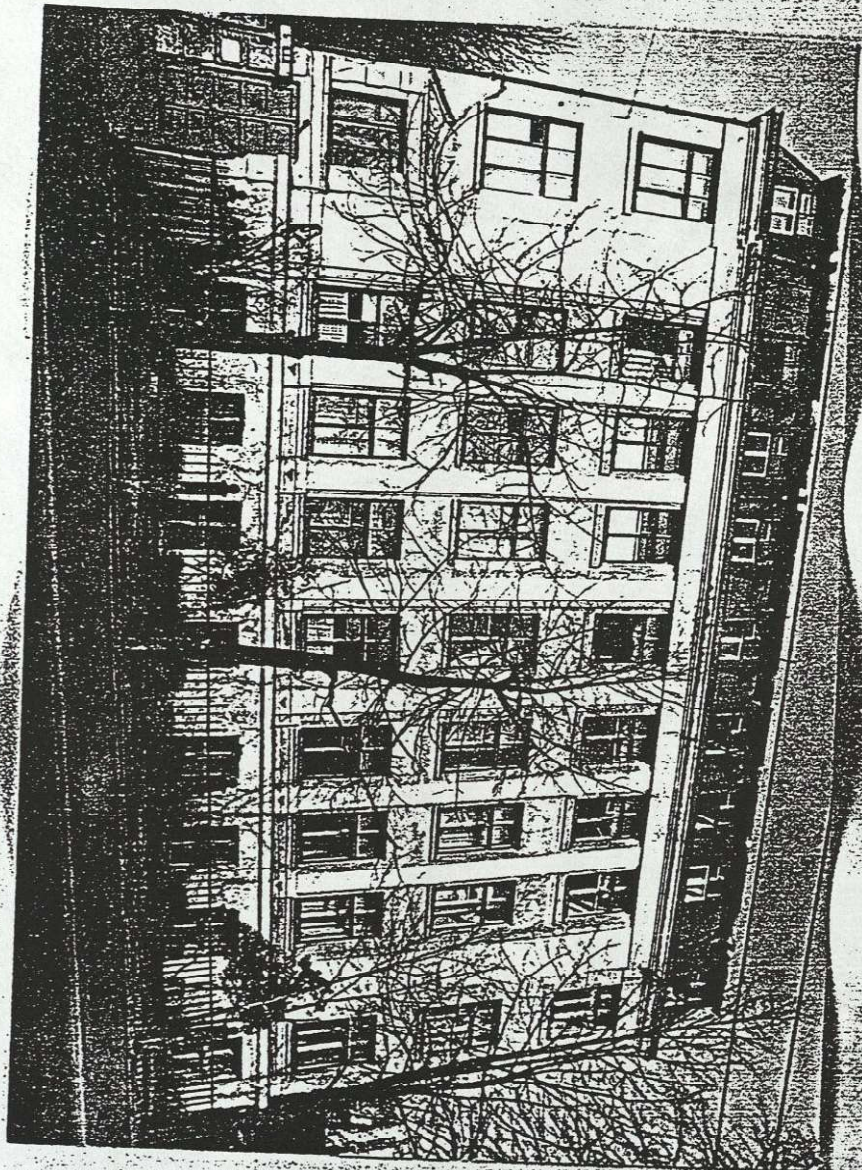


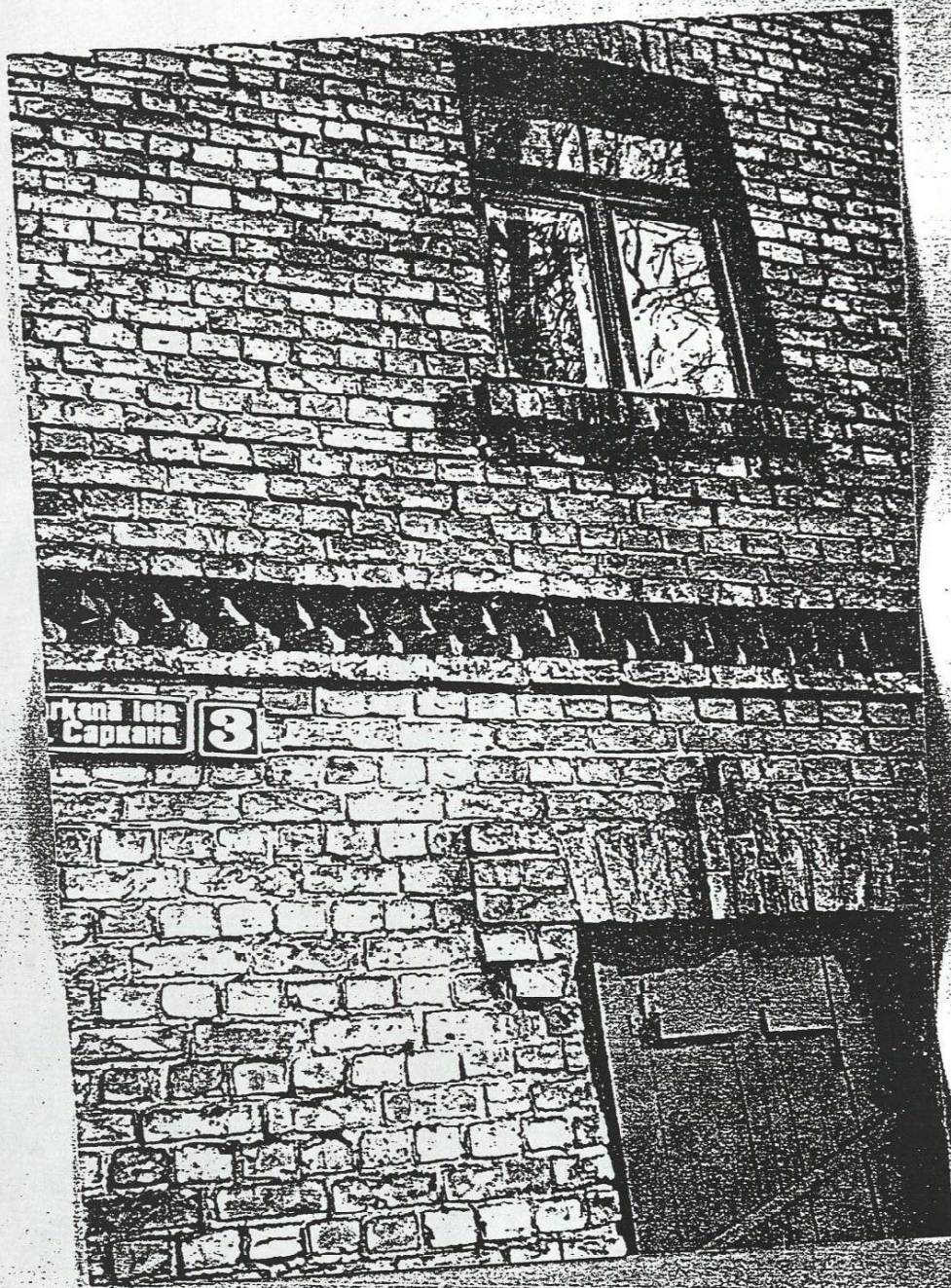
Riga
U

Riga



Riga



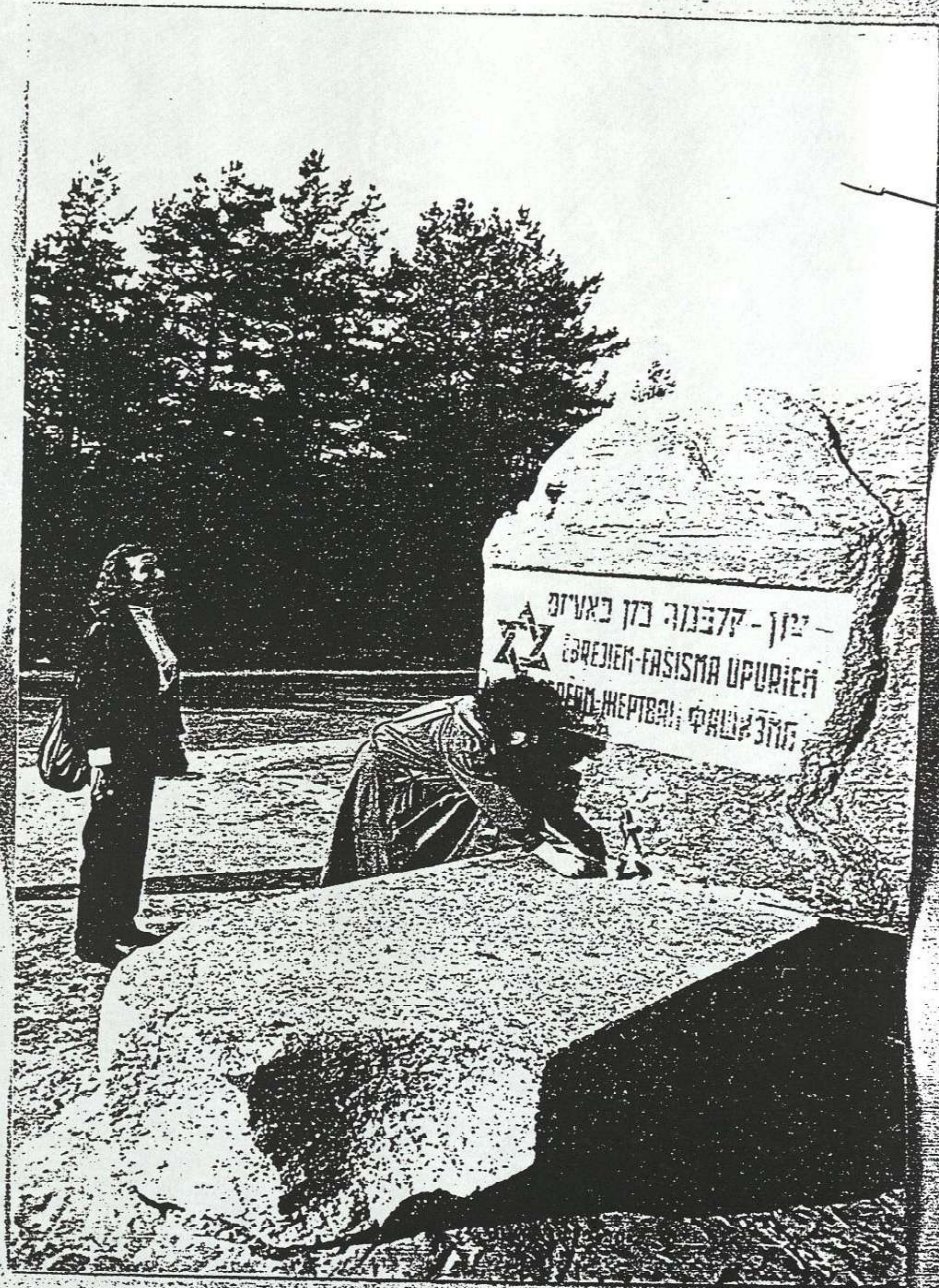


Rīga

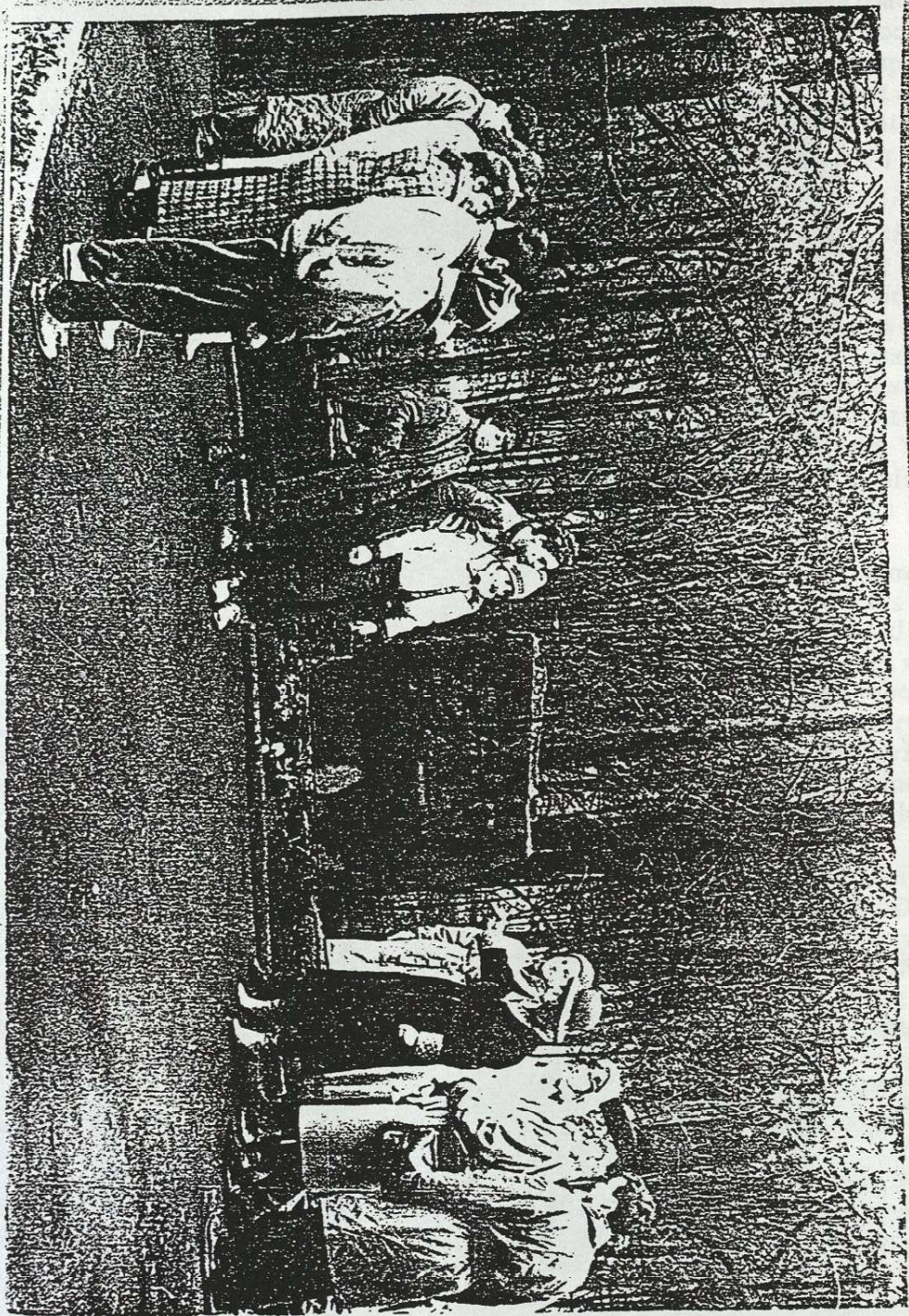
1

Rumbula - forest





Rumbula

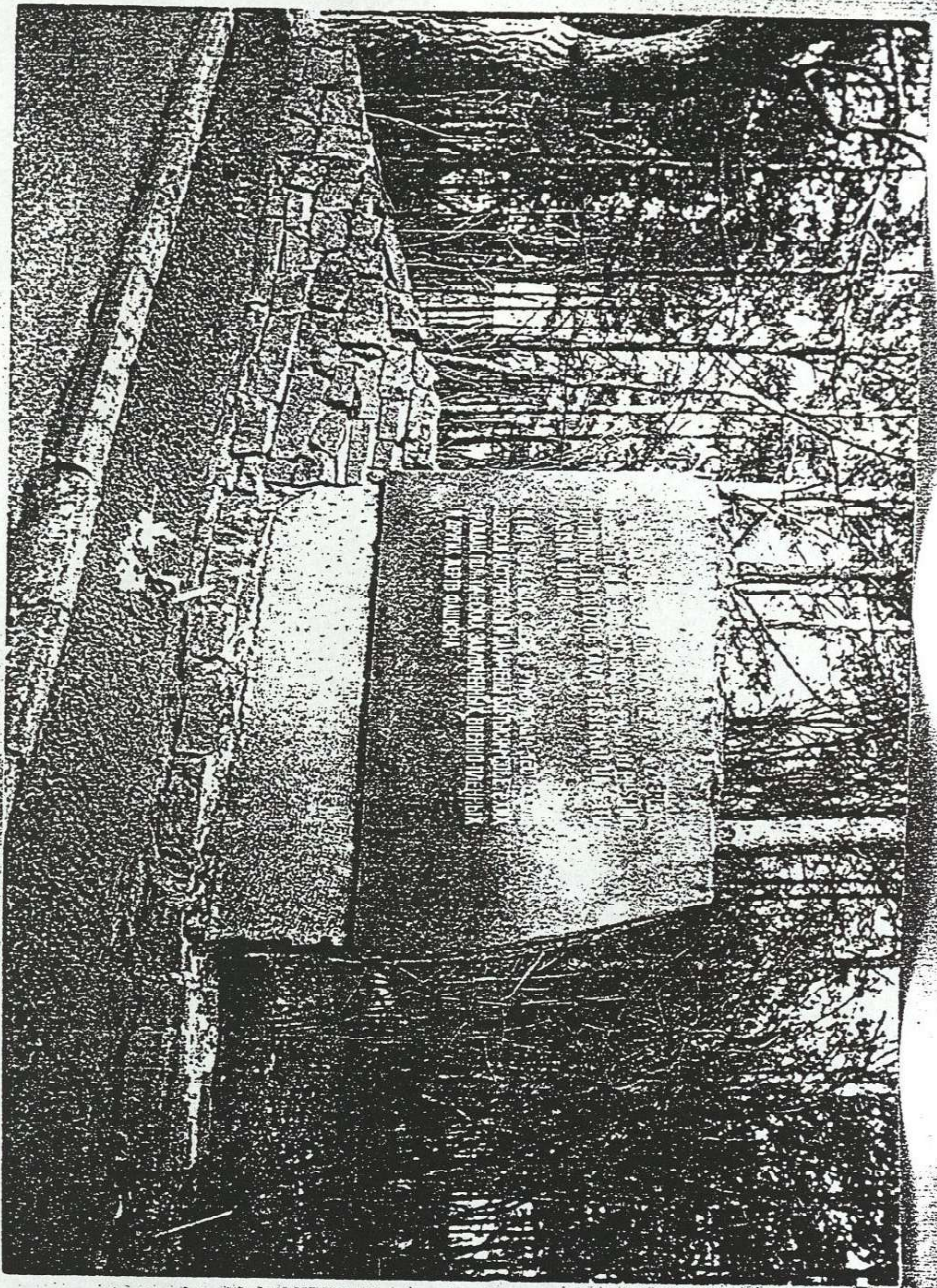


Rumbulla

4

Bella Kirshner

Rumbula



battle to the ambush of security police on the 15th kilometre of Madona road. After that, on October 31st, all the young men under the Jewish camp custody, who cooperated with the Resistance fighters were shot. Little by little the Gestapo came upon the tracks of the rest of the members of the secret organization. Part of them were put to death in the Old Jewish Cemetery, others were tortured to death in the inner Gestapo prison (Raiņa Boulevard and Reimērsa Street corner), many died of starvation in the Central prison.

83. «KAISERWALD» CONCENTRATION CAMP (MEŽAPARKS), the area between the railway tracks and Viestura Avenue now covered with dwelling houses.

On July 21st, 1943 Reichsführer SS Himmler gave an order to liquidate all ghettos in the East and transfer all Jews capable to work to the concentration camps. In accordance with this order, construction of a concentration camp was started in Mežaparks. It was done by prisoners brought from Sachsenhausen concentration camp, who were mainly Germans and Poles. At first, it was named «Konzentrationslager Sauer» after the camp's commandant SS Sturmbannführer Georg Volde-mare Sauer. Later it was named «Konzentrationslager Kaiserwald» after its location in Mežaparks (Forest Park) which since the old times has been called «Kaiserwald» by Baltic Germans.

This camp differed in no way from any other Nazi extermination camp. As everywhere — a thin slice of «ersatzbread», the same «Appell» — roll-calls in the morning and in the evening, often lasting for hours. People here were abused in the same way: forced to do «exercises», stand up, lie down, jump like a frog, crawl, squat dozens of times. Many of them perished during «night alarms», when the prisoners had to stand in front of their barracks. After a signal, kapos supervisors armed with clubs would begin their outrageous violence sessions in the barracks. The rest were waiting for the prisoners behind the doors and under the windows. Often such «alarms» with repeated driving out and back would go on for hours. And every time there were victims among the prisoners.

Having found themselves in the camp, the Jews were deprived of their last belongings including civil clothes with the yellow six-pointed star of Magen David. Latvian Jews have been wearing those stars on their breasts and backs for two years. Foreign Jews had to wear the star only on their breasts, but with the word «Jude» inscribed. In «Kaiserwald» camp the prisoners were dressed in threadbare rags marked with red and white oil-paint: two semicircles on both sides of the clothes at the front and a circle or a multiplication sign on the back. They had also «stripes» on their pants, like generals. Everybody, even women, had their hair cropped. Later the prisoners were dressed in striped clothes with their camp numbers on their jackets and on their pants above the knee.

The last prisoners from Liepāja and Daugavpils ghettos — in total fewer than a thousand people — found themselves in the camp in Mežaparks. 1,700 women and 80 men from Vilnius ghetto and smaller groups from other camps in Lithuania, Poland, North-Western Russia were also brought there. In mid-summer of 1944 the last train with prisoners arrived in Mežaparks from Osvientzim and brought to Riga approximately a thousand young Jewish women from Hungary who were exhausted to death. «Kaiserwald» concentration camp had over ten branches «ABA» (Ar-meebekleidungsamt) in Milgravis, «Balastadamn», «Strasdenhof», etc. Thousands of prisoners went through the main camp and its branches. The number of prisoners

was regul-
people, sh
formed ar
prisoners
mass grav
survive lo

In the
territory,
Stutthof c
1944, the
Army ent
Stutthof t
(Todesma
the allies
were take

84 — OCCUPA

Our r
excursion

Žanis
who at the
56 Tērbat.
Jews were
altogether
perished
known. Th
her love c
at 75 Avot
in Dachau
German p

84. TH

At the
escaped f
ferred to
were hidd

85. TH

At the
was hidin
discovere
Several of
back. The
put into t
after terri
told the tr
bandits ar

VISIT TO THE CEMETERY AND THE DEUTSCH FAMILY (Chapter 12)

In a different section of the cemetery I visited the graves of my maternal family. Actually the Wiener Kultusgemeinde, the official organization of the Jews of Vienna, has kept records for the last 150 years, including those made available through the Joint Distribution Committee, which collected information about the Holocaust victims right after WW II.. This was very helpful to me in finding the graves, especially since the stone of my maternal family was partly destroyed-was it a bomb, the weather or malevolent destruction? We will never know. The cemetery has 4 huge sections, referred to as first, second, third, fourth “door” or “portal”, and Jewish graves are only in door 1 and door 4. I believe that the door 1 are the ones who died earlier, and door 4 was opened when door 1 was full. However, I am not sure of the reasons. At any rate ,my paternal relatives’ graves are in # 1, and the maternal ones in # 4. In this set of graves are the remains of my maternal grandfather, Ferdinand Deutsch, who died in 1921, and my mother’s youngest brother Fritz Deutsch, who died at the age of 21, whose death preceded his father’s. He was born with a serious heart defect. Nowadays he could probably live a long, productive life with the help of modern medicine. In his time he lived a sheltered life in his parents’ home, was much loved and remembered by family members as “Fritzl, G.d. bless his soul (Fritzl, selig)”. In reality he WAS blessed, having died a natural death, since a few years later during the Hitler regime, ALL PHYSICALLY OR MENTALLY HANDICAPPED PEOPLE were destroyed even before they went for the political dissidents . the Jews, and the gypsies.

My mother, Klara Wertheimer (nee Deutsch)(, had the same name as my aunt, the artist-painter). She was the fourth of 5 children, and you will hear more about her in different contexts.,e.g my parents’ escape from Hitler and their trip to Cuba.

My grandmother Johanna Deutsch (nee Rosenbaum.) was with them and died in Cuba in March of 1941, not quite three months after their arrival in Havana. She is buried in Havana. However, at the occasion of my visit to the Vienna cemetery I had the gravestone refurbished and her name, and birth and death date added to it. The other members of my grandmother's family (she was one of 14) were scattered all over Germany where she was born and several of them and their families undoubtedly became victims of Hitler. I do not know anything about my maternal grandfather's family, except that they came from a small Hungarian town, Nage Becsgerek. As I tell you more about my uncle's and aunts and my cousins, you will understand better, why we are not all in the same cemetery, neither in Europe nor in the United States. Of course, Hitler's persecutions did not only lead to different graves, but very different migrations and family relationships.

My mother's oldest brother, Rudolph Deutsch, followed his childhood sweetheart to America in the early 1900's. He was my "American uncle" but unlike the typical story goes, he was not rich but dirt poor and could not do anything for us when Hitler came. He had two daughters, who were born and raised in the USA. However, there was family discord, especially following his hospitalization as a manic depressive, which ended with a divorce. The older daughter who was married and also subsequently divorced had a son who had 5 children, but all of them were quite distant from the family. I do remember their visit to Vienna when I was about 10 years old, however, because I had RELATIVES VISITING FROM AMERICA. The younger daughter and her mother were in frequent contact with my family after we came to the USA. However, none of them were either in a position to help or would it have occurred to any of us to ask for help. This attests both to the tenuous family ties as well as the ignorance of the seriousness of Hitler's "final solution". My uncle Rudolph found a new wife after he came out of the hospital and managed to have a new life on a very different (lower) financial and cultural level. He

worked and contributed to the war effort during WWII. When he was better off emotionally he had contact with the family, and he seemed especially fond of me and my mother. In fact when he died he had left a will which gifted one third of his house to me. This was a house in a rather classy section of Westchester County, which he had built brick by brick. However, in view of his tenuous mental health prior to his death, and perhaps out of a mistaken sense of fairness to his second wife who had stuck by him and helped him, I never made a claim on his widow.

My uncle Felix, the second son in the Deutsch family had a very interesting and traumatic but not lethal Holocaust experience. I will write about his family later, since these cousins were quite close to me. However, since I am most interested in telling you about the Holocaust relatedness of my family history, I will now continue in that vein. He had married a woman by the name of Coca Gersoni who came from Braila, Rumania (at that time part of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy) just before the end of WW I. He was a businessman in the grain business as his father and grandfather before him. He was probably a "closet" ma IC depressive. Unlike his older brother in the US, he was never diagnosed, but I remember rumors of his depression or suicidal threats, but was also the recipient of his largesse, when he made a killing on the stock exchange. Shortly after Hitler came he spent some time in Dachau. Why? Who knows. In those first few weeks, days, months, people were working very hard in forced labor, but Dachau was NOT YET a death camp. Some people were brutally beaten and tortured or murdered, and the relatives got an urn saying the prisoner had died of "a heart condition". However, some were still able to get out, on what basis is absolutely unknown. If you got out, you had to leave the country (of course without your money) within 6 weeks. How, with other countries not wanting Jews, especially Jews without money, was a matter of luck. My aunt Coca had a rich brother in Italy, and uncle Felix and my cousin Kurt left for Italy with the help of a Baptismal certificate. My little cousin Erika

deserves a special chapter later. My aunt Coca got a maid's permit to England. This was one way in which the English helped some people to get out of Germany and into the English workforce between 1938 and the beginning of WW II. My uncle and aunt were desperately trying to get together but Italy would not let her in and England would not let him in. They finally both were let into Riga, Latvia with the help of some of Coca's distant relatives. Little did they know that this would be both their salvation and their trauma. They arrived in Riga after the Russians had gotten there and luckily before the Germans did. The Russians moved them as all other "aliens" to Siberia. The Germans subsequently killed all inmates of the Riga ghetto, and subsequently moved Central European Jews into the ghetto and from there to death camps (my aunt Ella, as you may remember was one of the Central Europeans (from Vienna).

Coca and Felix were in a Russian Goulagh (concentration camp) for 7 years. They never realized their good luck that the Russians had saved them from the fate of other Jews, but they hated the Russians with a vengeance. It is of course understandable, since conditions were very hard, many people died of typhus or starvation, but they were fortunate enough to survive. They were repatriated into Vienna after the war ended and my uncle as a grain merchant was able to work until his retirement. Both lived in a rather nice apartment in Vienna and I saw them before their respective deaths. They are both buried in Vienna.

My cousin Kurt, who was a year younger than I and his sister Erika were family companions during my growing up years in Vienna and we spent many good times together.

Kurt as I mentioned went to Italy with a Baptismal certificate and did not only decide to stay in Italy but to remain a Catholic. He had a devoted Catholic wife and considered himself a real "Milanese". Kurt's sister who was 4 years younger than I will get a special chapter. Suffice it to say here, that at the age of 13, shortly after Hitler came to Austria she declared that she would not

accompany her family anywhere but wished to go to Palestine (now Israel) as a n agricultural worker. She persuaded her parents to let her go tolear farming on a Hachsharah – an agricultural training school in Berlin. She briefly came back to Vienna and stayed with my family and me (her family had left by then). She became a real pioneer and along with her husband became one of the founders of Kibbuz Hamadia, three miles from the Jordanian border. She had three children and many grandchildren, some of them born after her untimely death at the age of 45. Her widowed husband kept in touch with me all through his mourning for Erika (Gilah in Hebrew),his re-marriage to Rachel by which he acquired a lovely step daughter, and Rachel's illness and death. We saw each other whenever I came to Israel and also corresponded occasionally, until recently when I learned of his death.

I have three other cousins, aunt Jenny's children. Their father was a very wealthy man. He was a grain merchant, as was my grandfather, and he was a cousin of my grandmother's. He came from Munich and at age 19 my mother's older sister Jenny married him and moved to Munich. We owe the Friedsam family a lot. They were our wealthy relatives, and he helped my family out financially many times when I was young. Not only that, but his will upon his death in 1936 or 1937 (Hitler was in Germany since 1933 but not in Austria till 1938) indicated that he had left his sizable fortune to his oldest son Walter, who had been in the US since 1929. Therefore the Friedsams remained my rich relatives forever. More crucial, Walter gave me an affidavit to come to the US as soon as Hitler came to Austria, and managed to get my parents and grandmother the necessary papers for emigration from Germany. (Austria had become Germany).

Walter had started as a minor employee at the Manufacturer's Trust Company, an important US Bank. How, in 1929, when the depression was on? There was a relative by the name of Michael Friedsam who was a cousin of my grandmother (and therefore also

of Walter's father) who was an American millionaire and he helped Walter get the job. Walter stayed with the firm his whole life and rose to be a high executive officer, not an easy task, since in those days they neither hired nor promoted Jews (yes, even in America). Walter's two sons also became executives in large corporations and had several children and grandchildren.

Aunt Jenny's middle son Frank married a woman who was fifth generation Southern American Jewish, had two daughters and 3 grandchildren from the older one. He had two step daughters from his second wife, who remained faithfully in touch even after their mother's untimely death. His third wife was non Jewish of Chechoslovak descent and stayed with him till his death in his eighties. She took care of him as he declined physically and mentally. He was very close to his family, and attempted to be close to hers through many differences and alienations. All of her three children died tragic deaths.

Last but not least, my cousin Anneliese, who is only a few months older than I. We were great friends and loved each other as sisters, but as I know now we also re-enacted our mothers' fierce competition with each other, which I may tell you another time. Anneliese had her own Holocaust experiences which are published in her Memoirs **ACROSS THE STREET FROM HITLER, A MEMOIR**. She married a childhood sweetheart after a three continent romance. They met on vacation in Yugoslavia, he was from Vienna, she from Munich, re-united in Switzerland, she went on to the USA, he to Casablanca and via Cuba to the USA. They met in New York City, married and eventually got divorced. Her second marriage to a physician and researcher from Boston brought them a lovely daughter and recently two grandchildren, unfortunately after their father's death. Anneliese is a world famous psychologist, fiercely competitive. Now in retirement and widowed she published a book of memoirs relating to the Holocaust, interestingly enough after decades of not practicing any aspects of Judaism, following her daughter's marriage to a non-Jew, and her budding interest in her own "roots".

More at another time. This time I think I have given you the "bare bones" of my family history, just to show you how the Holocaust, and perhaps non adherence to Jewish tradition has scattered all of us around the world as well as the differences in the Central European Jewish middle class from the more traditional one of my American contemporaries. They enviably seem to have much closer family ties and a greater need to keep close and keep up Jewish traditions. I think I summed up for you the important information from my Video interview at Yad Vashem which I mentioned before, which was encouraged by Yehudit Shendar, the curator of the museum. I have a copy of this interview for you to look at, whenever you are ready. I will also adapt some of the interview to complete these memoirs.

destroyed GRAVESTONE





RESTORED GRAVESTONE

IN MEMORY OF GILA DEUTSCH SELA –(chapter 13)
Eulogy written by Greta Wertheimer Stanton

Little did we know that my little cousin Erika, “die kleine Ellika” as she called herself in the early days when she was not yet able to pronounce the “r” in the required perfectionistic Viennese-German accent, would wind up as one of the unsung heroines of the new-old homeland of the Jews - a typical daughter of Israel - bright, strong, wonderful, courageous, undefeatable on the outside; insecure, guilt-ridden, and often tortured on the inside.

She was born into an impoverished Austria, which had lost not only a war but an empire, into a middle-class Jewish family, with all the earmarks of upward mobility. They were ostensibly well off, moved from the temporary quarters, in the second district, into the first district of Vienna, one of the status symbols in town. Uncle Felix, who had followed his father in the family business, was a grain merchant, and managed to take care of the family, along with some family funds, despite the horrible economic conditions existing between the two world wars.

Erika was the younger of two, the first-born having been Kurt, fondly called “the crown prince”. Everyone who knows a typically Jewish family must know what that means. Forgive my Women’s Lib bent when I say that any girl following this one would have to work very hard for her place in the sun. To boot, Kurt was gorgeous looking as a young baby and toddler, thus very hard to compete with. But Erika managed to develop quite a bit of stamina that way. She was a “pretty little thing”, our American cousin Ellida, who came to visit in ‘29, recollects. I also remember that she was our grandmother’s favorite. That wasn’t easy either, because Grandma was a stern old lady, who believed in the traditional “children should be heard but not seen”. But this little sunshine girl, the youngest of her eight grandchildren, somehow managed to get her to soften up a bit; she even got a

present now and then.

Two of the eight grandchildren lived in America (Cecile and Ellida Deutsch) and three in Germany (Walter, Franz and Anneliese Friedsam). Thus the three of us, who lived in Vienna (Kurt, Erika and myself) grew up pretty close to each other. The "Deutsches" visited us at least once a week, especially since Grandma Deutsch, Uncle Felix's mother, lived in the same apartment house, and in later years the same apartment with us. One of my fondest recollections center on the frequent theater performances which we children put on - written, directed and performed by us - smilingly tolerated by the adult audience, "entrance: free; exit: one schilling" as my father used to say about these performances. Oh, but we had fun! Erika adored her older brother, who in typical older-brother fashion, did not exactly return the adoration, but they were close anyway, at least so it seemed to me, who was an only child. Erika, the "little one", also seemed quite close to me, as an older female role-model, especially since we were always told we looked alike. Unfortunately that made us both a little less than socially acceptable, being considered Jewish-looking, in a blond blue-eyed world of anti-Semites.

A couple of reminiscences about Erika, which became family anecdotes: setting the family table was her responsibility, but one day when her mother was very critical of her, this spunky little girl said "deck Dir Deinen Tisch allein" ("I won't set your table any more") - a courageous act, quoted ever since then. She got away with this one, but her desire to attend Gymnasium, as her brother did, was a losing battle. Tradition was still too strong in her mother's mind despite the precedent of my own more "masculine" upbringing, Erika was not allowed to go. It would not have mattered in the long run, because Hitler came along before she could have completed her studies, but I've often wondered whether her feeling, occasionally expressed at much later times that she wasn't "smart" (equated with "educated"), did not originate then.

Just about at the time of the above incidents, when she was ten or eleven, I had begun to go swimming and to be interested in competitive sports. I had joined the Hakoah sports club. Since this was a good way to consolidate swimming skills and also an approved avenue of socializing, Erika, too, was allowed to join the children's group in the club. This was to have very far reaching consequences, and so I feel that my enthusiasm at the time, for better or for worse, influenced her in a direction which was to become a way of life for her. Not only did she fan the Jewish-Zionist fire I had kindled, she carried the torch! A couple of years later, while still swimming during the summers, her winters were spent with a group of the Makkabi Hatzair, a most decisive step, as it turned out.

How can I explain both socio-culturally and also understandingly the events that were about to happen? Let me digress into family history a bit. Erika's father and my mother were the second and fourth of five children in a typically middle class Viennese family, raised during the presumably idyllic era of Emperor Francis-Joseph of Austria, in which the Jewish population was quite integrated into the cultural life of the Austrians, and only remnants of Jewish culture and religion remained as symbols to remind one of previous times. Theodore Herzl the founder of the Zionist dream which led to the State of Israel, was a symbol of this era, whose awakening, however, came earlier than that of many other Viennese Jews. Thus I might say that the Deutsch family were quite typical for what I later came to call Jewish anti-Semites, i.e., folks who in their struggle for survival weakened their roots and allegiance to their origin. Since Jewishness was only perceived as a religion - at that a persecuted one - and religion was not terribly important. My American Uncle Rudolph was very explicit on this subject and this represented some evidence for what I now estimate to have been part of our parents' cultural heritage. My mother, too, used to talk about how she only began

to feel a Jewish consciousness under the advent of Hitler.

And so the day came when the Hitler hordes took over Austria, and during the early days, as the Fuehrer and his henchmen marched through Austria, for some reason (and who needed a reason?) my Uncle Felix wound up in jail, and after his release had to leave Austria within a short period of time. Aunt Coca, Erika's mother had a brother who had done well in Milano, Italy, so the family tried to emigrate to Italy. Until early 1938 this had been easy but with the growing closeness of Hitler and Mussolini, an Italian brand of anti-Semitism began to emerge, and only "Christians" which was at that time interpreted as people with baptismal certificates, were allowed to enter Italy. So, some of the Austrian Jews who had the opportunity and met other financial requirements, bought their way into Italy - in a way similar to what the Jewish poet Henrich Heine had earlier called his "entree billet" into society - with a baptismal certificate. Among them Felix, Coca and Kurt.

But not Erika! How did she have the courage? At age 14, she had the strength to refuse - not she, she said! - baptism was no way for her - and besides, she did not want to go to Italy anyway; she wanted to be a Chalutzah in Palestine. The family was in shock - but the leadership of Maccabi Hatzair was responsible and persuasive, and so she was permitted to join a Hachsharah in Germany with the intention of later Youth Aliyah into Palestine, while her family dispersed. Actually, Kurt was the only one who actually made it into Italy; Uncle Felix was not allowed in and went to relatives in Riga, Latvia; Aunt Coca after a period of "service" in England joined him there with great difficulties, only to be shipped along with him to a concentration camp by the Russians - a horrible ordeal yet a blessing since the Germans arrived shortly after.

I saw Erika off, when she left with her youth group; I think it

was approximately in the spring of 1939. Since her parents were no longer in the country, she returned to our house and Grandma's briefly before her group left. An unforgettable event for me, who, herself still a teenager, was to leave alone a few months later. All these parents and young children in their early teens, the youngsters anxious but confident and full of hope, the parents full of hope for their children, hiding their anxiety, sorrow, and the gnawing doubt that they would ever see their children again, letting go of their despair only after the train that was to carry their children to safety pulled out and their hopeful bravery was no longer essential. So Erika left, a lonely, brave, smiling little girl whose idealism and courage carried her onward to the heroism of all pioneers.

I did not see her again until 1958 - my first visit to the State that had by then become Israel. The few days of my visit to Hamadia were memorable. Not only Erika, who had become Gilah, but her husband Yuta and the whole Kibbutz were most welcoming and I enjoyed meeting her older children, who were then eight and four. Even more astounding to me was the story which Gilah told me ever so briefly, since she was never given to elaborate on her laudatory activities. It symbolized for me the story of Israel and of the Kibbutzniks. She had come with Maccabi Hatzair and after a short period of time some of the people with whom she had been on Hachscharah in Berlin along with some others who already were in Palestine, were told to settle in the spot in which Hamadia is today. Their major purpose was to defend the Kibbutz against Arab attacks. They had to travel to work many miles away, existed on 3 barrels of water a week, and we could not even to try to cultivate the barren soil. Now, about twenty years later, I was witness to one of many Israel's miracles. I admired Hamadia's flourishing vegetable gardens - Gilah's responsibility - their healthy sheep - Yuta's responsibility, all their chickens and a flock of sheep, in other words, a healthy farm; I was also just in time to celebrate the opening of Hamadia's new swimming pool.

What a miracle, made possible by some very real people!

Even then Gilah began to experience the perhaps inevitable slump of the pioneer whose work was crowned with success but who had to struggle to find new avenues for self-expression. She talked quite a bit about some issues, which we have more recently defined as the generation gap: e.g., in the good old times they were too busy to consider "trivia" such as lipstick and new clothes, which one could now spend more time and money on, but she was too old, she felt, for these things to matter. The young generation was a bit too staid she felt, getting married at the first kiss, and overemphasizing material things.

As the years went on, she began to enjoy some of the concomitants of this new possibility for affluence - traveling. She went to visit her mother who had been repatriated to Vienna, and she took her children to see their grandmother. Whatever her personal feelings of discouragement were, they were of a political nature and most eloquently and brilliantly expressed both verbally and later in writing. Her personal satisfaction and happiness with her husband were clear. She had not only a deep and lasting affection for him but also great admiration for his achievements, and true gratitude for his affection and support of her. All this was quite evident in her beautiful but infrequent letters. Her children were a deep source of pride and joy, and she wrote about them in "typical Jewish mother" fashion, with great pride in their achievements, and good-humored criticism of their growing-pains, and their natural trials and tribulations. I wish I had kept her letters which beautifully expressed her deep and warm feelings for her family, and the agonizing depth of her feelings for the State of Israel and its future.

Next, we spent a few beautiful days together on my last trip in 1970, when we met in Vienna, with her mother and brother. Neither of us ever wrote much, but we managed to have a good

understanding when we met again, after many, many years of absence. And when she wrote, she was so very sharing of herself, perhaps because it was an avenue of revealing in depth - once in a while - what many of us have trouble discussing in person in everyday life. She was so happy with the growth of her children, a proud grandma - with pictures, naturally - and a brilliant woman - without knowing it.

And so, she didn't write when cancer struck, but only let me know quite casually, when I wrote to her about my mother's death. So typical for her, she seemed to cope absolutely admirably with the physical features of the illness, learned to speak in a new way, (Cancer of the throat) and managed tasks which by many of us are perceived as practically insurmountable. In typical pioneer fashion, she did not allow herself to complain, or even the luxury of a little self-indulgence or self-pity. Yet the Deutsch family's typical crisis-response of depression did come out in her agonies over the fate of the land. I will let her speak for herself: (translation is mine, since her letter to me was written in German) in quotes from the only letter which I still have, dated April 2, 1975.

"... it's scandalous that I did not answer you any earlier ... I don't even have the excuse of having too much to do ... there is really very little to say, or so much that a letter is insufficient ... thank God we are all healthy, including mother in Vienna ... we are all here at the Kibbutz, even my oldest married son and including my "naturally" adorable grandchildren of whom I am sending you two pictures; Elad, my middle son ended his army service early this year and returned to the Kibbutz, happy to work here, since he did not wish to pursue his army activities though they are very well paid in civilian life; I enjoy his preference to be here, of course. He has the opportunity to study but wants to become clearer himself about his career goals. He is technically rather gifted and I am not worried about him. The "little one" is now in the tenth

grade, is fantastically gifted in math but terribly lazy and on principle opposed to any effort, especially in humanistic subjects which don't interest him; I don't have much influence, but then he's sixteen, and so obviously at the most difficult time period. With the exception of his not studying and the proverbial revolutionary hairstyle I have no complaints; he's spending much time at home, always ready to help and we understand each other very well ... my husband is healthy, kind as always, always busy, and always cheerful ... I myself am completely restored to health, with the exception of a rather pronounced hoarseness, which has taught me to talk less, and has alerted me to the fact that one generally talks too much about non-essentials ... everything is nice and lovely, quite idyllic, in fact, if one manages to forget that we, objectively speaking, don't have the slightest chance to be alive ten years from now, either personally or as a country, since no one, at least among my own acquaintances, considers the possibility of saving his own skin or even to save the children. So, we simply don't consider things objectively and pretend that everything is just as it should be, as if we had wonderful peace all around us, (until the first cannons roar), and as if our own little personal worries were the most important ones in the whole world - and all of this, even though our men stand watch two to three times a week, in order to avoid surprises which always cost lives. Whether this is ostrich policy or our famous vitality lies in the eyes of the beholder. At any rate, it helps us, as long as humanly possible, to carry on normal activities, and even to enjoy life, since miraculously there seems to be no correlation between the desperate economic position in which Israel finds herself and the luxurious life-style which is the fashion here, including in the Kibbutzim which have not rejected the general notions even though they were quite a contrast to the ideals in the name of which the Kibbutzim were founded ... I can't deny that it hurts me to see what happened to those wonderful ideals to which I devoted my whole life, and that we were so unable to impress the next generation with our values because I still believe in these values

as one of the answers to life which the oversaturated Western youths are searching for, provided that we can manage to hold onto our ideological epithets rather than to imitate the American way of life in its worst aspects ... one does indeed hear, sometimes from young people, mostly intellectuals, who leave status and luxuries behind in order to flee the air of smog and false values of the cities to come to the healthy country air of the Kibbutz ... who know perhaps the wheel will turn back and this life-style has a future after all ...”

What a woman - pioneer, wife, mother, grandmother - you fortunate Israel must have many Gilahs. The inevitable consequences of a changing society are so very hard to bear for those who gave their lives - literally and figuratively - for the ideals on which the country was founded. Yet how very human they are, both the ones that take progress and change for granted, and can then move and swim with the tide, and those like Gilah who paid too high a price to let go of old principles.

To Erika Gilah - one of Israel's Founding Mothers - May she rest in peace - She did her share.

PS This eulogy was written by me upon my little cousin's untimely death at the age of 45. It was translated into Hebrew and is part of the book of mourning in Kibbutz Hamadia. I saw her grave in the Kibbutz on subsequent visits. I think these few reminiscences give a glimpse of one of many Israel's unsung heroines.

AUNT KLARA'S PORTRAIT OF DR. WILHELM BOERNER (Chapter 14)

The letter cited below was included in my application to the Austrian Nationalfond for Holocaust Victims , as an heir to Nazi victims. I filed the application for my aunt, the artist,,particularly because I hoped that the Viennese agency handling these applications would be interested in recovering a portrait she painted of Dr. Boerner. As the attached article indicates, Dr. Boerner was a very well known pacifist who was also known as an outspoken fighter of Anti Semitism in pre-WW II Austria, which was also why he had to flee the country when Hitler came, although he was a PURE ARIAN.

. I offered to donate the painting to an institution of their choice, should it be found. I am also attaching Dr. Boerner's letters to aunt Klara in late 1939, which attest to the fact that I did come to see him at the New York City office of the Ethical Culture Society right after my arrival. These letters are also the only proof I have, for the fact that my poor aunt lost her beloved studio which was also her domicile. At that time she must have moved together with aunt Ella, since his letter was written to aunt Ella's address. The loss of her very small pension, which Dr. Boerner mentions, must have been a terrible blow for her, too, and I assume that aunt Ella also lost her small widow's pension at that time or even before. What they lived on is anathema. It is interesting that aunt Klara apparently asked Maria Frey, her dear friend, to keep Dr. Boerner's letter and Xmas greeting for her. It may also be of interest that this is the first time, I heard the details of these losses, since my parents never wrote me about this and after their arrival in this country never mentioned it.

Letter written in May of 2003 as supporting evidence to the Austrian Government to find property of Holocaust survivors.

“ I think the attached information is self explanatory as supporting evidence.. If you can find a way for me to continue the search for Dr. Boerner’s portrait which my aunt, Klara Wertheimer painted, I would be most appreciative. The photograph is one of several of my aunt’s paintings which my maternal cousin the late Franz Friedsam took in her studio in the thirties on one of visits to Vienna. I found the photo in one of his albums when I visited him , in his US domicile in Jacksonville, Fla in the 1980ies..

I started the search for some of my aunt’s paintings in the early 80ies.,as I began to study the family’s Holocaust experiences.

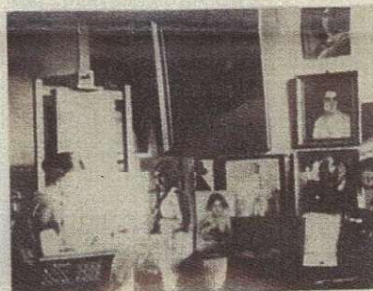
It was natural for me to begin my search at the Ethical Culture Society in New York City because I had seen the portrait of Dr. Boerner’s in his office there, when I came to see him to inquire whether he could help my aunt, right after my arrival in the USA in the fall of 1939.(see Dr. B’s letter to my aunt).. Now. In 1984. I was told at the Ethical Culture Society in New York that the Boerners had returned to Vienna and were both dead, no known relatives, except a cousin in South America. I was shown a list of the current (1984) members of the Vienna Ethical Culture society and found that the president was Maria v. Buerkel Frey, my aunt Klara’s friend for whom she had made an beautiful ex libris. When I wrote to Mrs. Frey, I found that she had just died. However my letter was the start of a correspondence between her husband and me. (I had known Maria when I was a child and had also seen her on my first visit back to Vienna in 1958 but had never met her husband. He was a high government engineer, and the fact of his Jewish heritage (he was perhaps one quarter Jewish) WAS STRICTLY SECRET UNTIL AFTER THE WAR WHEN HE WROTE SOME OF HIS MEMOIRS). Eventually he was kind enough to bequeath me the paintings of my aunt’s which

were in his possession. His caretaker during his last years Mrs. Grete Ranz was instrumental in fulfilling his wish. Incidentally, the letter of Dr. Boerner's to my aunt Klara was in Ing. Frey's possession. My aunt must have left the letter with Maria Frey. The reference in Dr. B's letter "to your friend M..... probably refers to the fact that she AS AN ARIAN remained a good friend., a rare and admirable case.

The other person who had some of my aunt's paintings, Mrs. Nedwed never replied to my attempt to be in touch with her. Ing. Frey's letter attests to his attempt to help and the copy of my letter indicates my suggestions and intentions at the time. She may now no longer be alive and her children or grandchildren may be more inclined to be involved. Her sister Nandy v. Demel was a close friend of my aunt Klara's. Apparently she was in touch with my aunt Ella after my aunt Klara's deportation since she had kept a number of keepsakes which aunt Ella had asked her to save for me all through the war. I saw her twice after the war to thank her and we had also reciprocated her kindness by sharing some of our meager postwar belongings with her and her family. She apparently, just as Maria Frey had been in touch with my two aunts till shortly before both aunts' deportations."

KLARA WERTHEIMER
1879-1942

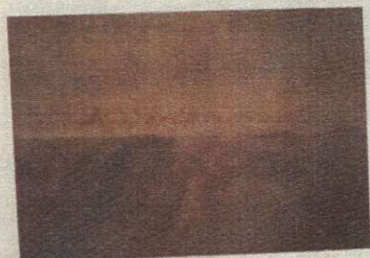
The artist in her studio
ca. 1935



"Dr. Börner" ca. 1936
President, Vienna Ethical Culture Society



"The Old Woman"
1920's



K. Wertheimer



"Model at Rest" ca. 1936

DR. BOERNER'S LETTERS TO AUNT KLARA
(CHAPTER 15)

.THIS IS A TRANSLATION OF DR. BOERNER' S LETTERS TO AUNT KLARA. (received from Ing. Frey's estate including original envelope marked "opened with Swastica stamp)- letters were sent by Mrs. Grete Ranz,Ing, Frey's housekeeper and heir)

August 24,1939

Highly esteemed friend;

Please excuse me for only getting to answer and thank you with all my heart for your last two letters. My correspondence has grown so phantastically that we cannot keep up even though we want to very much and we also spend a great deal of our time trying to. Also time marches on so much that we suddenly notice how many months have passed by.

My wife and I regret more than we can say that your situation my dearest lady has changed so markedly. When we received the news that you were ordered to leave your studio, which gave evidence of all your good taste and your love for it, we wanted to cry. The way in which people are forcefully expelled from their homes is really tragic. Within the circle of our relatives and friends most of them had to suffer the same fate. In addition, your loss of your extremely small pension is truly a catastrophe. In normal times, family members used to be able to help out if the economic situation of one family member suddenly worsened. Today all families are so very much deprived that a mutual helping hand is virtually impossible. In spite of our trying desperately to think of some good advice, we are in no position to make any suggestions to you. We bank all our hopes on the expectation that your dear niece will soon be able to come here , and once she is rooted here she would have the possibility to help her parents and you financially. We are counting on her being in contact with us, oince she gets here. What is the situation of your dear sister in law?

You did not mention her coming, so that we don't know if she is still in Vienna, since she may be more fortunate in not having to wait for an opening in the Polish quota, as your brother. Of course, we regret terribly, that you my dear, had such bad experiences in trying to get an affidavit to come here. Franky, we were not very hopeful. It is becoming more and more difficult to get affidavits, since many people are financially unable to do this, and if they are, there are close relatives in Europe who naturally have first priority.

We are particularly sad that you are physically not feeling so well. In such terrible times, health is the only treasure, and we wish with all our hearts that your health is restored. We, too were temporarily but several times not feeling too well, which was partly responsible for our being such poor correspondents.

What you are writing us about your faithful friend M. is very touching, although we are not surprised since we are talking about such kind and good people. However, it does our hearts good, if there are people who in this terrible day and age prove that there is friendship and humanity. Please, give this couple our heartfelt greetings.

You can well imagine how much we are depressed by what is going on in Europe and the consequences to our relatives and friends. Our special burden is the feeling of powerlessness in spite of our true wish to be helpful. We hope and wish with all our might that no new crisis occurs to worsen the situation even more. With very best wishes and warm regards from both of us to yourself and your loved ones,

In true admiration, Yours,
Signed

Wilh.Boerner

Christmas Card from Dr. Wilhelm Boerner to aunt Klara:
(handwritten)

December 8, "39

These few lines are only meant to tell you my dear lady, that my wife and I think of you with all our heart, and we wish you and your loved ones all the best.

We were very glad that your dear niece came to New York City and looked me up. Unfortunately we live very far from each other. Our best wishes to our mutual friends.

In true love and admiration, your Wilh. Boerner

One of the most outspoken critics of anti-Semitism in interwar Austria was Wilhelm Boerner. Some of the arguments that Boerner used in a booklet called *Antisemitismus, Rassenfrage, Menschlichkeit* (*Anti-Semitism, Racial Question, Humanity*) resembled those of the Coudenhove-Kalergis. Many negative characteristics of Jews were actually the fault of non-Jews. Anti-Semites looked for justifications of their hatred, emotional disturbances, and instincts in religious, economic, or racial explanations. Therefore it was naive to think that anti-Semites could be dissuaded by facts. If Jews had a low homicide rate, anti-Semites thought it was because they were cowards. When Jewish children did well in school, it was because they were pushy. If they had a quick wit, they were arrogant.³⁷

Boerner regarded the religious, economic, and racial arguments used against Jews as no better than crude generalizations. He denied that there were any constant Jewish racial characteristics and therefore rejected the idea that there was a real "Jewish race." Certainly there was no scientific proof that Jews were inferior. He praised the Jewish success in the modern world of cultivating internationalism, but was critical of Zionists for encouraging nationalism, of which, he said, there was too much already. On the other hand, he acknowledged that Zionism was a defensive reaction to anti-Semitism. Anti-Semitism of any kind or degree was unethical because it was based on generalizations. He could not see how one could be both a good Christian and an anti-Semite when one considered that Jesus was a Jew.³⁸

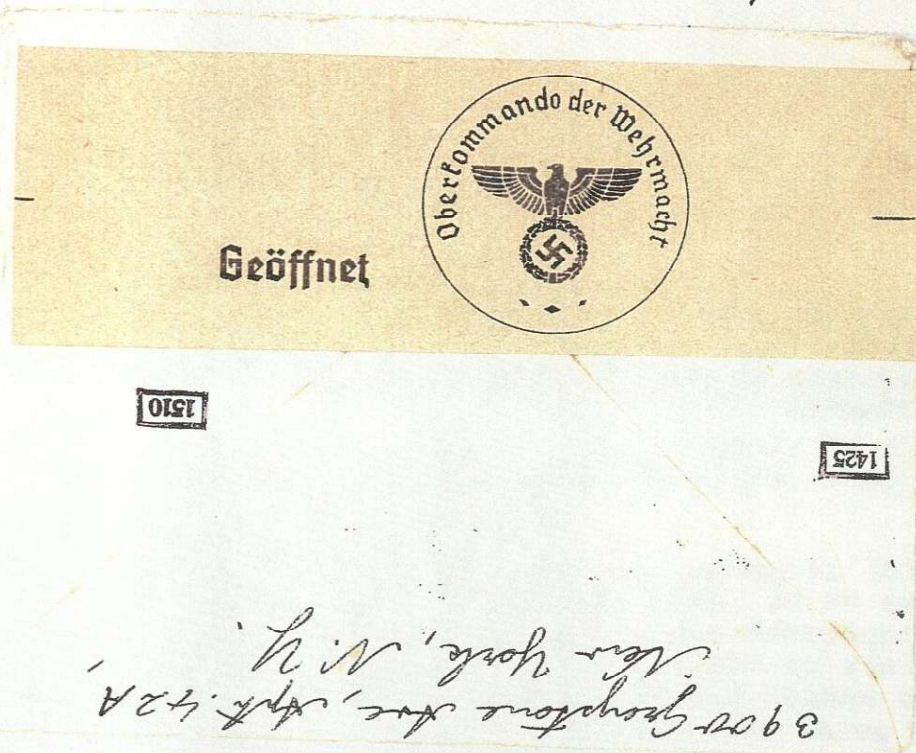
Incisive as Boerner's ideas were, he was far from being the most prominent critic of anti-Semitism in interwar Austria. The most courageous opponent of both anti-Semitism and Nazism that Austria, or very likely the whole of Central Europe, produced in the 1930s was a previously unknown and politically inexperienced young woman by the name of Irene Harand. A less likely heroine is difficult to imagine. Born in 1900, for a decade after the world war she lived the life of a conventional middle-class housewife, far removed from the turmoil of Austrian politics. She was, however, profoundly distressed to witness local examples of church-sanctioned intolerance. Slowly, painfully, she began to question two of the most fundamental principles of her upbringing: first, that those in the highest positions of church and state were absolutely clear and correct in their moral judgments; and second, that a woman who had never even attended a university could presume to get involved in politics. And yet, almost by accident, she became very much involved.³⁹

Irene Harand's ethical awakening resulted from a chance meeting with an attorney in Vienna in the late 1920s. The lawyer was a Jew named Dr. Moritz Zalman, who agreed to assist her in fighting for the estate of a destitute and elderly nobleman. When the question of fees was raised, Zalman told Frau Harand that if she could devote her time to helping a poor old man with no hope of personal compensation, so too could he volunteer his legal services. Years later Harand explained the significance of this minor episode. Unconsciously she had accepted the almost universally held notion in Vienna that

Re: Dr. Boerner - from a political journal, name and origin unknown.

Dr. Boerner's Brief von Amerika an Klara Wertheimer, den anscheinend ihre Freundin Frau Maria v. Buerkel Frey aufgehoben hat.

Dr. Boerner's Letter from America to Klara Wertheimer, which was apparently saved by her friend Mrs. Maria v. Buerkel Frey.



3900 GREYSTONE AVENUE
APARTMENT 42A
NEW YORK, N. Y.

24. August 1939.

Hochverehrte gnädige Frau!

Entschuldigen Sie freundlichst, dass ich erst heute dazukomme, Ihnen für Ihre beiden letzten Briefe herzlichst zu danken. Meine Korrespondenz nimmt so phantastische Formen an, dass wir bei bestem Willen nicht nachkommen, obwohl wir einen grossen Teil der Zeit ihrer Erledigung widmen. Auch verrast die Zeit so sehr, dass plötzlich, ohne es zu wissen, einige Monate vergangen sind.

Es tut meiner Frau und mir unsagbar leid, dass sich Ihre Situation, verehrte gnädige Frau, in so empfindlicher Weise verschlechtert hat. Als wir die Nachricht bekamen, dass Sie Ihr Atelier räumen mussten, das mit so viel Geschmack und Liebe eingerichtet war, hätten wir weinen mögen. Die zwangsweise Vertreibung der Menschen aus ihren Heimen ist wirklich tragisch. In unserem Verwandten- und Freundeskreis mussten die allermeisten dieses Schicksal erleiden. Die Entziehung der ohnehin so bescheidenen Rente ist wirklich auch katastrophal. In normalen Zeiten konnten die Familienmitglieder beistehen, wenn sich die wirtschaftliche Lage eines Verwandten plötzlich verschlechterte. Heute sind ganze Familien so sehr betroffen, dass eine gegenseitige Hilfe unmöglich ist. Das macht die Lage so furchtbar schwer. Trotz vielen Nachdenkens sind wir leider nicht einmal in der Lage, Ihnen einen Rat zu geben. Wir setzen unsere ganze Hoffnung darauf, dass Ihre liebe Nichte bald herüberkommt und die Möglichkeit haben wird, wenn sie einmal Wurzel gefasst hat, ihren Eltern und Ihnen finanziell zu helfen. Wir rechnen darauf, von dem Fräulein Nachricht zu bekommen, wenn sie hier eingetroffen ist. Wie steht es mit Ihrer werten Frau Schwägerin? Sie schreiben nichts über sie, so dass wir nicht wissen, ob sie noch in Wien ist, da sie ja wahrscheinlich auf eine andere als die polnische Quota kommen dürfte.

Dass Sie, verehrte gnädige Frau, mit Ihren Briefen wegen Affidavits so schlechte Erfahrungen machten, bedauern

wir natürlich sehr, obwohl wir wenig Hoffnung auf Erfolg hatten. Es wird immer schwieriger, Affidavits zu bekommen, weil viele nicht in der finanziellen Lage sind, eines zu geben und sehr viele Verwandte in Europa haben, die für sie natürlich zuerst in Betracht kommen.

Besonders betrübt hat es uns auch, dass Sie gesundheitlich nicht zufrieden sind. In einer so bedrückten Lage ist die Gesundheit noch das einzige Gut und wir wünschen von ganzem Herzen, dass Ihnen das wiedergegeben wurde. Auch wir waren vorübergehend wiederholt krank, was sich auch für die Erledigung der Korrespondenz sehr unangenehm auswirkte.

Was Sie über Ihre treue Freundin M. schreiben, hat uns tief berührt. Wir haben es zwar nicht anders erwartet, weil es sich wirklich um gute und feine Menschen handelt, aber es tut so ausserordentlich wohl, wenn man gerade in der heutigen Zeit Beweise von Treue und Menschlichkeit bekommt. Bitte, grüssen Sie das Ehepaar von uns herzlichst.

Wie sehr uns die Vorgänge in Europa und ihre Folgen auf unsere Verwandten und Freunde bedrücken, können Sie sich wohl vorstellen. Besonders die Ohnmacht, trotz besten Willens nicht helfen zu können, lastet sehr, sehr schwer auf uns. Wir hoffen und wünschen sehnlichst, dass kein Ereignis eintritt, das die Lage noch unendlich mehr verschlechtert.

Mit den herzlichsten Wünschen und wärmsten Grüssen von uns beiden an Sie und Ihre Lieben

in aufrichtiger Verehrung

Ihr

Lith. Böner



Ms. Greta Stanton

76 a Chatham Dr

Cranbury, NJ
=====

08512-3804

USA



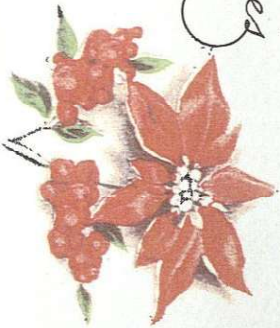
CHRISTMAS CARD WRITTEN BY
Dr. Boerner to Klara Wertheimer
December 1939.

and may
the

New Year
be a
happy one.



Best Wishes
for
CHRISTMAS



1425 1510

1

Fran



MAIL
EARLY
FOR
CHRISTMAS



Klara Wertheimer,
Malerin,
c/o Fr. Ella Brovik,

Wollzeile 19, Tür 15,
Vienna I.,
Germany - Austria

Geöffnet



1510

1425

3900 Greystone Ave, Apt. 42A,
New York, N.Y.

S. XV. 39.

Diese sollen sollen Thoren,
welche gütige Thoren, nur sagen,
dass eine Thoren und ich glücklich
sich haben und Thoren und
Thoren Thoren das Beste wünschen.

Wir freuen uns sehr, dass
Thoren Thoren Thoren Thoren
und uns ansehe. Thoren Thoren
wie sehr wir zu Thoren Thoren
Thoren Thoren Thoren Thoren

Thoren Thoren Thoren Thoren
Thoren Thoren Thoren Thoren
Thoren Thoren Thoren Thoren

Thoren Thoren Thoren
Thoren Thoren Thoren

TEST FOR A DRIVER'S LICENSE (CHAPTER 16)

Written July 12, 1996

It was a long, long time ago, the year was 1946, I was just about to finish my work at the Graduate School of Social Work at Columbia University. I had a Field Work Placement working in a Social Agency in Newark, New Jersey, even though I lived in New York City. It was the first time in my life that I realized there were places in the US, especially, where it was virtually impossible to get from one place to another without having to drive.

Having come to New York City from another metropolis in Europe as a teenager, I had no trouble at all adjusting to the hustle and bustle of the City; the skyscrapers were a little scary, but it was just another metropolis, except bigger. The most important thing was that in spite of enormous distances one could reach one's destination - no matter how far - by public transportation, in my mind an indication of a civilized, user-friendly society.

So here I was stuck in Newark, having to go to many of the surrounding communities like Irvington, the Oranges, Verona, Montclair, etc., and I could not drive. I don't remember exactly how I managed. Nowadays, when I am responsible for traveling all over the State to be a consultant to my students' field supervisors, I don't even want to remember. Suffice it to say that I was sufficiently impressed with the driving necessity of suburban dwellers, the surprise of all the people in the agency that I did not know how to drive, and the possibility that I might not find a job in New York City, to sign up for driving lessons.

I don't remember too much about the lessons, but what I do remember seems to have been uneventful, my teachers

from the driving school were kind and encouraging and I thought I was making good progress. Good enough to give me the courage to ask whether I could practice in the agency car, of course with another person present, and my kind supervisor agreed to go out with me. I was always scared, since driving was not exactly something I was interested in beyond the need to prepare for the eventuality of future need. My American readers probably have a hard time to understand my lack of enthusiasm. American male kids seem to be born with a car as their appendage instead of the umbilical cord, and girls also seem to take driving for granted, and everybody is surprised when s/he finds a non-driver.

At any rate, on one of my excursions with my supervisor I did not do too well. Nothing actually happened, I did not even get stopped or got a ticket, but I did something stupid. My kind and benevolent supervisor loved me but was scared of her boss, thus immediately reported my misdeed, and I was told that I would not be allowed to drive the agency car, not even after I got the license, should I indeed be lucky enough to get it. I felt hurt and angry, but much too cowed and timid to protest.

Are you surprised that I dreaded the test? I was told at the end of 10 lessons that I was ready. I don't think I felt ready, but bowed to the superior knowledge of the Driving School's authority. I also prepared myself mentally, in my customary jocular fashion by announcing loudly and clearly that I was taking the driving test at the same time as my final exams in graduate school and if I had to fail something - the first time in my life - I'd rather it be the driving. The New York State inspectors obliged. I flunked twice - I was much too nervous to know whether I really did very badly. It seemed to me that I did not make any major mistakes.

However, minor mistakes also add up. My third test was okay and I got my driver's license. Confidentially, I did not drive any better than the first two times, but I was told by my teachers, and by some friends that one always has to learn through practice but that the test meant that I was not a danger to myself and others.

I passed all my professional term papers, agency requirements, etc. with flying colors, and got a good job in New York City immediately. Since all of my friends and relatives (mostly refugees, students, or just inveterate New Yorkers) did not have cars, I did not drive for the next 20 years. However, I did renew my license whenever it was due, and in the mid-Sixties, when I needed to drive again, I had to start from scratch. However, I did not have to pass another exam.

PS February 2004

I just recently received the news that I would not have my license renewed since (now in old age) I had not been driving for 2 years following 2 accidents, one of which injured me and totaled my car. I am angry, annoyed but not devastated, much to my American friends' surprise. Re-reading the above, I AM NOT SURPRISED, given my background of Vienna as a child, and New York City. As a young adult, for the first 35 years of my life in America.

LOVE IS BETTER THE SECOND TIME AROUND (CHAPTER 17)

When I met your grandpa

Some day in October 1962 my friend Eva called me to invite me to a dinner party and mentioned that a widowed friend would be among the guests. I did not pay much attention, since I had resolved that the single life wasn't bad at all, and I had not had much luck with people I was introduced to by friends. However, I accepted the invitation and agreed after some urging that I would bring my guitar and I might sing some time during the evening.

Only the day before that fateful Saturday did I realize that it was November 9th, a date which was indelibly imprinted on my memory, the day we now call the beginning of the Holocaust, Kristallnacht. I really did not feel like going. Even now, in 1962, 24 years afterwards, I wanted to be by myself, to be sad and to remember. However, it was really too late to decline the invitation, so I decided to go and attempt to forget what the specific date was.

It was a fairly warm afternoon, and I decided to wear an attractive lightweight dress, blue-green, a favorite color, which looked good with my hazel eyes and my Brunette, wavy hair. I put a little makeup on, since I was going to perform, with my guitar.

On the long bus ride to New Jersey from my Manhattan abode - my own little castle - I was more and more hesitant, but decided to look at this evening as my "debut" which indeed it was, since I had never sung for strangers before.

So, "ma guitarre et moi" arrived in my friend's beautiful home in Alpine, NJ, and I was introduced to a number of other guests whom I did not know. The dinner conversation focused on politics, local elections, medicine, business, golf, and whatever suburbanites worry or at least talk about during dinner.

At one point during the evening I mentioned my profession - social work - and the man who was to become my husband literally jumped out of his seat and I thought he was going to leave. Little did I know that his late wife had been a social worker and her death had something to do with the profession. However, I seemed to have had him "under my spell" since he stayed.. I do believe that my sadness and his, touched somewhere unbeknownst to both of us.

The table conversation in general, the wine, the food were stimulating enough for me to dare to grab my guitar and as we entered the tastefully furnished rec-room, I sat on a straight chair, crossed my legs, took my guitar out of its case and started to sing. I sang several folksongs in a number of languages and felt quite attractive and successful. Apparently the "across the crowded room" syndrome was at work, since all through our 25 years of marriage Bert commented on my voice and a particular part of my anatomy that attracted him forever. My own reaction to him was much more cautious, since I was rather "jaded". I found him personable, a good dancer (for just a few beats of some radio music) and fun to be with. Not until much later did I realize that he was a very attractive man. He was a widower from a happy marriage with kids - just what I said I wanted.

As he took me home, the nasty, rainy weather matched his sad story of the loss of his wife and the nature of her tragic death, and his struggle to raise two children. It was scary but challenging. When he asked to see me again I readily agreed. He was sexy, knew how to make a woman feel like a woman, but his sadness underneath it all touched my sadness of the day and - perhaps

unknown to us - we reached a deeper level of communication than one generally does on a first, fairly casual meeting. We were married 8 months later.

Certificate of Marriage

Let This Certify That,

in the Town of Jay-Ausable Forks
County of Essex and State of New York.
I, Jesse Zaumetzer a Justice of the Peace
did by virtue of the power in me vested, on the 15
day of July 1963

Unite in Marriage

Mr. Herbert G. Stanton
of the County Queens Dof Douglaston N.Y. City
and Greata Wertheimer Pinkus of the County of N.Y.
of 355 8 Ave N.Y.C. according to the laws of the
State of New York.

In Presence of

Mrs. Albert Steff
Albert Steff

Jesse Zaumetzer
Justice of the Peace

Main St.
North Collins N.Y.

IN VIENNA AGAIN 1, 2, 3. CHAPTER 18

IN VIENNA AGAIN 1 - Hakoah Reunion 1995

Several months ago my childhood friend Susi who lives in Vienna sent me an invitation to the 50th post Shoah commemoration and celebration of the Austrian sportsclub Hakoah . The "Hakoah" in which I was a member of the young girls' section in the mid thirties, was a Jewish sports club which heavily contributed to Austria's international victories from 1909 until Hitler's hordes arrived in March of 1938 and the Austrian population received him jubilantly - **AND DON'T LET ANYONE TELL YOU DIFFERENTLY.**

What do I want with the lousy Viennese? I've spent a whole lifetime trying to forget that I ever had anything in common with them. I'm not going to go . I'll only be upset like the other times I've been there , always only for a couple of days, and always because there was a practical reason why I had to be there.

I am old now. Am I going daffy or am I mellowing, heaven forbid? I recently gave a party for a few lonely Clearbrookers of Viennese origin , on the motto "there are two things that connect me with Vienna, food and music, so

let me cook Viennese food and let's listen to some typically Viennese music". A good time was had by all, but what do we really have in common?

Ah, but Hakoah is different. This WAS MY LIFE from the age of 10 or 11 until my whole world caved in in 1938– for quite a few years . However, I made a new life for myself, I found people much closer to my heart , and with an inner connection which is much stronger than the accident of birth, geographic location , and even mother tongue. Do I really want to “go back again”? Yes, I do. I need to put closure on the horrors that completely drowned out the pleasures of my early life, and to temper my hatred of ALL that is Austrian or German.

I decided to go to Vienna, fortified by a few sightseeing days in Budapest, and I have just returned home to the USA. It will take a while for me to sort it all out and put it into perspective, but I'll highlight a few of my experiences, impressions and feelings.

A Taxi had been ordered for me ahead of time and I try to find the place where I will be picked up. I am tired from the flight and I feel strange. I have traveled by air many times and have heard many strange languages on my arrival. English goes everywhere. Oh, but I can't speak English here.

I know this language, I know it very well, I can even adapt to their various accents depending on the area from which they came, because I used to be sort of a linguist when I was young. People give me information, they understand me perfectly well, they are even a mite friendlier than the bureaucrats at home in the US. After some more trials and tribulations of standing at the wrong corner - did I get the wrong information, did I misunderstand, why do I expose myself to all of this, or is it no worse than any other airport on arrival???- I land in a Taxi, which had been ordered, and he has the address where I am supposed to go.

I respond to the driver's efforts to make conversation, but my heart is beating: in the middle of the 30 minute ride WE JUST PASSED THE STREET WHERE I USED TO LIVE SOME SIXTY YEARS AGO: Stop the world, I want to get off! It is so strange and so familiar at the same time- but I have taken that walk before, it's much more bearable, almost pleasant now.

The cabdriver wants to know why I speak German (of the Austrian variety) so well. It happens every time I enter a cab and I react differently each time. This time I say only "I used to live in Vienna for some time". Some ask "when"? and then it depends on their sensitivity and on my feelings

at the moment what I answer. . I usually make it known that I was "kicked out", "have very sad memories", have lost loved ones" depending on the feeling tone of the conversation. It seems to me that this time the people are less defensive, seem somewhat readier to "regret" rather than to emphasize that they, too "have suffered", how much they have lost in the war and OF COURSE, NO-ONE WAS EVER A Nazi.

Each person I encounter means a different, personal experience. The small shopkeeper, the modern supermarket, the fantastically well run transportation system, the sophisticated, well attended theaters, the Cafes with excellent pastries and coffee "mit Schlag" are unchanged, in fact, better than before, and better than at home in the US. Why the hell can't we have a Marshall Plan for ourselves IN America?

IN VIENNA AGAIN 2 Written 7/28/02

My dear grandchildren,

Today I want to talk to you about my recent trip to Vienna, what its reason was and how it worked out. As I was

thinking about it, I realized that one of the first memoirs I wrote was called "In Vienna Again", believe it or not this was, 7 years ago in 1995. It was then a very different experience and I want to tell you about it. But first, as a background, here are two pictures which are important:

1. This is the apartment house in Vienna in which I lived from the time I was born until August of 1939, just before the outbreak of WW II., when I left for the good old USA – finally, after a wait of 1 & ½ years of living under Hitler .

2. This is a picture of a dive I did, which my cousin Frank took at one of our sports events in the Stadionbad . Yes, that's how I looked at age 15. Approximately during this time I won the Austrian Youth Championship in a joint Hakoah victory, and then another victory of the High School Championships of Austria . That was such a long time ago. Who would have thought that these diving victories would ever become important in my life again, after all this time. Well- I'll tell you now what happened:

One day, at the end of last summer, just before the Jewish holidays I got a call from a young Israeli who told me that Hans Selinko, the president of the Israeli Hakoah (my old Swim Club) had given him my phone number. He was interested in making a Documentary Movie about our old

Hakoah and he wanted me and some of my contemporaries in it. I agreed to meet with him after the holidays, which he planned to spend in Israel with family and after some delays we decided that he would come to NJ instead of my coming to New York. He asked if he could bring a camera man and I said "OK". Little did I know that he would arrive with TWO camera men and that they would NOT photograph me, but the "boss" whose name is Yaron Zilberman, would interview me ON CAMERA. This first encounter took five hours and we did not even get as far as my adolescence. I did however find out more about him. He was interested in sports and wanted to break into a career of making documentaries. At that time I was quite uncertain whether this would ever come off but I was sufficiently charmed by Yonatan and his two camera men to decide to go on because it was fun doing this. I like to work with young people since I used to teach graduate students for so many years. I do also like young Israelis, though I was quick to assure my Israeli friends that I also like old Israelis, i.e. my contemporaries. A couple of days later I got an e-mail from Yonatan giving me some information and mentioning "in passing" that he had seen the rushes of our interview and "you look great". My e-mail answer stated that if I looked

great his cameramen must be magicians, in which case they are permanently hired. However, flattery gets you ALMOST anywhere and so I agreed to continue.

At any rate, Yaron came back a few weeks later with his "producer", a young man by the name of Yonatan Israel. They interviewed me this time without a camera for about another five hours. That was much more comfortable and we got to know each other much better. We did not go on with my early history but we talked more about their plans for the documentary and I learned that Yaron had been traveling quite a bit to interview some of my old Hakoah pals living in Israel , in Vienna, and in London, and was planning to see and interview an old friend of mine ,Renee Mittler Cohen who now lives in Monaco. The two fellows were also nice enough to listen to some of my thoughts and suggestions . In the process I mentioned that I was writing some of my memoirs about the Holocaust for you, my grandchildren, which did not seem of too much interest at the moment but I brought out my first "In Vienna Again" piece and they "fell for it". They asked if they could take all the memoirs with them and I was a little hesitant and they themselves realized that I did not want to part with them for too long. They were about to travel out of the

country again . So, when I mentioned that I would be in New York (their domicile) the next day, they , I believe Yonatan, promised to zerox them and meet me in Port Authorities before I board my bus home. Not only did they keep their promise but they also did me a great favor in a big hurry . I had been interviewed at Yad Vashem (Israel's and the world's oldest and most important Holocaust Center) and I had the three hour tape of the interview. However, since Israel has another type of television and video (as does Europe), I could never play the tape. The two fellows took the tape and promised to transcribe it and much to my surprise they came back with my memoirs AND WITH THE TRANSCRIBED TAPE. Now you can see it all when you are ready. At this time, you, little Matthew liked it when you saw grandma on the screen and when I showed you that your pictures appears at the end of the tape.

This promptness and the understanding of my hesitancy to share my only copy of the tape, confirmed my confidence in Yaron and his whole enterprise, and subsequent events bore out my feelings.

I realize that at this time I have to stop even though I have only described the beginning of this enterprise. Suffice it to say that we kept a rather active correspondence by e-mail

and that the advance notice of a trip of all of us Hakoah “girls” was in the offing. In the meantime I, too was in Israel for part of the winter and after my return I got a surprise call from Yaron from Vienna, asking me details of my “In Vienna Again” letter, thus indicating that he was really authenticating my story. This increased my confidence in the seriousness of this endeavor. Also, in one of our telephone conversations from Israel Yaron mentioned that he wanted to plan our get-together in Vienna for July or August and I informed him that this would be a very bad time, because the few really hot days referred to as Dog Days in Vienna are in July or August. How should I know that because of global warming the dog days would be “PRE=poned to June 12-19, our actual time in Vienna ABOUT WHICH I WILL TELL YOU NEXT TIME

IN VIENNA AGAIN 3 (written August 25, 2002:)

My dear Grandchildren:

It's time to continue about my trip to Vienna before the memory fades. First, a few facts about the preparation. As I told you, the idea of making a documentary was the

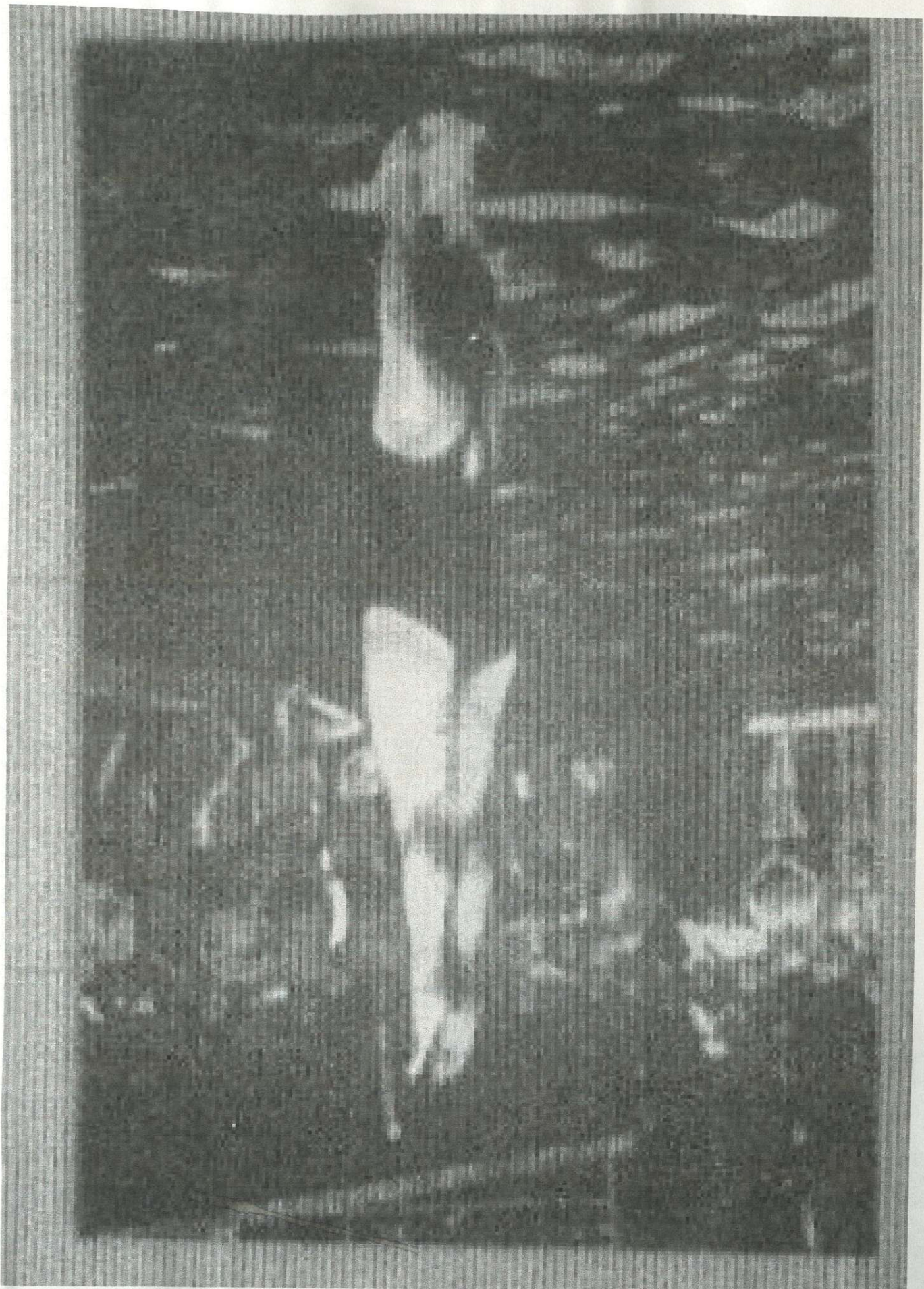
This is the Apartment house in which I Lived
from birth until my departure in August 1939.



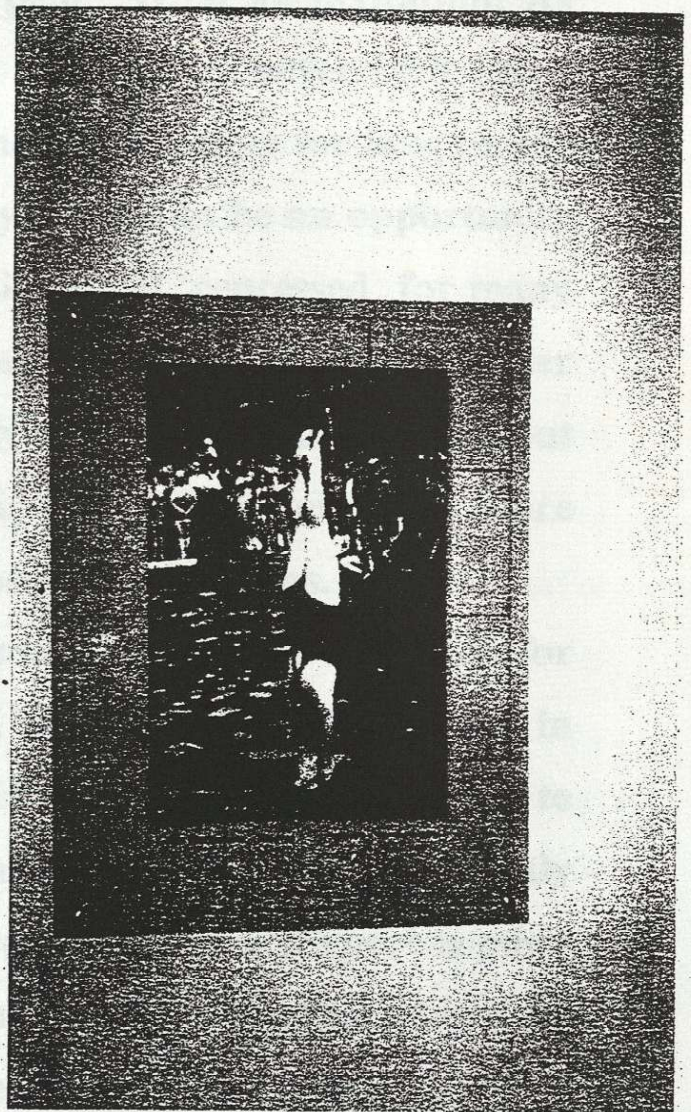
Picture of
GWS at
Schubert
Memorial
(my play-
ground as
a child).







High School
Championships | My Friend
Again 2



brainstorm of Yaron Silberman, and the planning had been progressing quite a lot. Yonatan Israel had become Yaron's partner and a friend of Yaron's in Israel had taken over the logistics of the plan. We,= the Hakoah women of the thirties were THE STARS, and we were invited to Vienna for the filming of a re-union, for some further interviewing and MUCH MORE, all expenses paid. What an invitation! As you know from my past writing, I never felt very comfortable in Vienna and tended not to stay too long on my past trips. However this really seemed to be an opportunity to relive some good times, which I had repressed for many decades –understandably, since the trauma of the Hitler experience which could really never end- had crowded out good, previous memories. So, this time I went with more positive anticipation than on previous occasions.

Liza Gershuni, the Israeli contact person had arranged for my Airline ticket; Yaron had arranged through a friend in New York that I would be picked up by Limo and taken to JFK Airport. There were many calls back and forth, partly because I live in New Jersey so that Newark Airport is more familiar to me but AUA (the Austrian Airlines) have no direct flight, therefore I went to JFK. I was a little embarrassed about being anxious that everything would

work out, but frequent calls from Nane Winter Selinger (one of the other women who lives in New York City), and from Hans Selinko – the Israeli leader of the Hakoah who was, I believe, one of only two Hakoah men who were invited because of their involvement, both when we all were young, and now with keeping the old ties alive) They also made me feel that my anxiety was not unique, perhaps because none of us is used to being invited and therefore dependent on other people's making arrangements for us. Once in Vienna we became quite used to having everything arranged for us, and I have to admit that at this stage of my life I could easily get used to such pleasures.

Nane and I came together, and on the same plane were also two women who were part of our group but only joined us after arrival. Anni Lampl one of 'THE SEVEN' whom I had not known too well in Vienna but whose sister had been a good friend of mine. Anni is the recent widow of a Hakoah Hockey player and has lived in LA for many decades, while her sister landed in Bogota and still lives there. Anni has been blind for many years but has made an incredibly good adjustment, continuing her work as a psychologist. We had a lot in common and enjoyed each other's company. The other woman from LA was Anni's friend who made her traveling

much easier. She and I also got along very well. Nane Winter Selinger, and I knew each other quite well years ago and have in recent years resumed some of our contacts through our Hakoah allegiance. Trude HIRSCHLER came from Israel accompanied by her husband and they have become friends again through my frequent visits to Israel, as have Hans Selinko and Erich Feuer. Annemarie Pisker came from London, and she and I have met at the Vienna Hakoah meetings in the nineties and renewed our acquaintance as well as mourning our mutual friend Fritz Thorn who had recently died in London, and talking about a close friend of hers, Emmi Stern who had been my classmate in grammar school. The other two women, Hanni Lux (the sister of the famous swimmer Judith Deutsch who could not come because of illness) was known to me as Judy's 'little sister' and she was here with a lovely 16 year old granddaughter. Elisheva Susz, whom I knew in Vienna as Elli Schmidt also came from Israel but there was not enough time for me to renew our acquaintance since some of our free time was taken up with people who were not part of our group. I hope you find it interesting to hear about these people because it is so strange that all of this came about 60 some years after we had been sports colleagues. Last but not

least ,we got the sad news from Monaco that my really good friend Renee Mittler-Cohen did not attend because of illness .I also just recently heard that she had lost her husband around that time. I really missed her. Unfortunately she, too, has died since. However, I do think she was interviewed by Yaron before her death,and will therefore appear in the movie.. Susi and Eva Ehrenreich, my old friends with whom I had never lost contact, did not participate in the Hakoah activities but I saw them several times, since they live permanently in Vienna..

Well, this was the original crew , but now comes a new group, the film crew, whom I fondly call “the children” (in my own mind) because they are so young. However, they are not only very GIVING children, but also very COMPETENT.

First and foremost, of course, Yaron and Yonatan, the heads of the crew, and their two partners, Tamar and Ronit. Interestingly the two men met because their girlfriends were studying at New York University together. All of them are Israelis living in New York City but they are frequent world travelers. The girls were absolutely fantastic. They worked as hard as the fellows or even harder and their main tasks seemed to be to make us “guests” feel comfortable, which

they did, indeed. I cannot tell you, how accommodating they were, to see that we were well taken care of. I really did get to know them really well and I am vane enough to think that they, too, liked me especially well as I did like them especially.

They coordinated activities with the rest of the crew, who were a very interesting international mixture. I cannot remember names too well but will attach a list which we were given on arrival. I really did not have a chance to get to know all of them equally well, and also my memory for faces is very good but not my memory for names, especially when I meet a good number at the same time. Suffice it to mention that Yaron who came 2 weeks earlier did a fabulous job to assemble a crew of experts, and to put together a most memorable program for us. We were filmed at every move we made and began to feel like real film stars. I pity the editors of the film who will have to decide which of the many vignettes is worth being included in the final version. I got to know the head camera man a little better. His name is Tom Hurwitz, and he had just returned from making a documentary in Afrika, and I am watching out for its airing on PBS, and I will also watch out for the hopefully meteoric rise of this charming man. Another charmer was

the audio engineer who came to tape something I was supposed to read as a "speakover", from my "In Vienna Again" memoirs, and – "flattery will get you ALMOST anywhere-" he asked me if I had been an actress before ,since he only had to do two" takes" because I was reading so well. Another person with whom I had more of a chance to interact was a photographer who came for the weekend from Holland, Chris Van Houts, and he took an enormous number of still photos. I was interested in the process by which still photos can be integrated into a movie but he said d that this was not his business, he was just a photographer.. All the others were also lovely young people, some Viennese, some Israelis, some a mixture of nationalities, a real pleasure to deal with.

Now I want to tell you about the program. First of all I had been alerted by Yaron, that I would be going with him and the camera crew straight from the Airport for the ride which I had described in my write up about Vienna in 1995. In this piece I had described how on my ride from the Airport into the heart of the city I had suddenly passed the street, in which I had lived. Yaron wanted to duplicate this ride and also interview me near my street, near the public school which I had attended and especially in the Church, to which

I had gone frequently with my nanny .And this is what happened. I dread seeing the picture, because in my time frame it was about 3 or 4 a.m., since I had left New York the evening before, and after an 8 hour flight had arrived at 2 a.m. (8 am Vienna time) and from there directly “off to Church”. The looks are not so important, but I hope what I said made sense.

There are many things I can tell you about the program in general but I will have to concentrate on the highlights. Suffice it to say that the week was extremely well planned and sensitively arranged for maximum participation and aimed – I believe - at re-kindling our spirit of sportsmanship, not an easy task with a bunch of old timers.

We were housed at the Hilton Hotel (fancy , huh?) Interestingly, though it is plenty expensive, I did not think it came up to its reputation of excellence. The fact that the weather was so unusually hot probably contributed to some of the less than optimum experiences, e.g. my air-conditioning unit did not work and they wound up giving me a fan. On the other hand a small hotel in which the crew stayed , and in which I stayed a few extra days, afterwards, was wonderful , I had a suite for much less money. Just goes to show you that the fanciest is not necessarily the best, but I

mention it, because we certainly did get the fanciest accommodations offered to us, thanks to our generous sponsors.

One of the highlights in a very personal way had to do with the fact that we did stay at the Hilton. The Hotel is right across from the Stadtpark, which was my playground when I was a child. At that time, the hotel did not exist, but this time I had a room with a view on the park, which was very nice, and some of our walks and coffee or lunch breaks were spent in the park. On one of these occasions – because of the heat, the Hirschlers and I sat on a bench at the entrance of the park, while “the kids”, our special girls went to look if a beer garden which was a little walk away, had some tables available. In the meantime, the Hirschlers and I had a chat, and for some reason I began to sing a song, which had been popular in the thirties. By the time we finished, the girls had returned and a few passers-by were standing near us and listening, and I got a round of applause. Most of the people walked on but a young couple, kind of hippie types, remained and talked with me about the song. In the process I mentioned that my German was still pretty good because I had gone to a good school in Vienna many years ago. So, the young man said, “pretty good? – it’s excellent, it is

cultured, ours is not cultured. When you folks left, the culture left with you". I have to admit that I found this a Healing Experience.

Our program included other rewarding experiences, e.g a visit to the Stadionbad, the ground and 2 outdoor pools where we had spent so much of our young time, and as we visited we were interviewed about our memories and our current impressions. I must confess that the other women found their visit to the `Amalienbad which was a new and better version of the Dianabad (the indoor pool in which we had spent so much of our time years ago) a highlight of the Vienna trip. I had chosen not to go, even forfitting the present of a custom made bathing suit, because I could not bear the idea of being photographed in a bathing suit and I do not swim much because of my arthritis.

A visit to a "Heuriger" which is a famous place to come and drink the season's new wine and have a cold supper, gave us the opportunity to share our feelings about the whole trip and its highlights. The place which was selected was a quiet one, with a gorgeous view overlooking the city, since it was on top of a hill. Again I was glad that it showed what I considered the beautiful side of the city rather than the touristy type of musical rendition which I had "suffered

through” on a previous Hakoah celebration and visit (the 90th birthday of the club in 1995) which I wrote to you about in my first “In Vienna again” report. KIDS, I MUST TELL YOU THAT MY VIEW OF THE HEURIGEN IS MY PREJUDICE „I’ll explain why. The celebrations and the music are very old Viennese customs back from the time of Johann Strauss, the famous Waltz composer. However, by the time I was a teenager in Vienna, old enough to have a little wine and celebrate, this kind of festivity was mainly considered to be a typically traditional mainly non Jewish Viennese activity; So, even though some of our parents participated, we youngsters, or at least MY particular group of friends scorned it and it was considered to be NOT FOR JEWS.

Then in 1995, when Hakoah celebrated there, I personally found it obnoxious that the band treated us like other tourists and played Hava Nagilah, a Hebrew song, just as they play Santa Lucia for the Italians. So, the quiet discussion we had this time along with good food and, yes ,with good wine was a relief to me.

Another visit we made was to the cemetery, where we memorialized the president of the new Hakoah, Karli

Haber, who died only a couple of years ago, after having been very active ever since the end of WW II. His son is the current president of Hakoah. He and his mother, Karli's widow were with us.

This visit also gave us the opportunity to visit the graves of some of our ancestors. I was able to check on the work that was done on the gravestones of my grandparents. I had ordered additional inscriptions on the grave of my paternal grandparents for their two daughters, my beloved aunts Klara and Ella, who had perished in the Holocaust. I also added the name of my maternal grandmother who had died and is buried in Havana, Cuba to the grave of my maternal grandfather. I will add pictures of the graves to this memoir.

I would like to end with another experience which had a lot of meaning to me, quite inadvertently. One of our evenings was spent at a Cabaret (in the Cafe Schmid Hansl). The evening was called "HERMAN LEOPOLDI BY BORIS EDER." Herman Leopoldi was a composer of contemporary light music in my youth. In fact, the song I sang in the park, was one of his songs. In 1938 (probably after Kristallnacht in November of 1938) he was interned in a Concentration Camp named Buchenwald, which later became a death

(killing) camp. He was fortunate enough to get out of Buchenwald and came to the USA shortly before WW II. started. Boris Eder is a young Viennese (probably Jewish) of Russian decent. He studied the life of Leopoldi. Interviewed his living relatives (Leopoldi returned to Vienna after the war) and continued composing) and he brings a program of Leopoldi songs sounding exactly like the master.. It was a most enjoyable evening. What was most impressive to me was the Buchenwald song . I want to translate it for you and explain its significance. I bought a CD of the Eder program so that I also have the music.I will put it on a separate piece of paper with some historical information which I read in a book I own , published by my old friend Oscar Teller (in German). The book is a collection of material from Jewish Political Cabarets in Vienna,Prague, London, New York, Tel Aviv. From this book I learned that Leopoldi as a song writer and Fritz Loehner- Beda.(A famous Jewish writer known for his special wit and humorous poems, who also happened to be the first president of Hakoah) as a poet and libretto writer were ORDERED BY THE BUCHENWALD COMMMANDANT TO WRITE A MARCHING SONG. This song was sung by the prisoners as they marched to work by the order of the commandant. Beda perished in

Buchenwald., who knows how. Leopoldi returned to Vienna after the war.

THE BUCHENWALD SONG:

Copied from: Oscar Teller ed., David's Witzschleuder, Juedisch Politisches Cabaret .(Translated by Greta W. Stanton)

"This song was written by Fritz Loehner-Beda and set to music by Herman Leopoldi, both inmates of Buchenwald, on the order of the Camp administration, in 1938/39. It was so to speak the official camp song which the prisoners were forced to sing on their way to work. Beda found his death in Buchenwald, Leopoldi was fortunate enough to be discharged and to reach the USA just before the beginning of WW II.

- I. When the day breaks, before the sun begins to smile
The columns are marching to their labors of the day
Out into the greying morning
And the night is black and the sky is red
In our breadsack we carry a piece of bread
In our hearts we carry our worries**

**Oh Buchenwald, I can't manage to forget you
Because you are my destiny
Whoever did get to leave here
Can only then appreciate the treasure of being free**

**Oh Buchenwald- no whining and complaining
No matter what becomes our fate
We 'll keep saying YES to life itself
Because there'll be a day, that sets us free**

We will say Yes to life itself
Because the day will come that sets us free

II/
near

And our feelings are high – and my girl is not *in my*

There is a whispering breeze and my love is so clear
Just stay faithful, stay faithful , my dear
And the stones we walk on are tough indeed-yet our
step is firm

Though we are dragging the pickaxes to work with
us

In our hearts, in our hearts we are carrying love

Oh Buchenwald

III.

And the night is short and the day is long
Hark, we hear a familiar song
We will not succumb to despair
Keep your pace, my friend and do not lose heart
For we carry the will to live in our blood
And in our hearts, in our hearts we carry our faith

Oh Buchenwald.....

After this long report, all my love, grandma

A SENIOR BAT MITZVAH (Chapter 19)

MEMOIRS WRITTEN IN THE WINTER OF 2003/4

My dear grandchildren:

I thought it would be interesting to you, if I included the story of my Bat Mizvah in my memoirs. Just a few words how it came about. Hadassah which is a wonderful organization that has raised funds for Israel's Hadassah Hospital and much of its research and treatment of Jews and Arabs in Israel, as well as for Jews in need of medical attention all over the world, is also very active in the US in Jewish education. I am active in the organization in my community, so when Hadassah offered the first secular Bat Mizvah in the USA, I participated. We prepared with Hebrew and Jewish History lessons for 2 years, and then performed in keeping with the prescribed Bat Mizvah services. I am including the program, a newspaper article, and my portion of the Bat Mizvah.. The reason, why I wanted to do it, is stated at the bottom of the Hebrew page, since it was the only thing I had to read in Hebrew. Here is the translation:

This Bat Mizvah symbolizes my re-integration into the Jewish faith. In my childhood in Vienna, girls were not Bat Mizvaed, not even allowed to walk after the Torah at Simchat Torah. Now I am permitted to pray among my fellow men and women. This first secular Bat Mizvah combines both my new Judaism and my Feminism. Thank you Hadassah, and special thanks to Hadassah Aylat our Hebrew teacher;, she is wonderful, in fact she is "somethin' else"-(said in Hebrew slang-).

Here is my "Parishah", my chapter in the Tanach, the Jewish Bible: My chapter is Kings I., Chapter 3, Verses 5-15

"In Givon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night and God said "ask what I shall give thee" and Solomon said "Thou hast shown unto thy servant David, my father, great mercy as he

walked before thee in truth, and in righteousness, and upright of heart. And now, oh Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David, my father and I am like a little child . I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this, thy great people?" And the speech pleased the Lord , that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said to him "Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgement. Behold I have done according to your words. Lo, I have given you a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any rise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that thou hast not asked, both riches and honour: so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days". And Solomon awoke; and behold it was a dream.

I AM ATTACHING MY DISCUSSION OF THIS CHAPTER.

24c

This section of the bible deals with distinguishing between good and bad, and with the wisdom of making decisions. A lot of this applies to my own life. Like David, my father had a conservative Jewish upbringing. Coming from a rich merchant family he chose law as his career, and in spite of many adversities, HE KNEW WHO HE WAS and held on to his Jewish ethics although he relinquished the more religious aspects of his Judaism. He became a Zionist in his student years, proudly remembering an encounter with Theodor Herzl in a Vienna Café. Serving as an officer in the Austrian Army in WW I, he was severely wounded. The subsequent years in Austria were fraught with economic problems and culminated with the "Anschluss", the so-called occupation of Austria by the Nazis. Given the times we lived in and the more assimilated background of my mother, whose family even scorned traditional Judaism, I had to search for the wisdom to make my own decisions. Most of my Jewish friends took their Jewishness for granted but felt more identified as Austrians. In Austria most Jews did not live in Ghettos nor in self selected Jewish neighborhoods. The atmosphere then was akin to that of our Jewish children in the USA today.

D

Like Solomon I floundered and reached for wisdom. Many of my Jewish contemporaries had

In a section of the bible deals with distinguishing between good and bad and with the wisdom of making decisions. A lot of this applies to my Jewish life. Like David, my father had a conservative Jewish upbringing. Coming from a rich merchant family he chose law as his career and in spite of many adversities. He was a WASP and he looked to his Jewish roots although he rejected the more religious aspects of his Judaism. He became a Zionist in his late 20s and was heavily committed to the movement with Father. He lived in a Jewish ghetto in an office in the Austrian Army in WW I. he was severely wounded. The subsequent years in Austria were fraught with economic problems and culminated with the Anschluss, the so-called annexation of Austria by the Nazis. Given the times we lived in and the more assimilated background of my mother, whose family even scorned traditional Judaism, I had to search for the wisdom to make my own decisions. Most of my Jewish friends took their Jewishness for granted but felt more identified as Austrians. In Austria most Jews did not live in Ghettos nor in self selected Jewish neighborhoods. The atmosphere then was akin to that of our Jewish children in the USA today.

Like Solomon I floundered and reached for wisdom. Many of my Jewish contemporaries had

3
Christmas trees, we celebrated Chanukah. I chose to be more traditional by attending a temple in the neighborhood without my parents. However I was outraged that only boys were permitted to walk with flags behind the Torah on Simchat Torah.

Eventually I chose Zionism, left of Center, believing that a more even distribution of worldly goods was only fair. Like young Solomon I found myself in the midst of chaos, not only having to find my way in middle-class Jewish society with money being worshipped, but with a father who scorned money-making but put high value on intellect and education, and a mother who as a singer valued music and artistic expression. Thus money was scarce in my immediate family.

When the Nazis arrived, there was no problem distinguishing between good and bad. However, the wisdom of Solomon was required to know what to do. Today, 63 years later, there are people who believe that only the very smart survived, or only those who used bribery escaped, and that the others should have known better, etc. I am here to tell you as an avid student of the Holocaust, that survival was a combination of pure chance – and destiny, since no one could possibly anticipate what would happen.

I was fortunate enough to make some decisions which in retrospect required wisdom. Having received

an affidavit to come to the USA almost immediately after Hitler's takeover, I had to wait for a year and a half to receive a visa. I therefore lived through many indignities and through Kristallnacht. After my departure, my parents and grandmother lived through much greater hardships. They were forced to leave our home and had to move several times without their possessions, wore the yellow star, and did not have much food. Miraculously they left Vienna two days before their scheduled deportation to what was euphemistically called a "work camp" on October 17, 1941. This date signified the beginning of the mass deportations to the East and the beginning of the death camps. Only one week later, no Jew was allowed to emigrate, even with proper visa, etc. My two beloved aunts were deported shortly thereafter never to return.

I don't claim to have Solomon's wisdom, but my decisions were guided by a deep rooted Jewish sense of the importance of family togetherness, which allowed me to decide against going illegally to Palestine, or to apply for a scholarship to Cambridge, but to leave by myself for the USA in order to mobilize help in bringing my parents out of Austria. Miraculously; it worked, though there was little hope that it would. I am forever grateful, since I know that other youngsters like myself worked as hard and

5
were as dedicated in helping their families escape, but did not succeed.

After a typical American beginning of working in a sweatshop, I was finally able to continue my education, and became a social worker, and professor of Social Work. It seems fitting that I chose the field of adoption, foster care, and step-families, where stressful decision-making often requires a prayer for Solomon's judgement.

NEW JERSEY JEWISH NEWS

JEWISH FEDERATION OF GREATER MIDDLESEX COUNTY

Vol. 1 No. 15

Tuesday, July 17, 2001

www.njewishnews.com

26 Tammuz, 5761



Celebrating bnot mitzva

Hadassah members, from left, Eva Dukes, Ruth Friedman, Greta Stanton, Ida Solomon, Muriel Friedland, and Pearl Fleischman get together with Hebrew instructor Hadassah Aylat, center, to practice for their bnot mitzva ceremony. The ceremony was held June 23 at the Rossmoor clubhouse.

See page 6.

Hadassah members celebrate bnot mitzva in unlikely setting

by Helen Telitelbaum
NJN Bureau Chief/Middlesex

As teenagers, Eva Dukes and Greta Stanton swam on the same team in 1930s Vienna.

"We didn't know each other well. I was just an ordinary swimmer; Greta was a star," recalled Dukes with a laugh. "We were acquainted by having adjacent lanes."

Now about 80, the two Monroe Township residents were reunited again for a special occasion — their bnot mitzva ceremony.

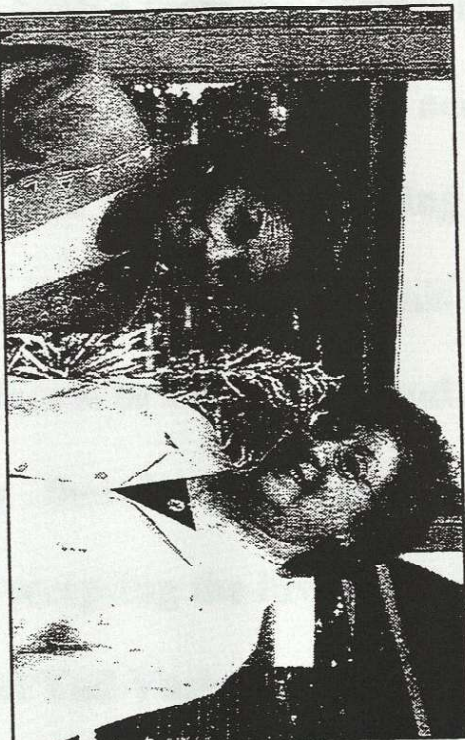
With four other women living in the Monroe retirement communities — Pearl Fleischman, Muriel Friedland, Ruth Friedman, and Ida Solomon — they became the first Hadassah members to hold their bnot mitzva ceremonies in a secular setting.

The women's Zionist organization has, in the past decade, been assisting older adult members to become bnot mitzva. But the June 23 ceremony at the Rossmoor clubhouse was different: It was Hadassah's first secular one — by this definition, held in a nonreligious setting. And it was spearheaded by another Hadassah — the women's Hebrew instructor, Hadassah Aylat.

When Aylat began teaching the women Hebrew two years ago, no one expected that their learning would culminate in a bat mitzva ceremony. "I thought I was just going to study a little Hebrew and participate better in services — but here I am," Friedman told *New Jersey Jewish News* before the ceremony.

After observing videos of some Hadassah-run adult bnot mitzva ceremonies, Aylat began encouraging her students — who were studying Jewish literature and texts as well — to achieve that goal. But she didn't want the ceremony to be held in a synagogue, she said, because many shuls do not permit women to fully participate — or in cases where they do, the women are not used to leading a service. Aylat also wanted a more personalized ceremony.

So she set the task: For their group bnot mitzva ceremony — at a meeting of their Monroe chapter — the women would give a *d'var Torah* on the portion of the week in which they were born and relate the portion to their own lives. The women would also demonstrate their newly acquired knowledge of Hebrew by offering a brief statement in the language about why they chose to become bnot mitzva



Teacher Maxine Sperling, right, with bat mitzva Ruth Friedman

Photo by Sunny Yellen

in this manner.

Standing before a crowd of 200 friends, relatives, and Hadassah members on June 23, Dukes began with a lesson from *Zecharia* 7:9-14, in which God shows mercy and compassion but also punishes those who do not treat others kindly.

Solomon also pointed to factionalism among Jews as a destructive force, in her *d'var Torah* on *Ezekiel* 27:15-28. "Will our people ever learn?" she asked rhetorically. In Stanton's talk on *Kings* 13:5-15, in which King Solomon

humbly asks for God's help in making difficult decisions, she recalled the choice she made between going to Palestine or the United States, where she would have a better chance of getting the rest of her family out of Austria. Although a strong Zionist, in the end she chose the latter and ultimately saved her family.

Friedland (whose text was *Isaiah* 54:7-17), Fleischman, and Solomon spoke about the branches of their family who, just like in their Torah portions, fulfilled God's promise to the Jews by help-

ing build the State of Israel. "They struggled to keep Israel safe," she said. Friedman's portion, from the eighth chapter of *Kings* 1, describes the building of the Temple in Jerusalem. "Today we know that God cannot be limited to a space, yet a human being can designate special sanctity to a space.... The entire city of Jerusalem is our sacred space," she said.

According to national Hadassah Jewish education chair Sandra King, who attended the event, Hadassah bnot mitzva must fulfill three criteria: some knowledge of Hebrew, text study, and an increase in habitual observance, such as lighting Sabbath candles. "They have to have religious elements," King said. "We provide the framework, but the women have to do it themselves." The national organization made a professional videotape of the event for other chapters to use as a reference.

"*Hee mah-she-hoo!*" Stanton declared about Aylat at the end of the ceremony, gleefully demonstrating "in real Israeli slang" how the six felt about their teacher: "She's really something!" Clearly, those in attendance at the event thought Aylat's students were *mah-she-hoo*, too.

Israel Under Suicide Bombers (Chapter 20)

Written in April/May of 2002

My dear grandchildren,

Here I am, my Memoir group is meeting again, after a long time, so I am sitting at the computer- not much better at the technology but appreciating its existence.

Since last October we had a lovely fall and a very mild beginning of the winter. I had healed from my accident (a broken breastbone). However ,the other part of my accident, the totaling of my car was a much more difficult thing to “heal” from and I will tell you about my efforts in this direction at another time. Suffice it to say that I found myself at home more than previously , therefore I decided to follow through with my intention of accepting the invitation of the Holocaust Education Center at Yad Vashem to submit a proposal for a paper to be presented at the Center’s Third International Conference, in April oof 2002. I did so, the proposal was accepted by the end of the year, and I was left

with the task of actually writing the paper, which was not only an intellectual exercise which I thought I would no longer do during my retirement, but it had to be e-mailed and the computer work(typing and logistics)was not easy for me.

However ,with the help of my wonderful part-time secretary – a luxury I have recently availed myself of-, and with her husband's help –he was retired but had been using statistic on his previous job-I managed to produce a paper.

Then came the really difficult decision:: The conference was scheduled for April 8-12, 2002 in Jerusalem. My reason for writing a paper ,was of course ,the fact that the conference was In Israel and I wanted to spend another winter with the people I love in the country I love. However, the situation in Israel was becoming more and more difficult. When I talked about “9/11 /2002” a date that will be as memorable in the history of the United States as December 7th-Pearl Harbor, which President Roosevelt called “a day of infamy” ,I

indicated that America as a total country felt violated and there were many that felt “now we know” how the Israelis have to live all the time because their borders were always threatened .Especially after Arafat refused the most generous peace treaty in the Camp David conference , hosted by former President Clinton, the Arab violence and suicide bombers had increased significantly .Therefore the question of whether I wanted to or should go to Israel at a time of greater difficulty for the country and possibly some greater personal insecurity, came up frequently.

It was a very mild winter and at the beginning of the year our weather was better than that in Israel, in Europe and even in Florida. Since part of my intention to stay in Israel was my wish to escape the winter here, and I did not have to be at the conference till April I did not buy my ticket earlier as I would have at other times, in the hope that the situation in Israel might quiet down. The fact that there were also many situations in the US which made flying very uncomfortable,

added to my hesitancy. Last but not least, the Reiks, my beloved friends/turned mishpacha-(family) were very busy with hosting their little grandchildren, whose parents were fixing up their house. And ultimately, I remembered that my aunt Stella Reik ,Chanan's mother, had told me after one of my visits to Israel that she loved to have me there but she also was glad when I left, because she felt the heavy responsibility for my safety. So I asked Chanan & Rivkah, whether they would feel burdened with the responsibility of having to watch and protect me. The answer was that they wanted me to come but perhaps since the conference was not until April, things mayimprove, and I might plan to come a little later than the beginning of the year. This postponed my trip from the end of January to the end of February, with a return ticket 7 weeks later.

I must say that I knew my friends in this country and my children, your parents, were a little worried but we all said that since 9/11 we were not completely safe at home either ,so

I went with good admonitions from everyone, on February 28th and arrived in Israel on March 1st, 5 weeks before the conference. Chanan & Rivkah,- whom I call my adoptive brother and wife, (and they call me sister, and this is the feeling we have for each other)- were at the Airport, as always when I arrive and I went home with them- my home away from home- and stayed for one week. During this week we found a very nice suite in a hotel in Tel Aviv, in a very good neighborhood, with everything I needed at an easy walking distance., besides the markets small and large, all deliver. The apartment consisted of a living room, a small bedroom and an efficiency kitchen unit, all I needed. The apartment was meant for 3+ persons, but I got them to take out a couple of beds and make the master bedroom my living room. The whole thing cost 49\$ a day, with a huge Israeli breakfast which was worth 8 US dollars by itself. This was a small fraction of the usual price and thus a rude awakening to what is going on in Israel. The precarious situation has completely ruined Israeli economy

because the tourist traffic has almost completely stopped .This made it possible for me to live “the life of Cohen”(an old joke,of a postcard which “Riley” wrote to his friends from Israel.), for 4 weeks. At the beginning of these 4 weeks life was still going on more or less as usual, and one did not notice much difference, except that people were in general quite depressed about the political situation. It was as I had expected and foretold my friends at home -in view of my experiences early in life. Under Hitler, we lived from day to day, in the Blitz in London, some of my friends lived from one day to the next, moving back and forth from shelters every evening and morning. Even in my visit with your grandpa in my cousin’s Kibbutz in 1980, they showed us the shelters which were air conditioned and equipped with TV’s and the kids were taught to walk into the shelter when they heard the slightest noise, because they lived only 3 miles from the Jordanian border, and there always were “incidents” .So, the Israeli population had learned to live in the sight of danger- but really, for the

better part of a year the situation had worsened.. They stoically went on with their usual courage but some of their hope and confidence seemed to be less evident every day. Some of my friends and acquaintances were surprised that I came, about half of them said *you are brave”, the other half said “you are crazy.” A few knew I was just being myself. A nice comment from a friend who could not see me right away, was “the mere fact that you are here is encouragingf”.

May 3.

All the media talked a lot about the Israeli military's invasion of Jenin and the chaos and suffering of the Arabs. Only Sharon mentioned quite recently, that an Air attack would have killed more Arabs and would have been less dangerous for the Israeli soldiers. The media mentioned that 13 Israeli soldiers were killed. What they did not mention is the story, which I heard from every Israeli with whom I spoke about Jenin: 13 Israeli soldiers who were on a house to house search for perpetrators,

caches of weapons, etc. were asking people to stay at home. As they saw a young(13-year-old)boy come out of a house; they approached him and motioned to him to go back into the house. At that point the boy blew himself up and at that point e 123 people were killed. Why did not one of the media, commentator's etc. mention this? I also want you to know that the Israeli soldiers are at this point collecting money for the Arab families of Jenin. More next time ..Love, grandma

SHOAH AT YAD VASHEM (CHAP.21)

FIFTY YEARS AFTER THE SHOAH-COMMEMORATION

GWS Presentation at Yad Vashem, April 8, 2002

TITLE: Survivors' Presentations as part of
Holocaust/Genocide (History) Curriculum

Greta W. Stanton, ACSW, Clinical Diplomate, Professor
Emerita, Rutgers, The State University
New Jersey, USA

This paper is to report on my findings in working for the last three years as coordinator of the speakers' bureau at The Henry Ricklis Memorial Committee (founded by Mr. Ricklis who was a liberator). One of the functions of this committee has been to provide Holocaust survivors as speakers to the Middlesex County, New Jersey school system.

New Jersey had established the first Council on Holocaust Education in the USA in 1982. In 1994 the "legislation mandating the teaching of the Holocaust and Genocide" was signed into law. This Mandate was to go into effect and start being applied to curriculum offerings in the school year of 1994/95. It suggested teaching the Holocaust on all grade levels through highschool. Survivors from the Ricklis Committee had been guest speakers on a rather informal, as needed basis, for at least 5 years prior to the mandate, and have continued speaking since.

My efforts as a coordinator have been directed toward formalizing the administrative arrangements between various schools, which had invited our speakers previously and toward adding new schools. I have also, in a beginning way, attempted to send speakers whose experiences fit into the particular segment of the Holocaust, which the teacher was covering at the time s/he invited our speakers. The contact person was usually the chairperson or a member of the school's History Department. I have also recently attempted to have two speakers address one class, usually simultaneously, covering testimonies about different phases of the Holocaust.

I believe that in the past seven years, since the mandate to teach the Holocaust - increasingly as part of a broader curriculum on Genocide - there

Has been very little formal indication whether the speakers have any impact on the students' understanding and knowledge. However, on an informal basis, most of our speakers have indicated that they have received very touching letters from the students who have listened to them through the years. I am in the process of preparing a compilation of some of these letters for the files of The Henry Ricklis Memorial Committee.

In this paper I hoped to present a broad analysis of a sample of these responses which may raise many questions about the success of our efforts. Can the motivation of the speakers which is "sachor"= to remember, to "bear witness", be combined with the much broader motivation of the school system which wishes to use the Holocaust as part of teaching genocide and/or tolerance. Do demographics of the student body

affect the student responses to the speaker? What is the meaning of the Holocaust to those not directly affected by it? Is information viewed with skepticism? Is it new to the listener? Is it a disturbing way to raise serious questions? Is it hitting home in a very personal way? Is it viewed in the context of presenting it as a threat to civilization? Can one begin to identify some differences in the students' age level and preparation? Could one identify a beginning correlation between the demographics of the student body and of the educators? Obviously these are very preliminary questions which I had hoped would raise interest in further examination of these and other student responses as a beginning effort to stimulate research in this direction.

The above preliminary remarks were the basis of my original proposal for this paper. However, now at the end of my survey I have to admit that even my preliminary questions were rather ambitious and that my survey just brings forth many more, hopefully pointing to the need for further study. Therefore, this paper has become a very preliminary study, which attempts to look at the use of this method of teaching about Holocaust experiences viz. through examining spontaneous student responses to survivors' presentations. This would help to begin to formulate methods of achieving more structured responses to future presentations.

Rationale for the study:

1. Nothing appears to be more successful in transmitting knowledge and creating empathy than a human being who speaks with the authenticity of

his or her own personal experience. Since even those survivors who were teenagers in 1945 are now an aging or aged population, this is the last chance to bear witness personally, notwithstanding the importance of books, videos, movies, etc.

2. Having been an educator of graduate students of Social Work, I am used to teaching both cognitively and emotionally and I have a stake in allowing victims to teach us important lessons. Thus my effort to find out which survivor presentations have an impact, how and in what way, continues my own efforts both as a survivor and as a retiree to find the best possible way of utilizing our experiences toward preventing a repetition of suffering.

3. Helping at least some of the survivor speakers themselves to recount their most painful experiences and thus fulfill their mission to remember (sachor), become more involved in their communities, and sometimes through this cathartic experience, have a more personal sense of fulfillment and thus reduce their continued nightmares.

Methodology:

(a)

For several months I urged our speakers (at the Rickles Committee) who mainly addressed schools in Middlesex County, New Jersey, to let me review the letters from students, which they had collected for many years, and which they treasured.

(b)

I began to work more specifically with the teachers in those schools with which I was actively involved in scheduling and transporting the survivors. I arranged

the program and asked the students as an assignment to react to the specifics presented by individual speakers.

(c)

Since the number of student letters, which I received from my own speakers, was smaller than expected, I looked for material elsewhere. I addressed the Chairperson of the New Jersey Commission on Holocaust Education, who agreed to socialize the idea of my project among his constituency. My letter to the Speakers Bureau of New Jersey and a copy of my cover sheet to be attached to the students' letters was sent to the Commission's list of Holocaust speakers with the chairperson's (Dr. Winkler's) endorsement of the study. The resulting mail greatly increased the volume of responses.

In all, I received 850 responses, which were briefly reviewed. 346 responses, only 40%, were selected for closer analysis, on the basis of the clarity of available data. The cover sheet which I had developed for all of the survivors asked for name of the speaker, date of presentation (1990-2001), name and location of the school, and grade levels of students. Originally developed for the Ricklis speakers (my own "shop") this was also forwarded to all other speakers.

As mentioned above, only 40% of the responses contained sufficient information as to year of presentation, grade level, number of students in class or location of school, to be used for the study. This only further supported my preliminary conclusion that a much more formal approach to speakers' engagements on the part of both the school system and the speakers

would be highly desirable. The fact that we, the survivors, are an aging or aged group may have contributed somewhat to the hesitancy which some of our speakers displayed in sharing their papers, which they consider quite precious, in separating from these documents, or in part because, heaven help us, we cannot always find documents when we need them.

The 346 student responses, which were more closely examined, were the following:

High School: March '95, January 2000, January and December 2001.

Middle School: March '98, April '98, March '99, March 2000 and March 2001

Elementary School: November '99 and June 2001.

These schools were chosen on the basis of more complete information available with only the grade levels and years of presentation as criteria, implying, of course, a particular age range of the students in those grades. Data on ethnic, religious or economic status of the school population were not available. However, surface observations allow a guess of a culturally mixed student population including a significant number of African American, East Indian, Hispanic, and, in terms of self-identification, a rather small number of Jewish children.

Fifteen speakers were chosen at random, who had addresses these students on the dates indicated. Since the student letters were provided by the speakers, we have no definite knowledge about the students' preparation prior to the speakers' appearance, the time allotted to the speaker and/or to the nature of the discussion and questions. Certainly,

the earlier presentations appear to have been quite unstructured. It appears that the earlier letters of the students, while encouraged by the teachers were more spontaneously written, and not all students actually responded to the request for feedback by either teacher or survivor/speaker.

In the last three years, I was actively engaged in encouraging all teachers, especially those with whom I worked more regularly, to call for speakers who could address a particular phase of the Holocaust, which the students were studying at that time. However, thus far I was at best moderately successful.

My second request to the school system seemed to fit better into the various curriculum structures of the teachers. They agreed that I would arrange for at least two speakers to address one group of students: one speaker was to be a survivor of camps, death marches and some of the worst destruction machinery of the Nazis. A second one was to be one who survived as a hidden child or adult, who had lived with or without parents through Kristallnacht, who had left home and family, or who had left with a Kindertransport. The second or third speaker could also be one who talked about life before Hitler came, and the impact of occupation and legal changes. Some speakers spoke about DP camps and re-settlement (the aftermath). We attempted to have more focused presentations, by shortening the presentation time for each speaker, thus leaving more time for questions and answers.

We have no information about the follow-up within the school system with the exception or rather uniformly positive, sometimes enthusiastic "thank you's on the

part of teachers and their principals. Request for our speakers to return may of course also be taken for positive feedback. However, to date there was little general differentiation in the praise of speakers by either students or teachers. It did seem, therefore, that collecting the student letters and attempting to categorize them however tentatively might give us some guidelines for determining trends, lots of questions, and some possible suggestions for the future.

As indicated previously, 346 responses were read and analyzed in greater detail. We made lists of the speakers, separating them into "Camp Experience" and "other" experiences living through the Holocaust. We further separated the responses as to grade level (High School, and Elementary School- including Middle School). We then categorized the responses, and ultimately summarized them into a few categories, hoping they would lead the way to some differentiation.

Results:

The following summarizes and gives examples drawn from the attached analysis of the data.

HIGHSCHOOL STUDENTS:

(1) Universal:

Summarized responses universally expressed gratitude to the speaker for coming and sharing personal experiences, along with some recognition that sharing experiences of this difficult time in the speaker's life must be difficult. Subsumed under this expression were also comments of admiration for the speaker's survival, which provided inspiration.

"Please, come again".

(2) Educational:

Such comments as "this is new information", "an eye opener", "it's more understandable in person", "a speaker is the best history lesson".

(3) Meaningful:

"Will remember for the rest of my life",
"interesting", "I enjoyed it".

(4) Link to broader perspective and value change:

"It's important to learn respect for people that are not like you", "stop hatred", "remember to prevent from happening again", "important for future generations". "I'm a changed person".

(5) Feeling Reactions:

"You are brave". "Courageous", "fear of escape",
"fear of death", "moving", "touching", "I'm saddened."
And more personal feeling reactions to the specifics of the presentation.

(6) Being forced to leave home, and family separation:

"How would I have handled it?" "You are lucky to have been with your family"; "I appreciate my siblings, my family, my advantages more now".

(7) Life Before and After the Holocaust:

"The horrors did not only occur in camps", "What an anti-Semitic person"

"I'm glad there was a happy ending"; "it affects people even today".

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS (INCLUDING MIDDLE SCHOOLS)

(1) Universal:

The beginning comments universally showed thanks and appreciation, as did the High School students'. In addition, comments like "please come again," "Thanks for answering questions", "you were fun to listen to", "I enjoyed it", "I loved it", were more frequent. One wonders: Is the use of words like "fun", "enjoy" or "love" a way of showing appreciation for the personal interaction rather than the content of the speech? Is it paucity?

of written expression, difficulty to express feelings, or perhaps being used to brutality and violence in the media?

(2) Empathy

With the speaker, with Jews e.g. "showed bravery, what courage", "why".

(3) Impact - meaningful

"How could it happen", "it did happen", "never again", "I don't understand it".

(4) More personal feeling reactions to specific statements of the speaker

"Scared", "glad you were not shot", "best or saddest story", "saddened", "fear of escape, of death", "people other than Jewish", "I have Jewish friends", "enjoyed and loved it", "how would I have handled it", "you had a guardian angel", "you were spared to tell your story".

(5) Reactions to camps, escapes, hiding:

References to "escape", "escape to other countries", "lessons learned of how to survive", "happy ending", "this must be passed on to future generations", "best

history lesson", "come back again", "I am telling others".

SUMMARY:

I have quoted student voices in each category to justify the headings, and to see if some themes emerge. It seems clear that the survivors do make an impact on the students. The younger population who seems to express feelings on a somewhat simpler level expresses this in a more direct way. Perhaps my fear that exposure to violence in the movies and in the recounts of daily occurrences in the media may make the Holocaust appear more like a "cops and robber" story seems to be somewhat supported by such comments as "I loved it", "I enjoyed it", "I had a great time". However, these comments lessen, as we look at the responses in the older grades.

An attempt was made in the last couple of years to broaden the base of presentations in order to impress the students with the fact that although the Holocaust ended with mass destruction in the camps and gas chambers; it did not begin there. We provided more speakers with different experiences during the Holocaust. Our data on the responses of the High School students were divided into reactions to speakers WITH experiences in the camps, and those WITHOUT, e.g. Kristallnacht, Hitler's invasion of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Kindertransport, Hidden Children, Ghetto Life, posing as non-Jews; life in the aftermath, e.g. DP camps. It seems that increasingly the students' comments for both groups are not significantly different. This did not seem to be communicated so clearly while the presentations were going on. It is also clear that the way the

material is presented should be a subject for further study.

These more recent efforts coincided with my ability to get closer to some of the teachers and begin to implement their curricular activities to comply with the mandate to teach the Holocaust, along with other teaching activities in order to demonstrate the "inescapable link between violence and vandalism and ethnic and racial intolerance" (quote from the "Mandate Legislation"). We are very much at the beginning of this venture, but I believe that the more focused High School students' papers, some of which are beginning to be assignments following the survivors' presentations, are an indication that we may be successfully moving in that direction. It should be mentioned that this may be the area in which the survivors and the school system's needs are most incongruent. The survivors loved and cherished the informal communications of students, which better filled their need to tell their uncensored and unabridged story. Asking them to focus only on part of their experience e.g. ghetto, invasion, family life before and after, and therefore make a much shorter presentation, as well as being a team member and listening to other speakers' experiences, has so far been a real struggle and seems to be much less satisfying, especially since some of them have been used to being the only speaker for many years, presenting for a longer time period to larger groups. Suddenly, listening to guidelines has been a very difficult experience for them. I have observed that the request for more focused, shorter presentations has produced more complaints and reluctance to speak. Change is difficult at any age, but especially at the

end of a life experience in the telling of which there is a great need as well as a rewarding sense of success.

It should be emphasized that my efforts were in keeping with my own idea of what was needed. They were directed at integrating the survivors' presentations into the very varied curricula of a number of schools in our area in accordance with the guidelines of the New Jersey Commission on Holocaust/Genocide Education. I was truly a coordinator WITHOUT A MANDATE, either from my organization or from the educational system. I was therefore on very tentative, slippery ground. So, in the process of reconciling the various, conflicting needs I also realized and sympathized with the difficulty of the various educators who asked for our help by providing speakers. They needed to start, develop and expand a relatively new program in accordance with the guidelines of the Commission. We therefore encountered and tried to adapt to a considerable variety of requests. There is some indication that this State mandate is one of many demands to which teachers are trying to respond, sometimes without much support within their own school districts. I therefore encountered and tried to adapt to a variety of different requests. Our presentations ranged from talking to a group of 90+ students from either similar or different grade levels, to an after-school voluntary History Club. In some individual classes our presentations seemed to be the major information on the Holocaust, which students in this class or school received. In other events, our presentations were given at the end of a one or two semester course on "Holocaust Studies". One presentation was part of a full day's presentation

called "Dimensions of Prejudice", another one of "Make a Difference Day". In one school there were 11 members of the Ricklis Committee each of whom presented three or four times to different classes, a "mass production" indeed.

The reaction of the teaching establishment was invariably one of extreme gratitude and ready acceptance of whatever we had to give. In spite of my ambitious plans and my readiness to help in shaping different programs, I only got a partial glimpse of the teaching plans of which we were a part. Needless to say, all of this gave rise to my wish to use whatever data I had available to improve the caliber and effectiveness of our speakers' contributions.

Weakness of Project:

Our volunteers had been speaking for many years without any attempt to change the format or content of their presentations. They were members of the Ricklis Committee, which also has other functions, they were welcomed wherever they wished to go and there had been no effort to offer training to them. They were committed to telling their valuable story but not to altering their format.

Teachers were new at their respective programs. They were in most instances committed to establishing programs in accordance with the mandate of the Commission. However, there did not seem to be any requirement for their preparation to meet this change in their program. There are many good and interesting Holocaust studies at college junior and graduate levels and teachers availed themselves of these opportunities. However, changes such as these occur only incrementally and quite slowly. Therefore my

expectations that I might act, however informally, as a consultant to the educators was a long time in coming, and is at this time only very slowly continuing as our two systems get to know each other better. It seems that further training and education would be necessary in both systems if we want to make a continuing and more systematic impact on the student body.

Last but not least, I have to admit that my expectations were based on my thinking that I had something to contribute as a survivor, but even more so as a more formal student of the Holocaust and a former academic. In this situation, however, my PAST, as an educator, and an academic administrator did not matter. I was a VOLUNTEER, a latecomer in the Ricklis Committee and a newcomer as an ancillary volunteer advisor to the educational system. My own discomfort with the vague concept of my boundaries and my lack of "clout" made my volunteer existence quite difficult. We were therefore dealing with changing role perceptions in all participants of this venture.

Further Study:

As expected, this report raises more questions than it answers. There may not be any easy solutions for a change in the lifetime of our survivors. However some incremental changes have already occurred even as we speak. A more structured format, if not for the speakers, perhaps for the students, might be advisable. A simple but standardized questionnaire to the students before and after the speakers might be a better way to test the students' increasing knowledge about the various phases of the Holocaust.

I would like to reiterate my basic premise that the Holocaust be taught as a period of history from 1933-1945. However in our specific situation where more of the speakers are camp survivors, my second premise of letting the speaker tell his own story and then help the teacher to implement, add, and "detox" afterwards, may have to be modified. The great variety in our educational programs, and the tendency to think of the camp survivor's story as "the Holocaust" seems to require additional educational efforts on the part of our committee. A recent event may serve as an example. The Ricklis Committee sponsored a show in a local library. Ilse Loeb, one of our members and speakers, was a "Hidden Child". In another geographic area she had previously participated in a pictorial presentation of the story of a number of Hidden Children (now quite on in years). Under her direction the above mentioned exhibit was arranged. This was done with the cooperation of a number of docents; mostly teachers in the local school system near the library, and a few of the Ricklis survivors. One thousand children attended the exhibit, which lasted for five weeks. The comments of the children, who came to the exhibit with their teachers by bus on "day trips" showed learning and awareness of the ordeals of the Hidden Children, who were about the students' age when they were hidden, and whose issues became very alive through the exhibit. Perhaps the enormous effort, administrative work, pre-exhibit conferencing, docent training, and last but not least, expense, would be well worth the effort, certainly in addition to if not instead of some of our previous activities.

Again, I would hope that on a next round, a more structured format that could reveal the extent of the

students' learning and growth could give us improved data on some shift in the hoped for students' attitudes.

I would like to end by thanking the speakers for their help by submitting letters they received from students:

The Henry Ricklis Committee of Middlesex, New Jersey:
Esther Clifford, Eva Dukes, Eugene Fried, Frieda Herszkowitz, Rosalie Klein, Ilse Loeb, Rena Schenley, Greta W. Stanton, Mark Weichman.

North Jersey (courtesy of the New Jersey Commission on the Holocaust): Fred & Mrs. Buff, Maude Dahme, Ellen Dorman, Wilhelmina Julin, Gina Lanceter, Susan Niedleman, Judith Perlaki, Lisbeth Scharf.

See attachments

SUMMARY OF STUDENT RESPONSES TO HOLOCAUST PRESENTATION					
HIGH SCHOOLS - SPEAKERS WITH CAMP EXPERIENCE					
LINE	DATE	1995	2001	2001	2001
	COMMENTS				
1	THANK YOU	18	9	8	16
	DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO SPEAK ABOUT	6	0	0	2
	ADMIRATION	1	1	1	3
	SURVIVAL INSPIRATION	1	6	6	2
	SUB TOTAL	26	16	15	23
2	EDUCATIONAL	4	2	2	3
	PERSONAL EXPERIENCE UNDERSTANDABLE	7	1	2	6
	EYE OPENER - NEW INFORMATION	1	2	3	7
	MORE UNDERSTANDABLE IN PERSON	2	2	3	8
	SPEAKER BEST HISTORY LESSON	1	2	3	5
	LEARNED BEFORE	0	0	0	3
	SUB TOTAL	15	9	13	32
3	MEANINGFUL REST OF MY LIFE	1	1	1	2
	INTERESTING	5	0	0	5
	ENJOYED	2	0	0	2
	SUB TOTAL	8	1	1	9
4	IMPORTANT TO LEARN RESPECT	1	0	0	0
	STOP HATRED	1	0	0	1
	MUST REMEMBER TO PREVENT AGAIN	5	1	1	3
	IMPORTANT FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS	2	0	0	0
	VALUE CHANGE	0	1	1	0
	CHANGED PERSON	0	1	1	0
	SUB TOTAL	9	3	3	4
5	COURAGE & BRAVERY	2	3	2	2
	DEVASTATING - HORRIBLE DETAILS	2	7	4	3
	FEAR OF ESCAPE - DEATH	0	1	0	0
	SUB TOTAL	4	11	6	5
	FORWARD	62	40	38	73

SUMMARY OF STUDENT RESPONSES TO HOLOCAUST PRESENTATION						
HIGH SCHOOLS - SPEAKERS WITH CAMP EXPERIENCE						
LINE	DATE	1995	2001	2001	2001	WT TOT
	COMMENTS COMMENTS					
	FORWARD	62	40	38	73	
6	HOW CRUEL	1	3	2	0	
	MOVING - TOUCHING - SENSITIVE	4	6	5	6	
	ONE EXPERIENCE	1	1	2	0	
	SADDENED	1	2	1	1	
	SPECIFIC	0	3	3	0	
	PERSONAL EMPATHETIC REACTION	2	9	7	6	
	SUB TOTAL	9	24	20	13	
7	FINDING NEW PLACE	0	0	0	0	
	FAMILY SEPARATION	0	0	1	0	
	SUB TOTAL	0	0	1	0	
8	HOW WOULD I HAVE HANDLED IT	2	1	0	0	
9	APPRECIATE MY FAMILY & ADVANTAGES	0	0	0	2	
	KEEP YOUR FAMILY	0	0	0	0	
	SUB TOTAL	0	0	0	2	
10	NOT ONLY IN CAMP	0	0	0	1	
	HAPPY ENDING	0	3	1	0	
	AFFECTS PEOPLE TODAY	1	0	0	0	
	LIFE BEFORE & AFTER	0	0	0	0	
	SUB TOTAL	1	3	1	1	
11	ANTI SEMITIC PERS	0	1	1	0	
12	COME AGAIN	0	0	0	2	
	TOTAL COMMENTS	74	69	61	91	
	TOTAL RESPONSES	18	9	8	16	

SUMMARY OF STUDENT RESPONSES TO HOLOCAUST PRESENTATION					
HIGH SCHOOLS - SPEAKERS WITHOUT CAMP EXPERIENCE					
LINE	DATE	1995	2001	2001	WITHOUT TOTAL
	<u>COMMENTS</u>				
1	THANK YOU	18	5	16	39
	DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO SPEAK ABOUT	6	0	1	7
	ADMIRATION	1	1	1	3
	SURVIVAL INSPIRATION	2	4	3	9
	SUB TOTAL	27	10	21	58
2	EDUCATIONAL	4	3	3	10
	PERSONAL EXPERIENCE UNDERSTANDABLE	7	3	6	16
	EYE OPENER - NEW INFORMATION	1	4	4	9
	MORE UNDERSTANDABLE IN PERSON	2	2	5	9
	SPEAKER BEST HISTORY LESSON	1	2	5	8
	LEARNED BEFORE	0	0	1	1
	SUB TOTAL	15	14	24	53
3	MEANINGFUL REST OF MY LIFE	2	1	3	6
	INTERESTING	5	1	3	9
	ENJOYED	2	0	2	4
	SUB TOTAL	9	2	8	19
4	IMPORTANT TO LEARN RESPECT	1	0	0	1
	STOP HATRED	1	0	1	2
	MUST REMEMBER TO PREVENT AGAIN	5	0	3	8
	IMPORTANT FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS	2	0	0	2
	VALUE CHANGE	0	1	0	1
	CHANGED PERSON	0	1	0	1
	SUB TOTAL	9	2	4	15
5	COURAGE & BRAVERY	3	1	2	6
	DEVASTATING - HORRIBLE DETAILS	2	1	3	6
	FEAR OF ESCAPE - DEATH	0	0	0	0
	SUB TOTAL	5	2	5	12
	FORWARD	65	30	62	157

SUMMARY OF STUDENT RESPONSES TO HOLOCAUST PRESENTATION HIGH SCHOOLS - SPEAKERS WITHOUT CAMP EXPERIENCE					
LINE	DATE	1995	2001	2001	WITHOUT TOTAL
	COMMENTS CONTINUED				
	FORWARD	65	30	62	157
6	HOW CRUEL	2	1	0	3
	MOVING - TOUCHING - SENSITIVE	4	2	5	11
	ONE EXPERIENCE	0	0	0	0
	SADDENED	1	0	2	3
	SPECIFIC	0	1	0	1
	PERSONAL EMPATHETIC REACTION	2	3	5	10
	SUB TOTAL	9	7	12	28
7	FINDING NEW PLACE	1	0	0	1
	FAMILY SEPARATION	0	1	0	1
	SUB TOTAL	1	1	0	2
8	HOW WOULD I HAVE HANDLED IT	2	1	0	3
9	APPRECIATE MY FAMILY & ADVANTAGES	0	0	0	0
	KEEP YOUR FAMILY	0	1	0	1
	EFFECTS PEOPLE TODAY	1	0	0	1
	SUB TOTAL	1	1	0	2
10	NOT ONLY IN CAMP	0	0	1	1
	LIFE BEFORE & AFTER	0	0	1	1
	SUB TOTAL	0	0	2	2
11	ANTI SEMETIC PERS	0	1	0	1
12	COME AGAIN	1	0	0	1
	TOTAL COMMENTS	79	41	76	196
	TOTAL RESPONSES	18	5	16	39

Chae

SUMMARY OF STUDENT COMMENTS TO HOLOCAUST PRESENTATION						
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - BY YEAR						
		4TH GRADE	4TH GRADE	8TH GRADE	5/6TH GRADE	
NE	YEAR	1999	1999	2001	2001	TOTAL
COMMENTS						
1	THANK YOU	57	68	20	29	174
	IMPORTANT TO SHARE	20	5	3	4	32
	DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO SPEAK ABOUT	0	0	0	0	0
	ADMIRER & HONORED	0	0	6	0	6
	ANSWERING QUESTIONS	0	0	0	0	0
	SUB TOTAL	77	73	29	33	212
2	NEVER AGAIN	7	5	2	0	14
3	FAMILY	3	4	2	1	10
	HIDING	0	0	0	12	12
	HAPPY LIFE NOW	0	0	2	1	3
	SUB TOTAL	3	4	4	14	25
4	SURVIVAL	5	8	7	6	26
5	EMPATHY WITH JEWS	10	28	0	2	38
6	INTERESTING	18	9	5	13	43
	LESSON LEARNED	0	0	12	0	12
	LEARNED A LOT	15	14	7	8	42
	SUB TOTAL	31	23	24	19	97
7	SHOWED BRAVERY & COURAGE	13	3	15	7	38
	EMPATHY WITH SPEAKER	0	0	12	0	12
	MOVING	0	0	7	0	7
	SUB TOTAL	13	3	34	7	57
8	SPECIFIC	13	11	3	0	27
	MY PERSONAL REACTION REACTION	12	1	9	5	27
	SCARED	1	6	0	3	10
	NON-JEWS TREATED DIFFERENTLY	0	1	0	0	1
	GLAD YOU WERE NOT SHOT	3	1	0	0	4
	BEST OR SADDEST STORY	6	7	0	6	19
	STORM TROOPERS	3	6	0	1	10
	SYNAGOGUE	0	1	0	0	1
	BREAKING GLASS	0	2	0	0	2
	SADDENED	5	0	3	0	8
	INCREDULOUS INHUMANITY	0	0	5	0	5
	LEARNED TO DEFEND	1	0	0	0	1
	PEOPLE OTHER THAN JEWISH	2	0	0	0	2
	FEAR OF ESCAPE - DEATH	0	0	3	0	3
	SUB TOTAL	46	36	23	15	120
	FORWARD	192	178	123	96	589

Chart 6

SUMMARY OF STUDENT COMMENTS TO HOLOCAUST PRESENTATION						
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - BY YEAR						
		4TH GRADE	4TH GRADE	8TH GRADE	5/6TH GRADE	
LINE	YEAR	1999	1999	2001	2001	TOTAL
COMMENTS CONTINUED						
	FORWARD	192	178	123	96	589
9	RETOLD YOUR STORY TO OTHERS	3	11	0	0	14
10	HAVE JEWISH FREINDS	2	1	0	0	3
11	HITLER BAD, RUDE, & SAME AS KKK	11	6	0	5	22
12	FUN TO LISTEN TO & ENJOYED IT	12	7	0	3	22
	ENJOYED & LOVED IT	2	0	2	7	11
	SUB TOTAL	14	7	2	10	33
13	DID NOT UNDERSTAND IT	0	1	0	0	1
14	HOW COULD IT HAPPEN	1	2	0	3	6
15	CAMPS	5	4	0	1	10
16	PERSONAL IDENTIFICATION	6	2	0	1	9
17	SPARED TO EDUCATE OTHERS	0	0	1	0	1
18	GUARDIAN ANGEL	0	0	0	0	0
19	ESCAPE	0	0	0	1	1
	ESCAPE TO ANOTHER COUNTRY	1	2	0	1	4
	SUB TOTAL	1	2	0	2	5
20	HOLOCAUST DID HAPPEN	0	0	0	0	0
21	PEOPLE WHO HID - RECUERS	0	0	0	2	2
22	BAD THINGS SHOULD NOT	2	0	0	0	2
23	HOW WOULD I HAVE HANDLED IT	3	0	0	0	3
24	SPEAKER BEST HISTORY LESSON	0	0	5	0	5
	MORE UNDERSTANDABLE IN PERSON	0	0	3	0	3
	SUB TOTAL	0	0	8	0	8
25	COME BACK AGAIN	11	5	4	1	21
	GRAND TOTAL - COMMENTS	251	219	138	121	729
	TOTAL RESPONSES	57	68	20	29	174

SUMMARY OF STUDENT COMMENTS TO HOLOCAUST PRESENTATION						
N.J. COMMISSION - NORTH JERSEY - ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS						
		7TH GRADE	6TH GRADE	4TH GRADE	8TH GRADE	
LINE	YEAR	1998	1998	2001	2001	TOTAL
COMMENTS CONTINUED						
	FORWARD	224	63	56	45	388
9	RETOLD YOUR STORY TO OTHERS	7	2	1	0	10
10	HAVE JEWISH FREINDS	0	0	0	0	0
11	HITLER BAD, RUDE, & SAME AS KKK	4	2	1	0	7
12	FUN TO LISTEN TO & ENJOYED IT	11	1	2	4	18
	ENJOYED & LOVED IT	0	0	0	0	0
	SUB TOTAL	11	1	2	4	18
13	DID NOT UNDERSTAND IT)	0	1	0	4	5
14	HOW COULD IT HAPPEN	2	3	0	0	5
15	CAMPS	7	1	2	0	10
16	PERSONAL IDENTIFICATION	1	3	0	1	5
17	SPARED TO EDUCATE OTHERS	0	0	0	0	0
18	GUARDIAN ANGEL	3	0	0	0	3
19	ESCAPE	0	0	0	0	0
	ESCAPE TO ANMOTHER COUNTRY	0	0	0	3	3
	SUB TOTAL	0	0	0	3	3
20	HOLOCAUST DID HAPPEN	9	1	0	0	10
21	PEOPLE WHO HID - RECUERS	0	0	0	0	0
22	BAD THINGS SHOULD NOT	0	0	0	0	0
23	HOW WOULD I HAVE HANDLED IT	0	0	0	0	0
24	SPEAKER BEST HISTORY LESSON	0	0	0	0	0
	MORE UNDERSTANDABLE IN PERSON	0	0	0	0	0
	SUB TOTAL	0	0	0	0	0
25	COME BACK AGAIN	8	1	0	1	10
	GRAND TOTAL - COMMENTS	276	78	62	58	474
	TOTAL RESPONSES	52	12	9	9	82

Quantitative analysis helps to satisfy the necessity of introducing a measure of objectivity to this study. However, such analysis cannot capture or convey the depth or richness and sincerity found in these eleven students' responses.

January, 2002

Greta W. Stanton

02/14/2002

GSRSP

Narrative

Addendum: Analysis of class on November 19, 2001

Written responses from eleven high school students (12th grade) with previous exposure to Holocaust teaching in a variety of formats, produced results different from previously submitted high schools, both quantitatively and qualitatively.

Quantitatively, these eleven students recorded almost 300 comments, as opposed to about 500 comments from 90 previous high school students. However, numbers alone do not tell the whole story. Earlier high school responses contained frequent comments as "interesting", "enjoyed it", etc. The eleven students used no such simple expressions.

Earlier high school students' responses showed a slightly stronger quantitative reaction to speakers with camp experience compared to speakers without camp experience. The eleven students displayed a much sharper quantitative distinction to those with camp experience. Nevertheless, by the nature and tone of their comments, the eleven students demonstrated a keen awareness of the special problem faced by those speakers without camp experience.

Quantitative analysis helps to satisfy the necessity of introducing a measure of objectivity to this study. However, such analysis cannot capture or convey the sense of maturity and sincerity found in these eleven students' responses.

January, 2002

Greta W. Stanton

SUMMARY OF STUDENT RESPONSES TO HOLOCAUST PRESENTATION				
NORTH BRUNSWICK HIGH SCHOOL - SPEAKERS WITH CAMP EXPERIENCE				
YEAR - 2001 - GRADE - 12				
LINE	DATE	[----- SPEAKERS -----]		
		FRIEDA	FRIED	TOTAL
	COMMENTS			
1	THANK YOU	0	0	0
	DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO SPEAK ABOUT	1	1	2
	ADMIRATION	7	8	15
	SURVIVAL INSPIRATION	3	3	6
	SUB TOTAL	11	12	23
2	EDUCATIONAL	4	3	7
	PERSONAL EXPERIENCE UNDERSTANDABLE	4	4	8
	EYE OPENER - NEW INFORMATION	4	6	10
	MORE UNDERSTANDABLE IN PERSON	6	6	12
	SPEAKER BEST HISTORY LESSON	4	4	8
	LEARNED BEFORE	0	0	0
	SUB TOTAL	22	23	45
3	MEANINGFUL REST OF MY LIFE	1	2	3
	PRODUCTIVE	0	0	0
	INTERESTING	0	0	0
	ENJOYED	0	0	0
	SUB TOTAL	1	2	3
4	IMPORTANT TO LEARN RESPECT	0	0	0
	STOP HATRED	1	1	2
	MUST REMEMBER TO PREVENT AGAIN	1	2	3
	IMPORTANT FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS	0	0	0
	VALUE CHANGE	2	3	5
	CHANGED PERSON	0	1	1
	SUB TOTAL	4	7	11
5	COURAGE & BRAVERY	1	2	3
	DEVASTATING - HORRIBLE DETAILS	3	4	7
	LUCKY TO HAVE SURVIVED	1	1	2
	FEAR OF ESCAPE - DEATH	1	1	2
	SUB TOTAL	6	8	14
	FORWARD	44	52	96

135

return

SUMMARY OF STUDENT RESPONSES TO HOLOCAUST PRESENTATION					
NORTH BRUNSWICK HIGH SCHOOL - SPEAKERS WITHOUT CAMP EXPERIENCE					
YEAR - 2001 - GRADE - 12					
LINE	DATE	[SPEAKERS]			
		HERSKOWITZ	DUKE	LOEB	TOTAL
	COMMENTS CONTINUED				
	FORWARD	30	34	42	106
6	HOW CRUEL	1	1	1	3
	MOVING - TOUCHING - SENSITIVE	2	2	2	6
	ONE EXPERIENCE	0	0	0	0
	SADDENED	0	0	1	1
	SPECIFIC	0	0	0	0
	PERSONAL EMPATHETIC REACTION	5	5	5	15
	SUB TOTAL	8	8	9	25
7	FINDING NEW PLACE	1	1	1	3
	FAMILY SEPARATION	1	1	2	4
	SUB TOTAL	2	2	3	7
8	HOW WOULD I HAVE HANDLED IT	2	2	2	6
9	APPRECIATE MY FAMILY & ADVANTAGES	1	1	2	4
	CONFIDENCE AND LOVE	0	0	0	0
	KEEP YOUR FAMILY	1	3	1	5
	SUB TOTAL	2	4	3	9
10	NOT ONLY IN CAMP	0	1	0	1
	HAPPY ENDING	1	1	1	3
	MEMOIRS	0	0	0	0
	AFFECTS PEOPLE TODAY	0	0	0	0
	LIFE BEFORE & AFTER	1	1	1	3
	SUB TOTAL	2	3	2	7
11	ANTI SEMETIC PERS	1	1	1	3
12	NO PROTEST?	0	0	0	0
12	COME AGAIN	0	0	0	0
	TOTAL COMMENTS	47	54	62	163
	TOTAL RESPONSES	11	11	11	11

THOUGHTS ABOUT 9/11 (Chapter 22)

Written October 9, 2001

My dear grandchildren:

Today I want to tell you my reactions to the most recent political events. It is exactly 4 weeks since the American dream of our strength and our invulnerability died. The World Trade Center was eradicated and we are in a new kind of war. I must tell you that half of our population was full of rage and wanted immediate revenge, the other half- though outraged- seemed (at least to me) to be more rational and wanted to find out more before deciding on a course of action. What became clear was that the heinous act was an attack of a fundamentalist Muslim group which has for a considerable amount of time furnished the discontents of the world with the rhetoric of hate and with the weaponry of destruction. The incredible thing for us here in the USA was and perhaps still is the idea that any type of warfare can occur on our own soil, in our own country.

I have to admit that your grandma was unable to write about it immediately , in fact I can still react only in a most fragmented and, of course, highly emotional way. I cannot possibly give you a factual account of the political, economic, and personal consequences. Suffice it to say that the country rallied behind its president, George W. Bush, though many like me did not vote for him. But the previous party bickering stopped for a whole 4 weeks while the country was preparing a relatively rational , reasonable response to the disaster and its perpetrators. Meanwhile the population of New York City, its fire fighters, and rescue squads especially, but all the people who were either directly injured or were close to someone who was injured, showed an enormously generous, giving, and united approach to the immediate needs of victims. It did make

me proud of being an American, albeit by naturalization, not by birth. However, since my writing to you focuses on my memoirs, my mind wanders back to other traumas and disasters of which I have seen so many in my life.

On this date, I thought I would have finished my Holocaust memoirs having just told you of my parents' and grandmother's lucky escape to Cuba. However, it seems that the recent events are so very traumatic that they inescapably awaken old traumas, and permit perhaps a more reasoned reaction than when they first occurred. So, let me continue at this point to share some of my current feelings with you.

On the day on which the World Trade Center tragedy occurred, I happened to be in an Elder Hostel Camp in the Pocono's. When the news of the disaster was shared with us, I was surprised about my own calmness which was in marked contrast to the people around me, who were frantic about getting in touch with those of their loved ones who were PROBABLY OR POSSIBLY somewhere near the disaster area. I, too, was extremely concerned, especially about Andy who works near the Pentagon, a possible area of devastation. The management of the camp in which we were, along with the staff were extremely helpful in giving us the use of all their computers, telephones, and means of reaching our people. The contrast between me and the other campers was perhaps most notable in my calm. It was not that I did not care nor reacted inwardly but on the outside I was as calm as a cucumber, in the certain knowledge that I had to stay calm to remain on top of the situation otherwise I would go under- an invaluable lesson learned from the Hitler experience. Perhaps, more important, I have such a firm belief that everything that happens is a matter of chance, that I trust my survivor skills to carry me until it is safe to collapse. The following days were fraught with anxious questions but we were lucky in finding out good news from most of our relatives and friends and we had the opportunity to bond closer together and to share our

feelings in various formal and informal gatherings. After my return home I found that the family was o.k. and no-one of my immediate acquaintances was hurt. However, we began to find out that **EVERONE KNEW SOMEONE**, who had lost a loved one. My immediate reaction was **NOW WE UNDERSTAND THE ISRAELIS TO WHOM EVERY LIFE LOST IS THAT OF A FAMILY MEMBER.**

Claire, you are a young adult and I am sure you are aware of the daily events and the wonderful co-operative spirit of the first few weeks but also of the controversy between acting immediately on our national rage, and the alternative of building coalitions to begin to destroy terrorism on an international basis. Matthew, you will have to read about it when you get older and learn it in school, or you will be told about it by many of us. I am especially concerned about you, Claire, since you are at the beginning of your college years and perhaps more afraid than you can say, and yet you don't know how much this can and will affect your future life. I pray for you and Matthew and your new world to be a more peaceful and less arrogant one.

But now, to focus on my biggest political heartache: let me share with you that after 6 million Jews died in WW II, through the Holocaust, the most wonderful thing that happened in the aftermath, was the establishment of the State of Israel, as a homeland for all Jews who wanted to come, to those who had no homes, those who were victims of post war anti-Semitism. Perhaps I can tell you more at another time, how much Israel means to me and has meant to me all through the years. I believe that most Jews all over the world but most of all those of us who have been the subjects and objects of persecution, know today that the mere existence of the Jewish State is a kind of insurance policy the world over, for every Jew wherever s/he lives against the ever present dangers of anti-Semitism and wholesale persecutions.

The danger at this point is the fact that Israel after all these years and several wars, has not been able to come to a permanent peace agreement with the Arab Palestinians living in or near Israel. The peace process has been dragging its feet and terrorism has affected Israel more than any other country. Now, one would hope that this fact would get the Americans and the Israelis closer together. However, the very clever fundamentalists are attempting to link their Anti-Americanism to America's presumably over positive stance viz a viz the Arab-Jewish conflict. There are many who are knowledgeable about history and politics, especially some of our writers and columnists who understand that this is political maneuvering, but I get very upset when the political tenure of the times increases anti-Semitism even in our own USA, since I have seen the disastrous consequences of such occurrences in my own life several times.

I am particularly concerned when I find that the young people who are humanistic and don't want war but who are also politically very trusting (and naïve), do not know much about the historical facts of MY TIME and thus cannot learn from experience. I will give you an example: I was part of several groups who discussed a recent comment by Israeli Prime Minister Sharon to President Bush that "Israel will not be the Czechoslovakia of today". Bush was insulted and Sharon apologized for being "impolite". What upset me was not the disagreement, nor am I a great friend of Sharon's and his politics. However, what did bother me was that people did not seem to know what Sharon was referring to and therefore missed the significance of the remark. You see I

REMEMBER VIVIDLY: In 1938 after Hitler had annexed Alsas-Lorraine (part of France) and had annexed Austria (though he was very welcome there- I am a witness), he was about to march into Czechoslovakia, when England, France, and Western Europe, later referred to as the Allies, wanted to prevent this. Prime Minister Chamberlain of England came to

Europe to talk to Hitler with no apparent result. He came home with the famous/infamous words that he had achieved "Peace in our Time". This was in the fall of 1938, a few months after Hitler came to Austria.

I was still in Vienna, waiting to be allowed to come to the USA. I was a teenager. We saw the English planes at night and hoped they would bomb us, rather than let Hitler take Czechoslovakia, but nothing happened. Shortly afterwards Hitler marched into Czechoslovakia, which thus became the "sacrificial lamb". Not until September 1939 did the World War begin. Hitler conquered France, Hungary, Rumania, part of Russia. America only entered the war AFTER PEARL HARBOR in December of 1942 (not in 1939 as Tony Blair recently stated). Russia made a pact with Hitler in August 1939, but changed over to the Allies in June of 1941 and thus helped us win the war. In this context Sharon's statement makes a lot of sense. Can we not learn from history and shouldn't our personal experiences help to explain certain situations? I am so sad that only our personal remembrances help us to attempt not to repeat mistakes. For today I am your very old and very unhappy but loving grandma.

GRANDMA THE PROFESSOR

Chapter 23

Interview with Greta W. Stanton 1989

Published in: Joachim Wieler, Susanne Zeller:

EMIGRIERTE SOZIALARBEIT, ISBN 3-7841-0773-7

This interview was translated by Gertrud Pantucek-Kleinhofer, a Viennese Social Worker, and is now translated back into English by me (GWS).

My dear grandchildren: I am including this translation of a chapter in a German book on Hitler Victims, who were immigrants to the USA and who were practicing Social Workers. This and some attachments should give you a more neutral view of my career.

TRANSLATION:

Motto The 'NOBLESSE OBLIGE' CONCEPT OF A SOCIAL SERVICE PROFESSION SEEMED TO BE MORE APROPRIATE

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH IN VIENNA

Greta Stanton, born and raised in Vienna in a very indigenous Jewish family, attended and was graduated from one of Vienna's most prestigious High Schools before Hitler's "occupation" of Austria.

In August of 1939, after a waiting period of 1 ½ years she emigrated to the home of relatives in New York City who had provided an affidavit to get the youngster out of the country right after Hitler's occupation, but there was a waiting period for a quota number which was necessary to receive a visa to

immigrate to the USA. The successful flight from Hitler territory and the arrival in New York City on September 5, 1939, 5 days after the beginning of the war in Europe were the beginning of a very difficult restructuring of a "career". It began hardly by any attention to career aspirations but was governed by the necessity to earn a livelihood in any form in typical immigrant fashion. First and foremost the need was governed by the necessity to work not only for her own livelihood but by the grave concern for parents and grandmother who could not leave for the USA at the same time as she had left, and for her beloved aunts who had no chance or opportunity to emigrate to any other country.

America represented for this prospective English teacher not exactly the dreamland of golden opportunity; her enthusiasm to emigrate to the US was rather limited. Her personal dream would have been to go to Palestine (now Israel)- even by illegal entry. A second opportunity, the offer of a stipend to Cambridge to which she had a good chance, was far more exciting. However for purely emotional reasons relating to family attachment and loyalty, she chose America, since there seemed to be an ever so small opportunity, a glimmer of hope that she might get help for her family who stayed behind, in the US (but neither in Palestine nor in England). This seemed the right choice against all odds.

A series of totally unanticipated, literally miraculous circumstances, made it possible for her to obtain documents that parents and grandmother could leave two days before their deportation to a so-called work camp in Poland (as we know now it was the Lodz Ghetto and Auschwitz). They arrived in Havana, Cuba one week before Pearl Harbor, in November 1941, and were able to join their daughter in America in 1942, after 9 months. The grandmother died in Cuba and was buried there. Both aunts were deported from Vienna, and were exterminated.

connected with the Nazi AKTION leading to murder and destruction. “I certainly do not want to be prejudiced, especially as a social worker, particularly regarding the next generation. On the other hand , in my opinion , one lifetime is too short to forgive and forget.”

The remembrances of the jubilant destructiveness (rationalized as “the boiling over of the inflamed soul of the population”= “die kochende Volksseele”) and the memories of the mindless atrocities which occurred during Hitler’s march into Vienna ,are still clearly before her mind’s eyes. The frequently used argument that Austria was overrun by Hitler , the country was a victim and has little responsibility for the excesses which occurred ,does not hold in her opinion. These rationalizations confirm her conviction that long standing Austrian Anti-Semitism came more strongly to the fore , was legitimized under Nazi rule, and was never acknowledged or refuted subsequently. In fact, her impression is that the Austrians acted perhaps more brutally and spontaneously compared to the Germans. “I have not heard of any situation ,where Austrians or Viennese have hidden a Jew, whereas in other occupied countries , and even in Germany, and in anti-semitic Poland there has been evidence of some instances in which people acted not only with personal kindness, but with great courage and risk to save some Jewish families.

EMIGRATION TO THE USA

When Hitler marched into Austria (the Anschluss) Greta Stanton was 18 years old. After what she considered an excellent educational foundation and education with “Matura” (special Highschool test prior to University attendance), she was also able to take and pass the examination qualifying her to be an English teacher. However, teaching was not permitted for Jews. Therefore, she worked privately until her departure

in July of 1939. She gave individual English lessons to Jews who were very eager to learn a little in view of their hope to emigrate to English speaking countries. She also drafted and translated letters to prospects in the USA and other countries, to help friends and relatives find contacts for emigration to other countries.

After her arrival in America, she carried a variety of jobs to survive by herself. Eventually she was the breadwinner of the family.. After some appropriate training in body building and physiotherapy, building on her previous skills as an athlete , she worked with a physician, in a slenderizing salon, and eventually as a waitress. The work as a waitress provided her with the necessary financial support for her (graduate) education, as a social worker. From 1943-1945 she attended Hunter College in New York City, and subsequently attended an accelerated Masters Degree program at Columbia University, achieving her Master's Degree at the end of 1946.

When asked about her motivation for the profession of Social Work she thinks that there are various reasons. As an only child , she began quite early to take over watching younger neighborhood children or relatives, in order to avoid loneliness. In addition, the family attitude about money , which was an almost unhealthy disregard for wealth, made the "noblesse oblige" principle the underpinning for choosing a profession which didn't pay as much as others of equivalent education, but did help other people. Finally it would seem that her being treated as a second class , inferior human being and worse, by the Nazis, the experience of being forced to leave her so-called fatherland ,and her separation of family of origin, also contributed heavily to the decision to work with people who needed help and/or were oppressed. Her special interest in identity problems and need for belonging are understandably rooted in her experiences in her late teens and early adulthood of separation from family.

SOCIAL WORK IN NEW YORK CITY

After completing her education in both theory and practice, Greta Stanton begins her first psychiatric social worker's job at the Wiltwyck School for Boys, a progressive experiment to help pre-delinquent youngsters. After more than a year, she and other workers resigned idealistically under protest, thus leading to a research study and subsequent positive changes in the institution.

She then worked with JCCA (Jewish Child Care Association) in New York City deepening her practice experience with a very concentrated intensive therapeutic approach to Foster Care. It was a given that social workers work with children, their biological parents, and their foster parents intensively. The premise for this family focused work was to strive toward rehabilitation of the biological family in order to return the children to their homes. This privately funded agency, in co-operation with the city of New York included policies which allowed the children to grow with a minimal amount of stigma, if any. Money for special services ,therapeutic, medical, schooling beyond the required minimum, could become available.

After six years she leaves this agency to become a supervisor in a protestant placement agency(agencies were organized along sectarian lines) It was a sobering experience for her to find that the large number of clients, particularly of black children made for long waiting lists, for placement in foster care, and the existence of a number of competing Protestant agencies,. made it almost impossible to keep focused on the children's need, and the most difficult and neediest "cases" needed to wait the longest. Today, from an academician's perspective Greta Stanton is also quite critical of the public Child Welfare Department in New Jersey (her present residence), since the work with parents is often interrupted or ended, when a foster home placement is found, which in her

opinion leads to cut-offs from family, conflicts between foster family and biological family, identity problems and others. In a professional paper Greta Stanton cites a research project of an earlier era, which showed an unexpectedly high correlation between the positive self image of former foster children as adults and the number of contacts they had with biological families (roots). This even held true in cases in which the children grew up in quasi adoptive homes (all aspects of adoption except the legal one). These findings have been corroborated and expanded in more recent studies. In her involvement and studies of step children of much more recent origin Greta Stanton developed the thesis that the experiences and "issues" of foster children are quite comparable with those of step children, and both groups have primary problems that are quite similar. Both these groups of children must overcome the total or partial loss of beloved persons, must at least partially replace these emotional bonds with other attachments, and must work hard at the understanding and development of their own, positive identity.

'FAMILIES IN TRANSITION , and INTERVENTION WITH CHANGING FAMILIES AND THEIR CHILDREN are the titles of her recently developed courses (1982) at the Graduate School of Social Work at Rutgers University. These deal with the above mentioned issues of step families: identity problems, loss and bonding of old family ties, and the development of new trust and bonding. "What is absolutely mandatory, is the permission to mourn the loss of old bonds as well as to be allowed to accept more than one sense of identity ,in order to allow oneself to feel new bonds and to lead a "normal", acceptable family life." When children have the freedom to make emotional decisions when they are ready to do so and how they wish to do it, then it is also possible for them to love their bio- parents' new partners and to learn from them. One must not underestimate the advantage these children have in an early exposure to a variety of life styles,

which can be quite helpful for their later less parochial world views. Step children, unlike foster children are in Greta Stanton's interpretation a more recently recognized middle-class phenomenon. This seemed to ease access to professionals ,therefore some possibility of prevention ,early intervention , and a lessening of stigma. Counseling, self help groups, and a variety of formal and informal educational efforts can add to normalization of these new family forms. The specialization of stepchildren and step parents, which represented Professor Stanton's major work at the Rutgers University School of Social Work in the last few years, was added to her continuing interest in Child Welfare and in the medical/social aspects of Health. Her particular focus related to questions of clinical social workers' roles in prevention and crisis work.

Social Worker and/or Therapist?

Greta Stanton regrets the strong need of social work clinicians to consider themselves therapists first and foremost. She confirms that there are clients who need more than counseling, or self help groups. She also confirms that MSW caseworkers have therapists' skills and do function as therapists with some clients. However, she feels strongly that the designation "therapist" to dignify(?) the role of social worker is not only unnecessary but often a deterrent for normal families with normal life problems ,to seek professional help. Therefore she avoids calling herself a therapist, although she is licensed to do so.

When questioned about her ideological motivation, she sees it rooted in her Jewish religious background. She cites the fact that much of the Social Work literature refers to the "Judeo-Christian Ethic" as the basis for its principles .However, she says "The highest value in the life philosophy of Americans still seems to put a premium on the ability to help yourself, and to look down on those who cannot do so, which nowadays is more

and more difficult, quite unrealistic, and no longer the norm., thus a deterrent for seeking help. Nevertheless it remains part of the American dream."

When questioned about her European roots she remembers that Austria has had National Health coverage for everyone for many decades, and she finds it inexcusable that there is no such coverage in the USA. "Please, don't you Europeans follow our example in this respect, and especially do not imitate our model of looking down on poverty and the poor". Greta Stanton finds it very disappointing that the current administration in the US ignores social problems, and is even reducing the existing Social Welfare provisions, which even before never reach the standards of other industrialized countries.

Her reaction to the changing political landscape in Europe, especially to Germany's re-unification is great mistrust, on the basis of her personal experiences. "When journalists, politicians, or anybody else talk about Germany's re-unification , they also often question the Jews about it. The Jews are likely to say -"we are afraid"- . Of course. But the Holocaust is not (only) a Jewish problem, and I find it very painful to be asked my reaction. On the other hand we are seeing a resurgence of Anti-Semitism, not only in Europe but here too. I have no answer for it. I can only say that I am in this respect very self-centered, and therefore I allow myself not to have a professional , but more of a personal, subjective response."

End of Interview

As an afterthought, I might mention that I think my career and my choice of profession, too had a good deal to do with my Holocaust experiences. My coming to this country alone, after a very painful separation from my family gave me a forever identification with "Children of Separation" which as you can see from the attached flyer was also the title of my book, a

collection of 1000 references of professional writings on the subjects which I taught and worked at the most.

The following description is a sample of how I attempted to combine a long term occupation with children in foster care and adoption with my life experiences in raising your parents and adopting them (Penny and Andy). Then in 1978 I was one of the first social work academics who started to teach the subject of Stepfamilies./ Since retirement in 1988 I have studied Psychodrama. The following is a sample of how I attempted to combine my new skills and my old commitment, to work with "Second Generation" Holocaust survivors. Technically your parents belong to those, since they became my children.

WORKSHOP FOR SECOND GENERATION SURVIVORS

Memoirs : September 25, 2002 My dear Grandchildren:

This past weekend I was in New York City presenting a workshop at the National/ International Conference on Psychodrama. I demonstrated the use of Sociodrama in the process of helping Second Generation Adult Children of Survivors. I planned to use the Buchenwald Song which I told you about in my last write-up as a "warm-up" and then construct a Sociodrama. This is technical stuff, so I won't bore you with it. Suffice it to say that it was an extremely successful workshop and I was very pleased with it. It showed me two things, one: that even in my old age I am learning to find ways to teach professionals some ways of helping survivor clients and their families in ways other than traditional long term psychotherapy to cope with serious trauma and heal wounds that traditional therapists never dared touch in the past. However, it also showed me the difficulty of the younger

generation – about your parents’ age group – even though they are well functioning professionals- to detach enough from their own hurts to be more helpful to their client population. For example- I had purposely chosen Sociodrama, in which you do not act out your own problems but portray the general nature of the problem – just as you do in a performance of a play- Nevertheless the group had a real struggle to leave their own specific problems alone in order to be able to focus on their clients’ problems . I tended to think that I may not have presented the situation clearly enough. However there were a few of the organization/s “bigshots” who were taking my workshop and I was assured that my expectations were too high, and the necessary distance would be achieved eventually. I have to admit that I have my doubts because the same thing happened in another workshop which I ATTENDED. The discussion was supposed to focus on helping vulnerable people to cope better with the events of 9/11. I was very happy that there was a real effort on the way to do this. I did not want THESE victims to have to wait as long as the survivors and their children had to wait until the “shrinks” learn that people who have been severely traumatized may need counseling and would be very willing to accept it without the “label” of being “disfunctional”. However, it seems that it is not so easy to be helpful when you look, act, and feel like a victim yourself.

My darlings, I hope that this is not too much psychological gobbledygook and therefore boring for you. However, I hope that my being still involved in trying to teach young people in the helping profession from my own experience- both personal and professional = so that future generations. i.e. yours, will have an easier time.

Meanwhile, while we are involved in helping people cope with the terror of 9/11, America’s big trauma of a year ago, there is

continued terror in my beloved land of Israel, and my heart is aching. I came home to New Jersey with the news of another terrible suicide bomber attack on a bus in Israel and the fact that the Israelis have isolated Arafat in his compound, which of course could not be done without sacrificing human lives on both sides. I am deeply unhappy because I know that every move Sharon orders his soldiers to make, world opinion is more and more on the side of the Arabs and World anti-Semitism increases. Let me tell you that I am no friend of Sharon's and I would much rather have a more liberal leader in his stead. However, I am constantly outraged at the terrible injustice with which the media treat the Israelis. After all, this is war (IN ISRAEL) in contrast to OUR SOCALLED WAR IN AFGANISTAN.

Perhaps, by the time you read this, there will be PEACE and you will have a much better knowledge base than we have now- Amen. In the meantime, I will share a memo with you which I received on the internet, because it fits today's prejudices as much as it did, when it was written in 1968.

(Attached:Eric Hoffer's article).

Eric Hoffer's article quoted below. Sent to me on the Internet

21st August 2002 "THIS ARTICLE WAS WRITTEN 34 YEARS

AGO. Some truths never change."

Eric Hoffer was a non Jewish American philosopher. He was born in 1902 and died in 1983, after writing 9 books and winning the Presidential Medal of Freedom.. His first book The True Believer, published in 1951, was widely recognized as a classic.

ISRAEL'S PECULIAR POSITION By Eric Hoffer, LA Times
5/26/58

The Jews are a peculiar people: things permitted to other nations are forbidden to the Jews. Other nations drive out thousands, even millions of people and there is no refugee problem. Russian did it, Poland and Czechoslovakia did it. Turkey threw out a million Greeks, and Algeria a million Frenchmen. Indonesia threw out heaven knows how many Chinese, and no one says a word about refugees.

But in the case of Israel the displaced Arabs have become eternal refugees. Everyone insists that Isarel must take back every singe Arab. Arnold Toynbee calls the displacement of the Arabs an atrocity greater than any committed by the Nazis. Other nations when victorious on the battlefield dictate peace terms. But when Israel is victorious it must sue for peace. Everyone expects the Jesw to be the only real Christians in this world. Other nations when they are defeated survive and recover but should Israel be defeated it would be destroyed. Had Nasser triumphed last June he would have wiped Israel off the map, and no one would have lifted a finger to save the Jews. No commitment to the Jews by any government, including our own is worth the paper it is written on.

There is a cry of outrage asll over the world when people die in Vietnam or when two Negroes are executed in Rhodesia. But when Hitler slaughtered Jews no one remonstrated with him. The Swedes, who arfe ready to break off diplomatic relations with America because of what we do in Vietnam, did not let out a peep when Hitler was slaughtering Jews. They sent Hitler choice iron ore , and ball bearings, and serviced his troop trains to Norway.

The Jews are alone in the world. If Israel survives, it will be solely because of Jewish efforts. And Jewish resources. Yet at this moment Israel is our only reliable and unconditional ally. We can rely more on Israel than Israel can rely on us. And one has only to imagine what would have happened last summer had the Arabs and their Russian backers won the war to realize how vital the survival of Israel is to America and the West in general.

I have a premonition that will not leave me, as it goes with Israel so it will go with all of us. Should Israel perish the holocaust will be upon us. Eric Hoffer 1968 June

*Research, Writing and Editing at the
Research Foundation for Jewish Immigration*

Paul Bruckman, Louise Forsyth, Susan Hacker, Lee Honigswachs
William M. Katz, Egon Katschy, Hanns Katschy (1902-77), Dennis Rohrbaugh
Bernard Rosenblatt, Daniel Schwartz, Herbert A. Strauss, Margaret Tiedemann

Research and Writing at the Institute für Zeitgeschichte

Ernst Simon, Klaus Kasper, Helmut Kasper
Walter Kasper, Robert Schödel, Dieter Marc Schneider

Research and Writing at the Institute für Zeitgeschichte

see bottom 2nd page.

**International Biographical Dictionary
of Central European Emigrés 1933–1945**

**Volume II / Part 2: L–Z
The Arts, Sciences, and Literature**

General Editors

Herbert A. Strauss, New York — Werner Röder, München

with

Hannah Caplan, Egon Radvany — Horst Möller, Dieter Marc Schneider

*Research, Writing and Editing at the
Research Foundation for Jewish Immigration:*

Fred Bilenkis, Louise Forsyth, Susan Hacker, Lea Honigwachs
Waltraud Ireland, Egon Radvany, Hanns Reissner (1902–77), Dennis Rohrbaugh
Belinda Rosenblatt, Daniel Schwartz, Herbert A. Strauss, Margaret Tiedemann

Research and Writing at the Institut für Zeitgeschichte:

Brigitte Bruns, Harro Kieser, Helmar Klier
Werner Röder, Helmut Schabel, Dieter Marc Schneider

Editors:

Hannah Caplan (Managing), Belinda Rosenblatt

2090-729 II (9)

V-59

K · G · Saur München · New York · London · Paris 1983

Feb. 1939 emigr. to U.S. Aided by Am. rel. and H.I.A.S. Worked at var. odd jobs incl. as salesman. 1942-44 att. Brooklyn Coll., New York (C.U.N.Y.); concurr. 1943-44 serv. in U.S. Army. 1947 D.D.S., Univ. Minnesota. 1947-49 res. assist. Univ. Illinois Coll. of Dentistry; 1950 M.S. 1950-69 mem. fac., New York Univ. Coll. of Dentistry; 1950-53 instr. in charge of res., 1955 assist. prof., 1960 assoc. prof., 1965 prof. of periodontia and oral med. Concurr.: 1951-53 chief of periodontia clin., Jewish Mml. Hosp., New York; 1951-59 att. periodontist, Veterans Admin. Hosp., New York; 1953-55 Capt. in U.S. Army Dental Corps; chief of periodontia and endodontia sect., U.S. Army Hosp., Fort Belvoir, Va.; 1958-60 consult., dental serv., Walter Reed Hosp., Washington, D.C.; 1960-69 consult., Veterans Admin. Hosp., Brooklyn; 1965-67 res. collab., med. res. cent., Brookhaven Nat. Lab., Upton, N.Y. 1965-69 exec. secy., Murray and Leonie Guggenheim Found. Inst. for Dental Res. and att. periodontist, University Hosp., New York Univ. Med. Cent. Vis. lect., Univ. Pennsylvania; spec. lect., Columbia Univ. Sch. of Dental and Oral Med.; 1967-69 consult., U.S.P.H.S., New York; 1968-72 mem. study sect., Nat. Inst. Dental Res., N.I.H. 1969-71 prof. and chmn., dept. of periodontics, Univ. Southern California Sch. of Dentistry; consult. Veterans Admin. Hosp. at Long Beach and Los Angeles, Calif. From 1971 prof. and chmn., dept. of periodontics, New York Univ. Coll. of Dentistry; assoc. dean for acad. affairs. Consult., Veterans Admin. Hosp., New York. Dir.: 1972-75 Found. for the Prevention of Oral Diseases; 1972- Am. Bd. of Periodontology (chmn. 1974-75); 1975-76 chmn. awards comm., Intl. Assn. Dental Res. From 1960 vis. lect. or prof. in S. Am., Isr., Japan and U.S.S.R. Assoc. ed., *Journ. of Oral Therapeutics and Pharmacology*; mem. ed. bd., *Journ. of Periodontal Res.* Res. in oral cancer; response of oral tissues to metabolic stresses. Fel.: A.A.A.S.; Am. Coll. of Dentists. Mem.: Am. Dent. Assn. (consult., coun. on dent. educ., 1967-71; chmn., sect. on periodontology, 1967-68); Am. Acad. Periodontology (pres. 1979-80); Am. Acad. of Dent. Med.; Intl. Assn. Dent. Res. (pres. 1972-73); Sci. Res. Soc. of Am.; Am. Med. Writers Assn.; others incl. S. Am. assns. Recd.: Jacquard Medal, A.R.P.A., Rome (1965); Sci. Award, Intl. Assn. of Dent. Res. (1971); S.C. Miller Gold Medal, Am. Acad. Oral Med. (1973); Torah of Learning, Am. Friends of Hebrew Univ. (1977); Ben Gurion Award, Bonds for Isr. (1980). A: (1981) New York.

Biblio: Contribs. in S.C. Miller, ed., *Textbook of Periodontia* (3rd ed. Philadelphia, 1950); S.C. Miller, ed., *Oral Diagnosis and Treatment* (3rd ed. New York, 1957); S. Sorrin, ed., *The Practice of Periodontia* (New York, 1960); *Pharmacotherapeutics of Oral Disease* (New York, 1964); *Periodontal Surgery. Biologic Basis and Technique* (Springfield, Ill., 1976; trans. into Japanese and Port., 1980); *What Dentists Do: A Patient's Guide to Modern Dentistry* (New York, 1980); contrib. more than 225 arts. to prof. journals. and other textbooks; for list of publs. to 1975 see R.F.J.I. arch. **Sources:** Hand, Qu. — R.F.J.I.

Stahl, Steffy (Steffi; fmly. Stefanie), dancer, dance educator; b. Lemberg, Galicia, Aus. (Lvov, U.S.S.R.) 26 May 1909. E: 1938 Ven. Cit.: Aus.

Studied piano and music with priv. teachers in Vienna. Studied anat. and physiol. at Univ. Vienna. Studied dance with — Gertrud Bodenwieser. Teacher for rhythmic gymnastics in Vienna. Aug. 1938 emigr. to Ven. via It. Head of the educ. dance prog. incorp. into the obligatory sch. curriculum of kindergarten and primary state schs., Caracas. Teacher of dance and trainer of teachers at munic. and nat. schs., Caracas. Dev. system which teaches the child to coord. cerebral messages with muscular movts. and which proved to be of notable help in the general assimilation of studies. Head of Studio de Arte Coreográfico Caracas. Recd.: 'Ondecoracion Orden, Francisco de Miranda, Ven. Govt. (1950). A: (1980) Caracas.

Sources: Arch., Hand, News, Pers. — IfZ.

Stamfort, Otto, pedagogue, prof. of mathematics; b. Stemmen, Hannover, Ger. 26 Nov. 1901. E: 1933(?) Fr., after 1945 W. Ger., later Ger. Dem. Repub. Cit.: Ger. F: Bernhard S., b. Stemmen

1865, d. Theresienstadt concentration camp, Jewish, merchant. M: Ida Ihlmann, b. Bad Driburg, Westphalia 1868, d. Theresienstadt concentration camp, Jewish. S: Paul, b. Stemmen 1904, printer, mem. I.S.K., 1934 to It., 1936 to Switz, Fr., 1939 to U.K., 1939-41 internment, 1941-47 serv. in Brit. Army, 1951 to U.K., mem. Labour Party; 1 other brother who emigr. to Fr.; sisters d. in Holocaust.

1931 Dr. phil., T.H. Braunschweig. Gym. teacher for sciences. Mem. I.S.K. 1933(?) emigr. to Fr. Collab. Union des instituteurs allemands émigrés. During W.W. II connected with Free Ger. Movt. in Fr. Sept. 1944, after its legalization, mem. presidium of Comité Allemagne Libre Pour l'Ouest. After war in W. Ger., sch. admin. (Schulrat). Later moved to Soviet Zone. Expert adv. to Min. of Popular Educ. of Thuringia. Then acting dir. of "Workers' and Farmers' Fac." and pro-rector for educ. affairs, Univ. Jena. 1959—prof. of methodology of math. instr., Univ. Jena. Mem. S.E.D. Mem.: Soc. for Ger.-Soviet Friendship, Gera dist. (chmn.). Recd.: Title Verdienter Lehrer des Volkes; V.V.O. in Bronze (1961).

Biblio: *Die philosophischen und pädagogischen Grundansichten Erhard Weigels* (Gelnhausen, 1931); others. Lit.: Hildegard Feidel-Mertz, Hermann Schnorbach, *Lehrer in der Emigration* (Weinheim/Basel, 1981). **Sources:** Arch., Hand, Pers., Print. — IfZ.

Stanley, Manfred (until 1957 Manfred Intrator), prof. of sociology; b. Berlin 19 Nov. 1932. R: Jewish. E: 1939 U.S. Cit.: U.S. fmly. Ger. F: Alex Intrator, violinist, emigr. to U.K., 1947 to U.S.; step-father, Milton Stanley, adopted M.S. in 1957, b. U.S. 1919, Jewish, B.A., active in theater. M: Ilse Davidsohn (Stanley), dtr. of — Magnus Davidsohn, b. Gleiwitz, Upper Silesia, Ger. (Gliwice, Pol.) 1906, d. 1970, Jewish, B.A. equivalent, theater training, 1939 to U.S., auth. and T.V. actress. S: (none). ∞ Sara Chesner, b. Pol. 1940, Jewish, emigr. to U.S., B.A., court stenographer. C: Marcus Magnus, b. 1967; Jason Chesner, b. 1969.

1939 emigr. to U.S. 1951-54 att. City Coll., New York (C.U.N.Y.); 1954 B.A. 1956-65 att. New York Univ.; 1965 Ph.D. in sociol. Concurr.: 1958-60 res. assoc., Protestant Coun. of New York City; 1960-62 Nat. Inst. Mental Health fel. and res. grant for diss. work, E. Afr.; 1960-61 res. assoc., E. Afr. Inst. of Soc. Res., Kampala, Uganda. 1962-67 assist. prof. of sociol., Wagner Coll., Staten Island, New York. From 1967 mem. fac., dept. of sociol., Syracuse Univ., N.Y.: 1967 assist. prof., 1968 assoc. prof., 1974—prof. 1968-72 assoc. res. fel., Educ. Policy Res. Cent., Syracuse. 1970-72 res. assoc., Prog. on Technol. and Soc., Harvard Univ. 1973-74 N.E.H. fel. Res. in the fields of intelligentsias and intellectuals, modernization and socio-cultural change, and sociological theory. Mem.: A.A.A.S.; other nat. prof. assns. A: Syracuse.

Biblio: *The New Elect: A Study of an Emerging East African Intelligentsia* (diss., New York Univ.; publ. New York, 1965); ed., *Social Development: Critical Perspectives* (New York, 1972); publ. monos, contrib. chaps. to books, arts. and revs. to prof. journals. incl. *Am. Sociol. Rev.* and *Journ. of Dev. Areas*; complete biblio. to 1975 in R.F.J.I. arch. **Sources:** Hand, Qu. — R.F.J.I.

Stanton, Greta née Wertheimer, prof. of social work; b. Vienna. R: Jewish. E: 1939 U.S. Cit.: 1946 U.S. fmly. Aus. F: Richard Wertheimer, b. Bielitz, Aus. (Bielsko, Pol.) 1882, d. U.S. 1954, Jewish, LL.D., lawyer, emigr. with wife, 1941 to Cuba, 1942 to U.S., secy. of sports club. M: Klara Deutsch, b. Vienna 1891, d. U.S. 1974, Jewish, primary educ., factory worker, baker in U.S. S: (none). ∞ 1963 Herbert G. Stanton, b. Boston 1915, Jewish, sec. educ., salesman. C: Andrew, b. 1950, lawyer; Priscilla, b. 1953, B.A., exec. secy., ecologist; adopted step-children.

1936-37 mem.: Zionist Youth Movt, Hakoah Swim Club. 1938 teachers exam, Vienna; cert. in Eng. 1938-39 priv. teacher of Eng. Sept. 1939 emigr. to U.S. Recd. aid from rel., worked at odd jobs. 1943-45 att. Hunter Coll., New York (later C.U.N.Y.); 1945 B.A. 1945-46 att. Sch. of Soc. Work, Colum-

bia Univ; 1946 M.S. 1946-47 caseworker, Wiltwyck Sch. for Boys, New York. 1948-54 caseworker, Jewish Child Care Assn, New York. 1954-57 casework supr, Edwin Gould Found, New York. 1957-59 casework supr, Childville Inc, Brooklyn, New York. 1959-62 field instr. and adv, Manhattan State Hosp, Sch. of Soc. Work, Columbia Univ. 1962-68 lect, Sch. of Soc. Work, Hunter Coll. Concurr: 1962 lect, New York Sch. for Psychiatry; summer 1962 res, Moreland Commn. Report, Greenleigh Assocs. 1963- examiner, Bur. of Child Guidance, Bd. of Educ, New York. Summer 1967 trainer, Sem. of Head Start Prog, Bur. of Child Guidance. 1968-71 assoc. prof. of behavioral sci, Sch. of Soc. Serv, Fordham Univ, New York. Concurr. summer 1969 mental health worker, Head Start, Bur. of Child Guidance. 1970-73 regular contrib, *Abstracts for Soc. Workers*. 1971- assoc. prof, Grad. Sch. of Soc. Work, Rutgers Univ, New Brunswick, N.J. 1975-76 student and practitioner of fam. therapy, Rutgers Cmty. Mental Health Cent. 1979-80 on educ. leave, res. progs. dealing with step-fams. Spec. in work with children and families. Mem: Am. Acad. Assn. for Peace in the Middle East; Am. Orthopsychiatric Assn. (fel.); Child Care Coun. of N.J.; Coun. on Soc. Work Educ; Nat. Assn. of Soc. Workers; Soc. Work Voc. Bur; others. A: (1981) Somerset, N.J.

Biblio: Co-auth, "Planning Curriculum Change in a Large Traditional Field Instruction Program," *Journ. of Educ. for Soc. Work* (Winter, 1973); co-auth, "Faculty Advisement in the Seventies," *The Reporter* (Coun. on Soc. Work Educ, 1974); ed, Proc. Bernice Boehm Symposium, *Welfare of Children* (Rutgers Univ, New Brunswick, N.J., 1981); others. **Sources:** Hand, Qu. — R.F.J.I.

Stapenhorst, Günther, film producer; b. 1883, d. 1976; see Strasschek film biographies.

Starer, Robert, composer, prof. of music; b. Vienna 8 Jan. 1924. R: Jewish. E: 1938 Pal, 1947 U.S. Cit: 1957 U.S. fmly. Ger. F: Nison S, b. East Eur. 1884, d. Pal. 1948, Jewish. M: Erna Gottlieb, b. Cracow, Aus. (Pol.) 1892, d. U.K. 1947, Jewish. S: Hanna Wieselberg, b. Vienna 1921, 1938 to Pal, a: Isr. ∞ 1942 Johanna Hart née Herz, b. Paderborn, Westphalia, Ger. 1916, Jewish, 1937 to Pal, Jerusalem Cons. of Music educ, 1947 to U.S., concert singer and voice teacher in New York. C: Daniel, b. 1954, student, Bowdoin Coll, Brunswick, Maine.

1928 began playing piano. 1937-38 att. State Acad, Vienna. 1938 emigr. to Pal. on B-III cert. 1938-43 att. Jerusalem Cons. of Music. 1943-46 vol. in Pal. for R.A.F. 1947 emigr. to U.S. on schol. from Juilliard Sch. of Music, New York. 1947-49 att. Juilliard Sch. of Music: 1947-49 post-grad. studies, 1948-49 teaching fel, 1949 post-grad. dipl. 1949 mem. fac, Juilliard. 1957, 1963 Guggenheim fel. 1960 composer for Herbert Ross's ballet of *The Dybbuk*, premièred at the Berlin Fest. 1963- mem. fac, Brooklyn Coll, New York (C.U.N.Y.); 1963 assoc. prof, 1966- prof. 1964 Fulbright fel. Commissioned to compose for 1961-63 Martha Graham, 1964 C.B.S.-T.V., 1967 John Butler of Lincoln Center. Compositions have been performed by the world's major orchestras under leading conductors incl. Bernstein, Leinsdorf, Mitropoulos and Steinberg. Mem: A.S. C.A.P; Am. Music Cent. (bd. of dirs. 1962-64). A: (1981) New York.

Works: Operas incl. *Pantagleize*; *The Last Lover*; *Apollonia*; choral works incl. *Ariel*; *Images of Man*; *The People*. Yes: ballets incl. *Phaedra*; *Samson Agonistes* (for Martha Graham); 3 symph. concerti for piano, viola, violin, cello; chamber music and songs. **Biblio:** *Rhythmic Training* (New York, 1969). **Sources:** Hand, Print, Qu. — R.F.J.I.

Stark, Egon, prof. of microbiology; b. Vienna 28 Sept. 1920. R: Jewish. E: 1939 U.K., 1940 Can, 1948 U.S. Cit: 1956 U.S. fmly. Aus. F: Karl Arnold, b. Lemberg, Galicia, Aus. (Lvov, U.S.S.R.) 1891, d. Lwow, Pol. (Lvov), Jewish, elem. educ, tailor and owner of dress shop, deported by Nazis, escaped to Lwow, killed following occup. M: Paula Schimmel, b. Vienna 1893, Jewish, elem. educ, and owner dress shop, 1939 to U.S.

S: Erika Fry, b. Vienna 1926, elem. educ, med. secy, emigr. to U.S., a: U.S. ∞ 1948 Flora Ann Morrison, b. Winnipeg, Can. 1921, Quaker, att. coll, emigr. to U.S., bookkeeper, jr. acct. C: Sandra Lee, b. 1951, B.F.A., photog, musician; Eliot Arnold, b. 1953, studied ceramics; Jeffrey Peter, b. 1953, studied philos.

1938 Matura, Gym, Vienna. Excluded from univ. educ. Arrested twice by Gestapo. Agric. Hachscharah, Aus. May 1939 emigr. to U.K. as agric. laborer. Aided by Zionist org. Interned U.K. May 1940 transported to Can. 1940-42 interned in Can. 1942-48 att. Univ. Manitoba: 1944-47 assist. organic chem, 1945-48 res. in microbiol; 1947 B.S.A. in agric; 1948 M.S. in microbiol; concurr. student assist. at Dominion Agric. Exp. Station, Morden, Manitoba. 1948 emigr. to U.S. on student visa. 1948-53 att. Purdue Univ, Lafayette, Ind: 1948-50 teaching assist, 1950-51 res. assist, 1951 Ph.D. in microbiol, 1951-53 fel. and res. assoc. in microbiol, Purdue Res. Found. Indus. Wife supported fam. as bookkeeper. 1953-54 res. consult. of microbiol, Chicago. 1954-66 sr. res. sci, Jos. E. Seagram and Sons, Ky. 1966- mem. fac, dept. of biol, Coll. of Sci, Rochester Inst. Technology, N.Y.: 1966 assoc. prof. of microbiol, 1974- prof. Num. talks, lects, exhibs, and T.V. appearances on microbiol. topics. Section ed, *Chem. Abstracts*. Isolated extracellular amylase from thermophilic bacilli at 70° centigrade (patented 1954). Discovered a new niche (habitat) of fecal streptococci on malted grains. Res. on the natural habitat of *Pseudomonas aeruginosa*. Mem: Am. Soc. Microbiol. (pres. cent. New York 1974-75); Am. Chem. Soc.; A.A.A.S.; Sigma Xi; Phi Beta Kappa; A.C.L.U. A: (1979) Rochester.

Biblio: Contrib. num. arts. to prof. journals. **Sources:** Hand, Qu. — R.F.J.I.

Stark, Otto, cabaret manager, scriptwriter, director and actor; b. Vienna 2 Apr. 1922. E: 1939 U.K., 1948 Aus, 1950s Ger. Dem. Repub. F: Abraham S, b. Russian Pol. 1895, d. in Holocaust, Jewish, hatmaker. M: Paula Fischl, b. Vienna 1896, d. in Holocaust, Jewish. S: Heinz, b. Vienna 1930, d. in Holocaust, Jewish.

1939 emigr. to U.K. 1940 interned, in camp began theatrical activities. Thereafter actor in Aus. émigré cabaret "Das Laternld," London. Employed as baker. 1948 returned to Vienna. Studied acting. Theater work. Ca. 1950 emigr. to Ger. Dem. Repub. Initially actor in Dresden. 1954-55 co-fdr. with mems. of the Dresdner Theater of the cabaret, "Die Herkuleskeule" (1956-59 "Herkuleskeulchen"). 1960- mem. of the well-known cabaret "Die Distel," E. Berlin; 1968- succeeded → Georg Honigman as cabaret's mgr. Movie and T.V. actor. Mem. bd, Union of Theater Employees, Ger. Dem. Repub. A: (1980) E. Berlin.

Lit: Hösch, *Kabarett*; Otto/Rösler, *Kabarettgeschichte*; Autorenkollektiv, *Unterhaltungskunst A-Z* (E. Berlin, 1977). **Sources:** Arch, Hand, Print. — IfZ.

Stark, Werner, prof. of sociology; b. Marienbad, Bohemia, Aus. (Mariánské Lázně, C.S.S.R.) 2 Dec. 1909. E: 1939(?) 1941(?) U.K., 1963 U.S. Cit: 1947 U.K., 1969 U.S. F: Alfred S, M.D. M: Jenny Schneider. ∞ 1934 Kate Franck. C: (none(?)).

1930-31 att. London Sch. of Economics. 1931-36 att. Univs. Hamburg, Geneva, and Prague; 1934 Dr. rer. pol, Univ. Hamburg; 1936 Dr. jur, Univ. Prague. 1937-39 lect, Prague Sch. of Polit. Sci. 1939(?) 1941(?) emigr. to U.K. 1941-42 lect. in econ, Cambridge Univ. 1943-45 sgt, Intell. Corps, Brit. Army. 1945-51 lect. in sociol, Univ. Edinburgh, Scot; 1947 M.A.; concurr. gen. ed, *Rare Masterpieces of Philosophy and Science*. 1951-63 reader in hist. of econ. and sociol. thought, Univ. Manchester, U.K. 1963 emigr. to U.S. From 1963 mem. fac, dept. of sociol, Fordham Univ, New York; 1963 prof, 1976- prof. emer. Vis. prof: 1960-61 Purdue Univ, Ind: summers 1968-70 Univ. Hamburg; summer 1971 Univ. Bern; 1972 Columbia Univ. 1965- assoc. ed, *Sociol. Anal.* 1970 consult, *Thought*. Spec. in the theory and history of social sciences; res. on economic ideas. Mem: Am. Sociol. Assn. (fel.); Intl. Inst. Sociol. (fel.); Am. Catholic Sociol. Assn; Assn. Sociol. Relig. Recd: Ph.D. h.c. Purdue Univ. A: (1980) Salzburg, Aus.



SCARECROW PRESS, INC.

4720 Boston Way • Lanham, Maryland 20706 • (800) 462-6420

CHILDREN OF SEPARATION

An Annotated Bibliography for Professionals

Greta W. Stanton

369 pp. 1994 ISBN 0-8108-2695-X \$42.50

"... highly recommended...." —Choice

The changing family structure in contemporary society has increased the number of multiple parenting situations, and has resulted in changing roles for extended family members, community agencies, and the court system. A veteran social work clinician and child welfare planner, Greta Stanton has observed and keenly felt the problems that children encounter in the foster care system. She contends that the issues which foster children have always faced—such as separation, grief, anger, bonding, legal inconsistencies, and identity formation—are analogous to the issues faced by all children after separation from significant adults in their lives by death, divorce, and remarriage. *Children of Separation* emphasizes the similarities of these issues faced by all children of separation, particularly as they affect ego, identity.

Containing almost 1,000 annotated references covering a period of twenty years, the bibliography is a resource for students and professionals in child development, foster care, adoption, divorce, and stepfamily living. Special emphasis is placed on the separation-individuation process, which is dramatically affected by actual separation, depending on the child's age and other variables.

Greta W. Stanton (BA, Hunter College; MSW, Columbia University, Diploma in Clinical Social Work), Professor Emerita, Rutgers University, has developed courses in child welfare and stepfamilies and has also been on the faculties of schools of social work at Columbia, Hunter College, and Fordham University. She has also headed national grants in child welfare and school social work, given workshops, and done family counseling. This book represents an outgrowth of her years of practice and teaching in the area of child welfare services and the more recent phenomenon of the stepfamily.

Preventive Intervention with Stepfamilies

Greta W. Stanton

A STEPFAMILY is one in which children live some, most, or all of the time with two married adults, one of whom is not a biological parent. Researchers may call this family "blended," or "reconstituted," or "remarried," or "multiparent"—indeed, according to Wald, "a survey of the literature uncovered seventeen names to describe this family."¹ However, some authors and practitioners prefer the term "stepfamily"; these individuals offer help with the pejorative aspects associated with steprelationships.

There is little empirical research on remarriage and on stepparenting. A review of the research and literature listed only nine empirical studies on stepparenting since 1956 and noted that the empirical literature of the last decade is based on the responses of no more than 550 stepfamilies.² Articles in social work journals concerning stepfamilies have appeared more recently, as have chapters in books addressing divorce, single parents, and general family problems. Wald's comprehensive book on remarriage is, to the present author's knowledge, the first work with a complete social work perspective.³

Social workers need to recognize that the complexity of stepfamilies warrants our professional attention. As one of the largest groups of professionals to whom these families turn—usually with a teenager or a younger child as the presenting problem—we must define the differences between the nuclear family and the stepfamily. Stepfamilies are "healthy" (that is, socially functional) but often lack the skills to cope with new family roles. Defining the needs of these families brings us into the arena of primary prevention—a form of treatment often neglected by social workers—and leads us to begin developing and evaluating different models of intervention. A mandate arises as well to update the structure of agency services and to offer new educational service models to this emerging client population, which can be temporarily vulnerable as it passes through transitional life stages.

Remarriage presents a crisis point at which workers can offer brief preventive interventions to family members in multiple parenting situations. The author makes an analogy between separation experiences of children in placement and those of children in stepfamilies to emphasize the children's need to mourn losses and to develop a sense of identity through continuity with significant adults, prior to beginning new bonding relationships. Suggestions are made for attracting stepfamilies to agencies for help with problems faced in transitional stages of the life cycle.

UNIQUE PROBLEMS

Current research efforts suggest that the problems associated with stepfamilies are unique to the multiparent family system. Such research lists interpersonal stress as the major problem in all steprelationships. Stress is manifested in parent-child, sibling, and marital relationships and in relationships among extended family members. The following are among the causes of stress identified: (1) discontinuities in children's socialization experiences and in parent-child bonding processes; (2) conflicting lifestyles of biological families and stepfamilies; (3) power and authority issues; (4) distribution of material and emotional

resources; (5) different phases of family members' life cycles; and (6) changes in children's ordinal position in the family. In addition, incongruity of expectations and ambiguity regarding appropriate behavior for steprelationships seem to be underlying themes of troubled stepfamilies. Some clients liken the situation of the stepfamily to that of an immigrant in a strange land. Bewilderment about new family roles is noted not only by family members, but frequently by professionals who work with them.

As with other families, stepfamilies vary greatly in life experiences and in how they manage those experiences. In addition, all stepfamilies have experienced a couple's separation, precipitated by death or divorce, and subsequently, have dealt with decisions about children's caretakers or custody and with issues brought on by the remarriage of at least one partner. These experiences have an impact on the functioning of all family members. It is probable that sociocultural, legal, and developmental complexities create crises that challenge even the most adaptive and the healthiest families. Empirical work is necessary to clarify which, if any, of these problems are generalizable to all multiparent family structures and which appear primarily associated with those families applying for help to health, mental health, and social agencies. Wald's "problem-process profile" is an excellent beginning effort at developing differential diagnostic assessment, which leads to more systematic problem classification. It is of particular importance that Wald's analysis, in the tradition of the social work discipline, considered both the outer reality of the environment (e.g., cultural and legal influences) and the intrapersonal and interpersonal reverberations of that outer reality.⁴ In this regard, Espinoza and Newman, in a review of the literature, identified the following 12 areas that are of concern to stepfamilies: "discipline, money, relatives, myths, guilt, ghosts (from the past), adoption, law, incest, name, visitation, and territory."⁵

Three Myths

To understand the tremendous influence of cultural mores and formal (legal) and informal (community) interpretations of these mores, we must examine three myths having a major impact on stepfamilies.

Myth #1: The stepfamily is a nuclear family. This myth rests on the assumption that two parents and two children constitute the "normal" family. This idealized image obstructs our value judgment as clinicians because, in fact, only 37 percent of all families in the United States live in nuclear family units. Professionals have just recently (and, in this author's opinion, fortunately) begun to realize and act on the premise that perhaps the one-parent family is not an "abnormal" family. Nor is the stepfamily a deviant family. Previous clinical definitions of differences in family structures as deviant or sick have caused many problems for professionals. It should be emphasized strongly that "different" does not necessarily mean "abnormal." (In this regard, Wald emphasized the wrong idea of steprelationships as less than blood relationships.) On the other hand, "different" family structures may suggest that members require professional help for adaptational, usually brief, periods of transitions. One goal of professional help is to enable all stepfamily members to feel comfortable with the difference between their family and the so-called average nuclear family, which actually, is increasingly less prevalent.

Myth #2: Instant love. The expectation of instant love, both parental and filial, haunts the family, the community, and even professionals. The myth of instant love produces massive guilt and forces genuine feelings to be concealed and pushed underground. It is indeed possible for stepfamily members to develop true love and attachment for one another. Such a bonding pattern, however, grows out of an affective experience that is cumulative, requiring time and the investment of oneself.

Myth #3: Cinderella. The myth of Cinderella is an example of the exaggeration of power issues in the stepfamily. The splitting off of the parent into "good" and "bad" parent is present in all children's fantasies and in many fairy tales. This splitting off has been immortalized in the literature and has been institutionalized in the community's value system. Both Simon and Wald have traced the development of the stepmother myth in fairy tales, of which Cinderella is the most prominent.⁶ The Cinderella myth is reflected in community sentiment, which engenders widespread empathy for the children and contributes to the stepmother's no-win status.

Plight of Children

The plight of children in stepfamilies is examined by focusing on (1) potential problems in the development of the children's self-concepts and (2) interventions that attempt to strengthen the self-concept of children by improving their families' interrelationships. Children have the least power to influence the family system and may manifest the most obvious reactions to the structural changes experienced by stepfamilies. Wallerstein and Kelly noted in their study of divorced families that "astonishingly little professional attention was being paid to the children in these families."⁷ There is increasing evidence that all children in stepfamilies struggle with issues of loss, separation-individuation, allegiance, and self-worth. An exacerbation of these struggles, especially in adolescence, often leads to problems in functioning, which are likely to be expressed by depression, alcohol abuse, and drug abuse. The family's earlier need for help in forming a new family—a need that is frequently unnoticed—may have contributed significantly to these problems. Wald offered considerable evidence for professionals to consider the remarried family at risk.⁸ Many clinicians may interpret this finding as a reference only to familiar problems traditionally associated with children and families, and therefore, these clinicians may neglect issues that are of key importance to stepfamilies. For example, clinicians may neglect to help socialize the children of stepfamilies into unaccustomed roles required of them because one of their biological parents is absent from the household, or because they are weekend or summer children, or because they have new siblings, new extended families, new peer groups, and so on.

The conflicts surrounding these changes are often masked by acting-out behaviors of children. Conceivably, the change in family structure itself may be the dynamic factor that accounts for or seriously contributes to the presenting problems of children in such families. Therefore, influencing the manner in which families deal with these changes may result in a reduction of problematic behaviors for many children. Wallerstein and Kelly noted the ameliorative impact of and the continuing positive quality of their relationship, as clinicians, with children during the research study they conducted.⁹

Loss and Self-Identity

A stepfamily is a family born out of the losses endured by each family member: The child has lost a parent, at least one parent has lost a partner, and even a pre-

viously unmarried stepparent has lost the dream of a nuclear family. However, on the remarriage of one parent, custodial or not, the loss is greatest to the child. The parent has or at least hopes to have a positive new life experience. For the child, however, not only does the remarriage put an end to the dream of parental reunion (in the case of divorce), but it is also supposed to be an occasion for joy for the child, as well as for the re-wed parent. Not much time or energy goes into looking at the situation from the child's perspective. This unmet need, that is, the emotional preparation of the child prior to the remarriage, is particularly urgent. It is essential for the child to be reassured that there will be continuity with the remarried parent—whether resident or nonresident in the child's new household—as well as with the other biological parent.¹⁰ Moreover, the myth of instant love between the stepchild and stepparent, even with the best of motives, is not a good omen, because the stepchild and stepparent suffer guilt and frustration at their inability to comply with this unrealistic expectation, which is similar to the development of relationships in foster homes and institutions. The realization that one must wait to develop a relationship with a child slowly over time and through the process of resolving daily living issues is extremely important, although frequently absent.

Another significant loss that occurs many times at the point of remarriage is the loss to the children of important relatives who have frequently played prominent roles, especially during transitional periods. Relatives of the nonresident spouse, and often even of the resident or custodial spouse, withdraw partially or wholly, are excluded, or gradually vanish from the scene. The withdrawal of important support systems, of significant others at the point of crisis, represents a serious loss for children. In addition to this loss, some children experience the losses of peers, neighborhoods, and economic stability. Wallerstein and Kelly commented on the greater vulnerability of children in middle-class white families, based on the assumption that a greater "sense of extended family and community exists in other socio-economic and ethnic groups."¹¹ A study of both formal and informal support systems in these other groups may well point to the strengths that enhance feelings of self and of identity.¹²

Bohannon's research on divorce, Wiseman's work with the divorced, Kübler-Ross's examination of death and dying, Bowlby's research of the bereavement process, and Tessman's work in child therapy clearly

indicate various stages of the grief process. According to these researchers, the stages of grief involve protest and denial, despair and disorganization, and reorganization on a new level, all of which are essential to master successfully serious life crises and to cope with traumatic experiences.¹³

In the author's view, remarriage represents a constructive effort at reorganization. Although many children ostensibly adjust well to parental divorce or death, they have problems that surface with greater intensity at the point of or after remarriage of one or both of their biological parents. Perhaps it is reasonable to answer the "why now" question of crisis theorists in the affirmative, and recognize the need to provide a minicorrective emotional experience at this time for the purpose of taking care of the unfinished business of the child's separation from the other biological parent and from relatives. As indicated, Wallerstein and Kelly's comments on the efficacy of their short-term efforts and Wald's important contribution of clinical examples show practitioners of the need for different emphases, which depend on a sophisticated differential assessment.¹⁴ Practitioners must assess whether the corrective emotional experience for the children would be aided by individual, or peer-group, or family treatment. Practitioners have an array of short-term tasks from which to choose in working with the different members of stepfamilies to enhance the growth of the families' children.

CHILDREN'S NEEDS

Establishing a wholesome new family occurs in two ways: (1) by allowing family members to grieve over both old and new losses and (2) by permitting and encouraging families to continue interacting with significant others in order to strengthen the children's sense of identity and belonging. This advice involves complex interactions. The Vishers pointed out that nuclear families contain 28 dyads and 247 possible interactions, whereas the remarriage of both marital partners in a nuclear family with two children yields 253 pairs and 8,388,584 possible interactions.¹⁵ Certainly, we, as professional caregivers, are not concerned with the quantity of interactions but with encouraging stepfamilies to preserve or reestablish the quality of these interactions. Above all, it is suggested that professionals refuse to enter a conspiracy of silence about previous relationships, because through such collusion they would deprive stepchildren of their roots and of their right to a past.

Despite widespread evidence of family

and marital problems, it is reasonable to assume that people will continue to remarry in considerable numbers. The complexity of the stepfamily constellation, especially as this complex constellation is acted out by children and by adults with respect to children, makes remarriage a good entry point for professional helping efforts; it is the point at which the proverbial "stitch in time saves nine." Golan commented on the need for treatment in transitional situations as a "new coming-to-awareness of what some of us have been engaged in for years."¹⁶ For the children in these families it is important to clarify key issues with which they are struggling, such as their unresolved grief, and especially their sadness and anger. The major tasks that many family members must complete in order to cope effectively are related to the grief process and to the process of defining new relationships with both biological parents and step-parents, as well as with blood relatives. It is important for professionals to remember that there is no timetable for the mending of a discontinued relationship or for coping with loss, and therefore, that the crisis of the new family-in-formation presents a challenge to all participants in the treatment process. The keynote of treatment involves creating a climate for opening up these issues, which, prior to this time, have been glossed over, or handled as family secrets, or taken for granted.

LESSONS FROM FOSTER CARE

According to Colon, "[a] person's identity is profoundly related to and affected by his sense of connection to his family of origin."¹⁷ In Colon's reminiscings of his own experiences as a foster child and of his subsequent reconnection with his biological family, he stressed the "primacy of the child's experience of biological-familial continuity in establishing his sense of self and personal significance."¹⁸ Because work with newly remarried families deals with parenting and with child-development issues, practice methods used in foster care can be applied to define and operationalize the tasks of helping stepchildren with identity problems and of helping stepparents and biological parents with separation experiences. The important therapeutic task of differentiating marriage and divorce issues from parenting issues is frequently mentioned or at least inferred in the literature on divorce and remarriage. The practice wisdom of some MSW-trained child welfare workers can provide a model for clinicians who work

with remarried families. Practitioners in foster care spend a considerable amount of time helping children to understand and to connect with their biological identity. For example, babies and infants are taught to call foster mothers "Auntie," and teenagers are taken to visit mentally ill parents. Moreover, foster care workers promote and arrange for family visits, sibling visits, and the discovery of extended family members.¹⁹ Such professional activities are founded on a conviction in the primacy of children's need to develop a sense of self by knowing and understanding their origins. Before the advent of Erikson and before the recent upsurge of people's interest in searching for their beginnings, the literature rarely addressed the significance of a child's family of origin to his or her development of identity.

Children's Self-Image

Over 25 years ago, Weinstein examined the self-image of foster children in relation to variables such as natural parents, foster parents, and agency.²⁰ Weinstein's findings showed an unexpected, strong correlation between the children's sense of self and the existence of contact with their natural family, even in cases in which the children had been placed in quasiadoptive or absorptive homes. In 1962, Meier's study showed that former foster children functioned in adulthood on a par socially with the study's control group, but among the former foster children "an impairment of the sense of well-being was more frequently found than was a lack of social effectiveness."²¹ These two early studies provide some evidence for the correlation between a person's connectedness with his or her roots and sense of well-being. Although more recently researchers such as Fanshel and Shinn have corroborated and expanded earlier data, they have also noted their uncertainty about whether their procedures completely captured the potential for pain and impaired self-image created by lack of permanence in foster care living.²²

Some of the research on stepfamilies appears to show findings similar to those conducted on children in foster care. For instance, analogies to the foster child's struggle can be found in Wald's formulation of the stepchild's experience, in which she broadened the concept of the step-relationship to include four basic aspects of the human experience: "bereavement, replacement, negative connotations, and the lack of institutionalization of this family in the constellation of families."²³ As described by Wald, the contemporary struggle "between the parents' self-actualization and

needs for a companionate marriage and the socialization needs of their children"²⁴ leads stepchildren, like foster children, to perceive themselves and their families as stigmatized. Because many segments of the American community continue to view divorce and remarriage with no less bias than they view foster care, the perception of stigmatization results in children asking, "What did I do?" and "Why didn't my parents want me?" Community stigma seriously affects the children's sense of self. Therefore, the professional must work with both biological and "substitute" families toward achieving greater self-acceptance and social sanction for the new family's validity, despite its difference from the nuclear family.

Some theorists of family therapy believe that clients can achieve a better sense of self and identity by gaining an enhanced understanding of intergenerational patterns. Practitioners can help children enhance their sense of identity by providing the children with a scrapbook, in which they note important occurrences, or "nodal events," and in which they include stories about significant figures and role models. It is strongly suggested that workers understand the analogy being made between foster children and stepchildren so that what has been learned from the foster children of yesterday can be offered to the stepchildren of today. Pragmatic experiences of child care practitioners in the past and of medical social workers in the present have shown that, in dealing with clients in crisis situations—such as life-threatening illness, separation, and death—even serious trauma can be mastered. Clients can achieve such mastery by working through the trauma—by opening up and viewing the trauma in all its painful human aspects, by reacting to the emotions it arouses, and, finally, by putting it to rest.

NEW PERSPECTIVE ON FAMILY TREATMENT

McGoldrick and Carter provided a developmental outline of the remarried family, in which six of nine developmental issues dealt with children. One recommendation supports the view that stepfamilies should "work on openness" in the new relationship and should "avoid pseudomutuality."²⁵ The term "pseudomutuality" originated in the earlier writings of family therapists, and in the stepfamily situation, refers to the "as if" status of stepfamily members—that is, the tendency on the part of the family, the community, and the social agency and its workers to behave as if the

stepfamily and the nuclear family are the same, thereby denying the differences between the stepfamily and the traditional nuclear family. As discussed earlier, denial blocks children's access to their biological heritage and past and prevents them from working through the pain of adjusting and reacting to their present life situation.

Stepfamily members who expect instant love or who build relationships based on silence regarding the past or on denial of the past are unlikely to develop true love, caring, and intimacy. Practitioners can help stepfamilies to develop intimacy by encouraging or permitting members to have contact with biological relatives and with extended family or, at the least, by working with symbolic representations, such as pictures, reminiscences, and so on. For example, one program with remarried families found that members were able to define the areas they wished to work on when treatment began with family interviews that included significant persons who had been previously shut out of the child's life and when genograms and sculpting were used to legitimize both the actual existence of and the emotional associations regarding biological relatives and significant others.²⁶ Wallerstein and Kelly corroborated findings showing that most children made room in their lives for more than two major parental figures quite successfully, although the children's feelings for biological parents and stepparent were not the same. Adults' inability to accommodate wider relationships tended to cause or to contribute to the children's conflict. In this regard, the authors noted that "[n]either divorce nor remarriage appeared to change substantially the importance or the emotional centrality of both biological parents for the growing child."²⁷

THE 'PSYCHOLOGICAL PARENT'

The concept of the "psychological parent" is of particular significance to stepfamilies.²⁸ Goldstein, Freud, and Solnit either coined the expression or they reinforced its use within the professional establishment. Although the concept has been constructive in modifying the rigidity of the court system, it also has been destructive in leading to recommendations that allow for the psychological parent to acquire almost sole rights over the child, which ignores the child's emotional attachment to the other parent. Wallerstein and Kelly indicated that their findings and recommendations were "greatly at variance" to the concept of the psychological parent in spite of the "common psychodynamic frame-

work" that they shared with Goldstein, Freud, and Solnit. They recommended flexibility as "a symbol of society's recognition of the child's continuing need for both parents."²⁹ Models newer than these authors' traditional psychoanalytic model (for example, crisis intervention and family systems) add knowledge and skills to the clinical armamentarium. These newer models can help deepen rather than inhibit the child's relationship to his or her psychological parent—whether that parent is the foster parent, or adoptive parent, or stepparent—without denying the facts and biological connections in the child's life. Self-help and advocacy organizations, such as ALMA Society (Adoptees' Liberty Movement Association) in New York City, or Stepfamily Association of America in Palo Alto, California, remind us of our responsibilities as professionals and encourage us to make better use of our knowledge and skills. Furthermore, unless we update practice knowledge and skills and fill Wald's "information gap,"³⁰ we, as professionals, are only slightly ahead of the lay public.

FAMILY-FOCUSED APPROACH

It should be emphasized that during transitions in the life cycle, for example, at times of divorce, death of a spouse, and subsequent remarriage, marital partners have different needs as adults and as parents. Moreover, needs of parents differ from children's needs and growth processes during the life cycle, and practitioners must acknowledge these differences.

Differential Assessment

It is unfortunate that, traditionally, social agencies have neglected to include parental figures in children's treatment programs, based on the mistaken assumption that treatment of children—through play therapy or through institutional placement—would "cure" the children and thus make them more self-sufficient in adulthood. Yet we know by now that, for children, biological parents—whether actually known to them or fantasized about—do not disappear from children's emotional lives and that children's yearning for roots does not stop, even in adoptive situations. For this reason, the treatment focus of the 1980s has concentrated not on children but on the family's function as a socializer. We have learned from experience of the personal and professional costs of denying the importance of early family figures to children's lives. Consequently, the author suggests a family-systems focus to treatment, which includes other treatment perspectives. In this way, treatment that is focused

on children, depending on their developmental level, can involve interventions: (1) with individual children or with groups of children, concentrating on age-appropriate issues, such as identity confusion and relationships with the parent absent from the household and with extended family members and (2) with parents and children, simultaneously, focusing on parenting issues, such as separation and problems of identity.

Wald offered social workers guidance in making differential assessments by providing data on the early problems of families at risk and on the motivations of at-risk families to deal with these problems. Moreover, Wald set forth the problem-process profile, which presents a scheme for making differential diagnosis.³¹ For successful interventions, social workers must focus on the current situation, its effects on family members' adjustment to the remarried family, and the children's troublesome relationship with family members not included in the new household's social interactions. The treatment goal is to identify and enhance the strengths and coping skills of the family participants, enabling them to solve current problems and preventing acting-out behavior in the future. The suggested goal is preventive in orientation and assumes that both "new" and "old" relationships between parental figures and children are enhanced by a strategy that places emphasis on family continuity—in actual or in symbolic ways—and on its members' healthy functioning and coping capacity rather than on pathology.

Early Intervention

The social worker's role in preventive efforts has been receiving renewed attention.³² It is believed that early intervention may alleviate the remnants and possible adverse effects of earlier experiences of separation and, eventually, may develop positive aspects of relationships and bonding among steprelatives. Families undergoing role crises have been found to be more amenable to interventive efforts that apply crisis theory to alleviate the distress and disequilibrium experienced by family members at particular phases of remarriage. In addition, programs that provide services to single and multiple family groups, parents' groups, couples' groups, and children's groups enhance the functioning and the psychological well-being of remarried families. Strategies for intervention also can include ex-spouses and other extended family members who have an impact on remarried family members. These strategies are based on multiple family therapy, on crisis intervention

techniques, and on family life education approaches.

Intervention goals for children involve preventing further development of dysfunctional behaviors and of internal stresses related to issues of separation, such as loss and strained relationships with parents, which are reactivated at the point of remarriage. Intervention goals also include assisting children to achieve a realistic understanding of life situations and helping them to adjust to different lifestyles, new forms of parenting, and multiple models of identification.

Intervention goals for parents focus on developing new structures in almost all aspects of living, developing ways of communicating more openly and more clearly with spouses and children, creating new ways of relating to former spouses about parenting issues, and completing the process of emotional separation from former spouses. Parents' success in completing these tasks permits children to have more autonomy about their feelings vis-à-vis biological kin and steprelatives.

Intervention goals for the total family include opening communication among members through the workers' understanding and objectivity and altering old family patterns that may be dysfunctional. These goals also involve the workers' helping family members to redefine family roles in order to allow for the development of new alliances and identifications without denigrating old ones.

Community Education

Based on site visits to 13 programs, experts on the stepfamily identified as useful the following three models of intervention: the family counseling model, the educational model, and the self-help model.³³ The models are multifocused and offer professional help with life problems. However, the present author's personal communications with professionals who have attempted to apply the models in clinics in New York, New Jersey, and California indicated that even strong clinical efforts at community education were not particularly successful in reaching stepfamilies. Part of the failure to reach stepfamilies is, without doubt, related to the time it takes to develop community acceptance of innovative approaches and related to curtailments of funds and programs in social service agencies in recent years. Nevertheless, part of the failure is also attributable to the social work profession. In the author's view, the dichotomy within the profession of "clinical work" and "other," which appears to overemphasize intrapsychic and interpersonal features of

professional interventions, works to the detriment of our efforts to reach stepfamilies. It is therefore dysfunctional in reaching out to these families to hold on to the separation of counseling and educational efforts. Traditionally, social work is well-equipped to engage in both efforts. Wald stated: "A problem that begins as a cultural problem may ultimately be experienced as an intra-personal problem of low self-esteem or negative identity."³⁴ The "schema for study" that Wald developed also encompassed a two-pronged perspective by focusing on the stepfamily's "broad historical, cultural, social, and legal context" and by contrasting the stepfamily with the nuclear family along the same dimensions in the here and now.³⁵ Clients and practitioners "must clarify and narrow the gap between the objective reality and the subjective views of the family situation."³⁶ Isn't this recommendation at the core of social work practice? Isn't this "new-old" social work?³⁷

'NEW-OLD' SOCIAL WORK

Children's problems always involve, at the core, issues of separation, identity, and bonding, although these are often obscured by a variety of presenting problems. In the lives of stepchildren, there are continuing ecological complexities—such as legal constraints of alimony, visiting rights, gifts, and participation in holidays and in other ceremonies—which provide the arena for dealing with these core issues. Reconnecting estranged relatives is reminiscent of the tasks of traditional child placement workers who intervened with at least two, and usually more, families in behalf of children. Workers, therefore, resemble stage directors or conductors, because they orchestrate children's growth and performance through the life cycle, despite many conflicting demands. Workers must bring into harmony competing adults who have their own emotional needs, in order to help children grow up soundly.

There is no evidence that children can relate only to two biological adults called parents. The social work professionals who work with stepfamilies have joined sociologists and anthropologists in acknowledging the significance of and the supportive role of the traditional extended family. Social workers also have suggested that with some help in working out unfinished adult issues, feuding parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, and so on could remain or become identification figures for children, thereby significantly contributing to the healthy growth of the children across generations. In fact, more permeable bound-

daries would permit stepparents and relatives to enrich children's lives as significant others, just as extended family members did for "prenuclear" families.

As family therapists often demonstrate, those families in which parents relate well to each other are the families that have well-defined boundaries for parents and siblings and that allow freedom for the children to grow. In contrast, in those families in which generational boundaries are rigid or weak, children experience problems. The encouragement of boundary permeability and of continuity of biological ties (original family) and ties-information (stepfamily) can be growth producing.

In practicing the "new-old" social work we, as professionals, must seriously consider the repackaging of our agency service structures and, even more important, the way in which we use our expertise. Industry, the school system, and the legal system provide possible opportunities for collaboration and for access to families at stress points in normal living. Reaching out from our customary workplaces and reconnecting ourselves and our agencies to our communities should give us new opportunities to reach families for prevention, perhaps beginning rather than ending with self-help groups and family life education. From that beginning, we might then make use of our skills of assessment in order to determine the need for continuing interventions with selected stepfamily members.

Greta W. Stanton, MS, is Associate Professor, School of Social Work, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey. An earlier version of this article was presented at the American Public Health Association, Social Work Section, Los Angeles, Calif., November 4, 1981.

Notes and References

1. E. Wald, *The Remarried Family: Challenge and Promise* (New York: Family Service Association of America, 1981), p. 32.
2. R. Espinoza and Y. Newman, *Stepparenting*, Publication No. 78-579, Center for Studies of Child and Family Mental Health, U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare (Rockville, Md.: Alcohol, Drug Abuse, and Mental Health Administration, 1979), pp. 3-5.
3. Wald, *The Remarried Family*. For recent articles on social work interventions with stepfamilies, see J. E. Hunter and N. Schuman, "Chronic Reconstitution as a Family Style," *Social Work*, 25 (November 1980), pp. 446-451; D. S. Jacobson, "Stepfamilies: Myths and Realities," *Social Work*, 24 (May 1979), pp. 202-207; H. C. Johnson, "Working with Stepfamilies: Principles of Practice," *Social Work*, 25 (July 1980), pp. 304-308; M. O. Kent, "Remarriage: A Family Systems Approach," *Social Casework: The Journal of Contemporary Social Work*, 61 (March 1980), pp. 146-153; and J. W. Ransom, S. Schlesinger, and A. P. Derdeyn, "A Stepfamily in Formation," *American Journal of Orthopsychiatry*, 49 (January 1979), pp. 36-43.
4. Wald, *The Remarried Family*, especially pp. 177-189.
5. Espinoza and Newman, *Stepparenting*, especially pp. 23-36.
6. Wald, *The Remarried Family*, pp. 45-65; and A. W. Simon, *Stepchild in the Family* (New York: Odyssey Press, 1964), pp. 23-34.
7. J. S. Wallerstein and J. B. Kelly, *Surviving the Breakup* (New York: Basic Books, 1980), p. 6.
8. Wald, *The Remarried Family*, p. 31.
9. Wallerstein and Kelly, *Surviving the Breakup*, especially pp. 5-9.
10. L. Messinger, "Remarriage between Divorced People with Children from Previous Marriages: A Proposal for Preparation for Remarriage," *Journal of Marriage and Family Counseling*, 2, No. 2 (1976), pp. 193-200.
11. Wallerstein and Kelly, *Surviving the Breakup*, p. 309.
12. Traditionally, social problems were defined relative to poor people and psychological problems were defined relative to middle-class people. In examining secular trends and data on children and families, such as, lower school achievement and rising rates of child homicide, suicide, child abuse, and so forth, Bronfenbrenner noted that the general trend is confined no longer to the urban poor. Indeed, recent reports of the experiences of middle-class families resemble those of low-income families in the mid-1960s. U. Bronfenbrenner, "Encounters of the Third Kind: Ecological Perspectives on Social Work." Paper presented at Lucille Austin Visiting Fellow Lecture, Columbia University School of Social Work, New York, April 20, 1981.
13. See P. Bohannan, ed., *Divorce and After: An Analysis of the Emotional and Social Problems of Divorce* (New York: Anchor Books, 1971); R. S. Wiseman, "Crisis Theory and the Process of Divorce," *Social Casework*, 56 (April 1975), pp. 205-212; E. Kübler-Ross, *On Death and Dying* (New York: Macmillan Publishing Co., 1969); J. Bowlby, *Loss: Sadness and Depression*, Vol. 3, "Attachment and Loss Series" (New York: Basic Books, 1980); and L. H. Tessler, *Children of Parting Parents* (Northvale, N.J.: Jason Aronson Publishers, 1978).
14. Wallerstein and Kelly, *Surviving the Breakup*, pp. 5-9; and Wald, *The Remarried Family*, p. 40.
15. E. B. Visser and J. S. Visser, *Stepfamilies, A Guide to Working with Stepparents and Stepchildren* (New York: Brunner/Mazel, 1979), pp. 25-27.
16. N. Golan, *Passing Through Transitions: A Guide for Practitioners* (New York: Free Press, 1981), p. xix.
17. F. Colon, "In Search of One's Past: An Identity Trip," *Family Process*, 12 (December 1973), p. 429.
18. F. Colon, "Family Ties and Child Placement," *Family Process*, 17 (September 1978), p. 289.
19. The author's experience in the private sector of foster care in New York City from 1947 to 1954 is the model for these practice examples.
20. E. A. Weinstein, *The Self-Image of the Foster Child* (New York: Russell Sage Foundation, 1960).
21. E. G. Meier, "Foster Children as Adults," p. 46. Unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, Columbia University School of Social Work, 1962.
22. D. Fanshel and E. Shinn, *Children in Foster Care: A Longitudinal Investigation* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1978).
23. Wald, *The Remarried Family*, p. 47.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 51.
25. M. McGoldrick and E. Carter, "Forming a Remarried Family," in Carter and McGoldrick, eds., *The Family Life Cycle: A Framework for Family Therapy* (New York: Gardner Press, 1980), p. 272.
26. See C. J. Sager et al., *Treating the Remarried Family* (New York: Brunner/Mazel, 1983), p. 241.
27. Wallerstein and Kelly, *Surviving the Breakup*, pp. 292-294.
28. J. Goldstein, A. Freud, and A. J. Solnit, *Beyond the Best Interests of the Child* (New York: Free Press, 1973).
29. Wallerstein and Kelly, *Surviving the Breakup*, p. 311.
30. Wald, *The Remarried Family*, pp. 2-4.
31. *Ibid.*, p. 9 and pp. 177-185.
32. For some programmatic suggestions, see M. Roskin, "Integration of Primary Prevention into Social Work Practice," *Social Work*, 25 (May 1980), pp. 192-196; and D. S. Simon, "A Systematic Approach to Family Life Education," *Social Casework*, 57 (October 1976), pp. 511-516.
33. American Institutes for Research, Office of Human Development Services, Administration for Children, Youth, and Families, *Helping Youth and Families of Separation, Divorce, and Remarriage: A Program Manual*, Publication No. 80-32010 (Washington, D. C.: U. S. Department of Health and Human Services, 1980), pp. 41-42.
34. Wald, *The Remarried Family*, p. 178.
35. *Ibid.*
36. *Ibid.*
37. M. Siporin, "Social Treatment: A New-Old Helping Method," *Social Work*, 15 (July 1970), pp. 13-25.

Accepted October 4, 1984

Compiling a reference on separation

By Angela Wiggs
Staff Writer

Children affected by foster care, adoption, divorce and stepfamily living are all "Children of Separation," according to Clearbrook resident and veteran social worker Greta Stanton, who wrote a book on the subject.

Mrs. Stanton has plenty of personal experience to draw from for the topic because she has two stepchildren.

She said she was probably most motivated to get involved with social work because she is a survivor of the Holocaust. In 1939, when she was still a teen-ager, she left her family in Austria and came to the United States, just as World War II broke out.

"I was a teen-ager who didn't think I'd see my parents again," said Mrs. Stanton. "That's how I learned what it's like to be separated from your parents."

The book, published by Scarecrow Press, contains almost 1,000 references, spanning 20 years of professional writing on the subject of children being separated from their biological parents.

It is meant to be used in libraries as a resource for students and professionals in child development, foster care, adoption, divorce and stepfamily living.

There is a whole body of literature on foster care and adoption that fits under the heading of child welfare, explained Mrs. Stanton.

There is also a lot of study that has been done on mental health issues concerning single parents and parents that remarry.

Mrs. Stanton's goal was to show that these two issues overlap.

"My effort was to say there's a lot to be learned from the research in both groups," said Mrs. Stanton.

"The issues for children are the

same."

She wrote the book to put all the research issues together in one reference place, just as she did for her students.

Mrs. Stanton taught at Columbia University, Hunter College, Fordham University and Rutgers University on the faculties of the schools of social

work. She developed courses in child welfare and stepfamilies based on her own experience.

She became a stepmother 30 years ago when she married a widower who already had two children, ages 10 and 13, who she eventually adopted.

See **SEPARATION**, Page 10A



Staff photo by John Keating

Clearbrook resident Greta Stanton with her book.

Separation—

Continued from page 1A

"My motherhood is step-motherhood," said Mrs. Stanton, "I raised them through the tough teen years."

As a stepmother she used what she knew about children in foster care and adoption situations and tried not to make mistakes.

"Some experience was helpful," said Mrs. Stanton, "I didn't expect instant love."

One thing she said she felt was important was helping her husband to talk to the children about their mother.

"It was important to have pictures around of their mother and not ignore (her death)," Mrs. Stanton said. She explained that she knew she couldn't make up to the children what they had lost.

One thing that she felt she was not prepared for, even with her professional experience, was the continued pain a child feels from the loss of a parent.

Another thing that Mrs. Stanton has witnessed is that some of the biological relatives of the children dissolve in tears when they see her daughter because she reminds them of her biological mother.

What she finds strange is that "many other people say she looks like me," Mrs. Stanton said.

She even went with her daughter on interviews for college to explain her poor grades early in high school, when she was going through problems associated with the loss of her mother, and the improvement of her grades in the last two years. She asked if they could consider events outside school that affect a student.

"Another stepmother wouldn't be able to recognize this and explain it without training," Mrs. Stanton said.

Mrs. Stanton's training includes a bachelor's degree from Hunter College, a masters of social work from Columbia University, and a diplomate in clinical social work.

She is a certified social worker for the state of New York and has a marriage counselor's license for the state of New Jersey.

Other honors include Who's Who in American Women and membership in the National Association of Social Workers.

Mrs. Stanton describes herself as an "old-fashioned case worker and clinical social worker that does individual and family treatment."

Her 45 years of work have been focused on the children in single-parent, foster care, adoption, and step families. She explained that two out of three children born in the 1980s won't reach their 18th birthday with two biological parents.

Child welfare is her area of expertise and her favorite type of counseling is "pre-remarriage counseling." She would meet with the children, the potential parents and then the whole group together to talk about what they could all expect before any problems started.

One thing that Mrs. Stanton taught was not to pretend that the new family would be the same as the old one.

"I call a step a step," said Mrs. Stanton, who explained that a step-family can still be a very loving and bonded family as long as there's no pretending.

She described this bonding as a result of continuity of affection and common experiences that happen either with or without blood relationships.

"I'm convinced that children can love more than two parents, if you allow them to," Mrs. Stanton said.

Her work with children and young people has given Mrs. Stanton the idea to continue teaching now that she is retired.

Since a new law has been passed in New Jersey that children must be taught about the Holocaust, she sees this as a perfect opportunity to use her knowledge.

"I'm used to teaching on controversial issues," she said. Mrs. Stanton would like to teach groups of teachers how to teach about the Holocaust.

"It is more important how it is taught than that it is taught," she said.

She has already gone into some schools with the Middlesex County group "Second Generation Holocaust Survivors," founded by Marianne Meyer.

"I'm considering this as an important retirement activity," said Mrs. Stanton.

Some other things that keep her busy are her work with the Clearbrook Brandeis Women's Study Group, where she has even taught some study groups. She also is program chairwoman at the Monroe Township Hadassah group.

She's also done work with Rider University for the Holocaust exhibit it sponsored at the State Museum in Trenton.

She's been on the licensing committee for New Jersey so that social workers in New Jersey will now be licensed, something other states have had for years.

Mrs. Stanton admits that many of her activities are work related, even though she's been formally retired since 1988.

"My work has become a part of myself," Mrs. Stanton said.

Appendix I

Searching For Aunt Klara's Pictures

TRANSLATION OF CORRESPONDENCE WITH ING.ROBERT FREY
(and others)

August 23, 1983

My dear Ms Maria,

How do I begin? It has been such a long time since we heard from each other. I don't really know how we stopped writing to each other. I am generally speaking not a good correspondent ,so I will gladly bear the responsibility. However, I do have to say that on the occasion of my second visit to Vienna (post WW II) in the summer of '78 I tried to reach you by phone at your home as well as in the Prein , but was unsuccessful. I have to confess that I was afraid you might be sick, since Ms Nandi wrote to me once that you were not in a good state (I don't remember when this was).

You may understand my surprise and my pleasure with the fact that I discovered your name on the roster of the Board of Directors of the current Ethical Culture. Society and the name of your husband as the director. Thus I am writing to you c/o the Ethical Society in the hope that we can re-enter some connection.

So, first a little news about us. For the last 20 years I have been married to a widower, whose two children I raised and eventually adopted. Since 4 weeks ago I am the proud grandma of a little girl. My wonderful husband has been ill on and off within the last several years, but has each time recovered to full strength. I have remained an active professional . For the last 12 years I have been Associate Professor of Social Work at Rutgers University. At this point it occurs to me that we might have lost track of each other because I moved from New York City to New Jersey. We have a nice house and feel very comfortable here. My dear mother moved with us and ended her life in our home, shortly before her 83rd birthday. I was able to nurse her at home through

the last 6 months of her life when she was suffering with a difficult cancer. She liked being with us.

Now I need a big favor from you. As you probably know from the news media, the world suddenly after 40 years developed a great interest in the "Holocaust". I believe, to give my personal explanation for this, that it took 40 years until one can bear to think about and speak about it. Thus I now think about my childhood and about my poor aunts much more frequently. Because of this I had the idea that I might be able to develop a little exhibit of my aunt Klara's paintings and eventually give the ones which I own (because of gifts from friends and relatives, whose possessions they were before), about 6 of them, to a museum. This way I could honour the memory of my poor aunt at least a little bit.

This was my reason for visiting the Ethical Culture Society in New York City, where I found your name. I went in order to find out what happened to Dr. Boerner. The enclosed picture is a photograph taken of the portrait of Dr. B. which my aunt painted and gave him as a present. I saw the painting on the wall of his office at the Ethical in New York in 1939/40, when I visited him there immediately after my arrival in New York City, in order to ask if he could do anything for aunt Klara, which was unfortunately not possible. Upon my visit this time, I learned that Dr. & Mrs. Boerner returned to Vienna in 1946. I wanted to address the "Ethical" in Vienna, when I came across your name.

So here is my Request to you: Do you know if Dr. or Mrs. Boerner are alive or if there are any living relatives? Would it be possible to find this painting? If it were found, would it be available to borrow it for an exhibit? If I could afford it and it were possible, I would gladly buy it.

The second Request: Do you know anyone who has pictures of my aunt Klara, to whom I could direct the above questions? I am particularly think of Ms Nandi's sister, whose name I do not know. I did receive a notice of Nandi's death but no sender's address.

Please forgive my troubling you with this. I find the courage to do so because I am aware of your warm feelings for aunt Klara. I would like so much to make it possible to remember at least some of her art work, and to honor her some many years after her destruction. In any event, many thanks in advance for your efforts. I hope you and Ing. Frey are in good health and content. I see from the "ethical" list that you are both active.

Cordially yours,
Gretl Wertheimer

PS I will send a copy of this letter to your old address, but will send the photo to the "Ethical" in case you live somewhere else now. Or do only Americans move around so much? By the way, please forgive my faulty German, in 45 years one forgets very much.

PPS In case you want to hear more about me, a friend of mine, Ula Pommer is going to be in Vienna from September 15-28, Hotel Amadeus, 63-87-38.

DIPL ING ROBERT FREY

Reichenau, 5 Sept 1983

Dear, very esteemed Ms Greta

Your letter of August 23 written to my wife, was forwarded to me. Unfortunately she died on August 14 1982 at the age of 85, and I, only one year younger than she, am all alone after 56 years of a life together. Our address in Vienna has not changed. However we bought an apartment here in Reichenau 20 years ago, and I am here at this time, where we always spent this beautiful time of the year.

I was very happy to read that you some time soon. Now regarding your wish about the pictures of your aunt Klara whom both I and my wife held in great esteem. I don't know

anything definite about the Boerner portrait. I believe his brother, who probably is also not alive any more, has taken it to London . I will talk to our 2nd Board Member K. Vlach to find out if he knows anything about it. As for Nandi Demel's sister I have no connection with her at all. Possibly I can find out something from the telephone book. I myself own a somewhat large Still Life (an iridescent glass vase with a large Silk Scarf), 3 small Floral Paintings, and an Ex Libris, all of which are hanging on the wall of my apartment in Vienna. The latter can probably be photographed in its actual size, if this would help you. As soon as I find out something about the pictures I will let you know. Until then I am with warm greeting

Robert Frey (signed)

October 28 1983 Stanton to Frey

My dear Ing. Frey, ^Thank you very much for your dear letter with apologies for the lateness of my reply. A minor illness and a lot of work are my excuse. And so it happened that the Boerner book arrived before I answered your letter so that I can thank you for it now. The book is very beautiful.

Before anything else, however, I would like to offer you my deep condolences. How sad I am that my letter to Ms Maria was a whole year too late. I hope she did not have to suffer too much. I regret your aloneness after all these years of marriage, but I hope that the Ethical Culture Society provides some companionship. Of course, this is no substitute for a life's partner but perhaps a help in coping. In spite of my not knowing Ms Maria too well, her graciousness and kindness will always be in my memory.

Now back to my previous request, I do appreciate very much that you offered me your help. As previously indicated, the whole story began with the fact that I had a photo of the Boerner portrait

and therefore have proof that it was aunt Klara's painting. If Mr. Vlach or anyone else knows anything about this, I would appreciate the person's address, so that I can personally address that person. Similarly with Nandi's sister. I would appreciate it if you could give me her name and address, if it is available in the phonebook. I understand that you have no contact with her but I do not even have her name.

I am happy to know that at least a few of aunt Klara's pictures are in the possession of friends, and I note that you are glad to have them. If you would find it possible to make me a photocopy of the Ex-Libris, I would be very grateful. Is it perhaps the ex-libris with a clown who has the whole world on a string with the motto "Mundus Vult Decipi"? I remember it well and loved it very much. My aunt recognized the whole world for what it was, a correct though a pessimistic outlook. I do agree with you that we have to be afraid of a world Holocaust.

I would like to add some explanation. I understand very well that aunt Klara's generation or mine do not want to give up pictures which they love, at least not in our lifetime. The idea of pursuing these possessions came to me when I thought of my own children and grandchildren who may not be very interested, so that I would rather honor my aunt by leaving my possessions to a museum. I am in the process of exploring any possible interest of a museum either here or in Israel. Therefore I began to explore whether other people who possess aunt Klara's pictures would also have such interests. If you agree with this, you will understand that my first step was to find out whether any pictures really exist. Once I know this, I could take further steps to communicate with the owners, if there is any interest, to honor my aunt. Thank you for your help.

Cordially yours, Greta.

FREY TO STANTON ,DECEMBER 20, 1983

Dear, very esteemed Ms Gretl,

The fact that I am answering your letter of October 23 only now, is not only related to my laziness, but I also took care of a few things related to your wishes.

First of all I took my wife's ex-libris out of its frame and had it photographed. On it one can see an open bookcase with a ladder in front of it. A woman is sitting in front of the open part reading a book. The open space above the book case is filled by a Madonna with a baby.

Nandi Demel's sister I could not reach, but finally I was able to reach her youngest son, Nikolaus, who, if I remember correctly was Nandi's Godson. He even remembered my wife, and promised me to ask his mother about your aunt Klara's pictures. She lives in her little house in Lower Austria and he will be together with her on the 26th and will then report to me.

The search for the Boerner portrait was unfortunately without success. Mr. Vlack, our organization's president, who managed their small estate after their demise, cannot remember ever to have seen the picture. He believes that the Boerners ever brought it back to Vienna. Either it is still in New York with the A.E.U. or Boerner himself gave it to someone before his departure. Perhaps the widow of Dr. Eckstein who stayed in New York knows something about it. If she is still alive the AEU would know her address and phone number.

The photograph of the ex-libris is packed up and resting on my desk. I would like to wait to send it until I have news from Nikolaus. Perhaps there are drawings or graphics available, which could be sent together.

With best wishes for 1984, and with remembrances of long gone years and beloved mutual friends, I remain, your

Frey(signed)

Appendix 1

**TRANSLATION OF LETTERS FREY TO STANTON
RE: AUNT KLARA'S PAINTINGS and Stanton to Nedwed**

Vienna, January 10, 1984

Highly esteemed Mrs. Gretl,

Now I have the information from Nikolaus Nedwed, the Godchild of Nandi Demels and I can therefore tell you the result of his inquiries from his mother. She does indeed have works of your esteemed aunt Klara. However, she prefers to have contact directly with you.. Her address is:

Liesl Nedwed , Wimpfstrasse 65, Neuhaus A 2565. It seems to me that my mission in this matter ends here. With best regards, signed Frey

I answered thisd on February 2nd and subsequently wrote to Mrs. Nedwed in June, when I did not hear anything further. (Letter attached).

**LETTER TO MRS NEDWED, THE SISTER OF AUNT
KLARA'S FRIEND NANDI V.Demel.**

June 22, 1984

Dear Mrs. Nedwed,

As you must have heard from your son Nikolaus via Ing. Frey, that I have attempted to get in touch with you. You and I have met a few times about 45 years ago when we were teenagers, since my aunt Klara Wertheimer was a good friend of your dear sister Nandi. I have warm memories of Mrs. Nandi, with whom I wasd in

**TRANSLATION OF LETTERs FREY TO STANTON
RE: AUNT KLARA'S PAINTINGS and Stanton to Nedwed**

Vienna, January 10, 1984

Highly esteemed Mrs. Gretl,

Now I have the information from Nikolaus Nedwed, the Godchild of Nandi Demels and I can therefore tell you the result of his inquiries from his mother. She does indeed have works of your esteemed aunt Klara. However, she prefers to have contact directly with you.. Her address is:

Liesl Nedwed ,Wimpfstrasse 65, Neuhaus A 2565. It seems to me that my mission in this matter ends here. With best regards, signed Frey

I answered thisd on February 2nd and subsequently wrote to Mrs. Nedwed in June, when I did not hear anything further. (Letter attached).

**LETTER TO MRS NEDWED, THE SISTER OF AUNT
KLARA'S FRIEND NANDI V.Demel.**

June 22, 1984

Dear Mrs. Nedwed,

As you must have heard from your son Nikolaus via Ing. Frey, that I have attempted to get in touch with you. You and I have met a few times about 45 years ago when we were teenagers, since my aunt Klara Wertheimer was a good friend of your dear sister Nandi. I have warm memories of Mrs. Nandi, with whom I wasd in

touch by letter and also personally after WW II. Unfortunately I received the notification of her death without noticing the sender. Therefore I could not express my condolences in writing. However, I had a mass read for her.

It took about 40 years until the world recognized the existence of the Holocaust, to which unfortunately both my aunts were victims. For me, too it was for a long time extremely difficult to think about this, let alone to talk about this. Only now after so much time has passed and I am growing older, am I able to think of my childhood and of all the loved ones who became victims. These remembrances gave me the idea to work on the possibility to honour my aunt's memory by not allowing her and her aunt to be forgotten. Therefore I am trying to find a museum which would exhibit her work or who might also be interested in a gift.

I myself have a few paintings here, partly my own, partly from friends and relatives, who had bought them years ago and who would let me have them for the purpose of an eventual exhibit. Therefore I would very much like to ask you if you or any people you know have paintings of my aunt's. In this case, I would further like to ask you, if you were ready to sell these pictures, if the price is affordable for me. It may also be a possibility to let me have them as a loan for a possible exhibit or to donate them to a museum, in your name or that of an owner among your acquaintances. I imagine that a museum would be interested in exhibiting all pictures to fill a room in my aunt's name. I hope that you will read my request with understanding and that you will not mind my troubling you with this. I do believe, that you definitely also appreciated my aunt, and that you are aware of your sister's love and commitment to her. In this case, you would perhaps be interested in supporting and effort not to leave her art to oblivion.

I will be glad to hear from you in any event and especially what you think of my plan and if you have any suggestions.

I thank you in advance for your consideration, and with greetings to yourself and your family, I remain,

Yours truly,
Greta W. Stanton (Gretl Wertheimer)

PS I never received a reply to this letter.

Stanton to Frey March 25, 1985

Dear Ingineur,

Only a few lines to tell you that my husband and I have more or less returned to our previous state of health, and are quite satisfied with this. We hope that you have survived the winter in good health, and we assume that you are already planning to have a good summer in your summer home.

You have inquired about my success with Nandi's sister. It was a complete failure. I wrote her a long letter, more or less with the same content which is known to you. However, I never received an answer. I regret this very much but I will not try again. In the meantime I have been in touch with a few museums. To date I have nothing definite but a good bit of interest has been expressed. So, we will see what happens.

Many warm greetings . Thank you for your interest and all your efforts. And again, best wishes for a happy Easter Holiday.

Cordially yours, Gretl

Frey to Stanton 13 December 1987

Dear, very esteemed Ms Greta,

With my (very necessary) organizing and cleaning up of my desk drawers, I came upon your letter of April and I am afraid it was not answered. Without a secretary there is not to much organization in my limited correspondence. At any rate I hasten to answer at this

point and ask you to excuse the long delay. Your letter was very interesting to me. Your professional occupation with the fate and the needs of children appears to me to be an especially worth while profession .which has increased my appreciation of you as a person.

This week we saw on TV the signing of the Atomic Rocket treaty, and right afterwards the singing of Xmas songs by little kids. When I saw their dear full of life faces, I had to think of the previous show, and could only hope that all these children will be spared our fear of a catastrophe.

I no longer work very much, but am still busy with the liquidation of an organization, of which I was the president for dozens of years (Work Organization for the Advancement of the Austrian Building Industry), because we all got too old, and our Youth has no interest in" honorary " assignments. My major occupation is reading althouth regretfully it is only possible with a magnifying glass, and is therefore slow and strenuous. Now and then I can think of some little verses, of which I am sending you a sample. Otherwise I am o.k., because of or in spite of many medications, as good as one can expect it at almost 90 years of age.

Best holiday wishes to you and yours and for 1988, with best greetings ,your Frey(signed)

A page with 6 verses, headed with "hand picked for Mrs. Greta Stanton" is attached in the original language.

FREY TO STANTON
January 31,1991

Vienna,

Very esteemed Ms Greta,

Many thanks for your dear letter, with your holiday wishes and your two year round robins. My English is GOOD ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND THESE.

Most important I want you to tell me, if you are still interested in your aunt Klara's pictures which I own. If you are, please, give me

your current address, since my will is still under your old address in Somerset.

There is not much to report about me. In spite of my being from the last century (I was born in 1998) I am fairly healthy. I will be happy, if I will be able to spend the summer in Reichenau again. With the help of good caretakers, I will hopefully be successful this year, too.

I also send you my best wishes for 1991. With warmest greetings,
Frey(signed)

Personal Encounter

STANTON TO FREY

JULY 19, 1991

Dear Ing. Frey,

Just a few lines to let you know that I will be in Vienna from August 16 to 19. Please forgive this last minute news but it was only a last minute arrangement.

I know that you spend summers in Reichenau. If it is ok with you, I would be glad to come to Reichenau for the day. In spite of the brevity of my stay, I would like to do it because I would very much appreciate getting to know you, since you are so very kind to me. I almost feel as though I know you already.

I only hope that your mail is forwarded to you. At Any rate, I want to tell you where mail will reach me.

August 5-10 Prague

August 10-16 Reichenhall (with specific addresses given)

August 16-19 Vienna

In case I do not hear from you, I will assume that you did not receive this letter and will attempt to find your phone number in Reichenau.

So, hopefully "auf Wiedersehen", if this is convenient for you

Greta W. S.(Signed)

FREY TO STANTON

Reichenau August 11, 1991

Your letter that you will come to Vienna and will also visit me in Reichenau was a welcome surprise to me. I would recommend Saturday, August 17 for your visit. On Sunday is too much commotion in the restaurant and on the railroad, and on Monday you want to leave already.

Please call me:tel. 33-8-72

I am looking forward to your visit and remain with warm greetings,
yours Frey (signed)

GWS's note. I spent a very warm and friendly day with Ing. Frey and his housekeeper, Grete Ranz who was taking good care of him. We went to a restaurant (beer garden, called "Beisel" in Austria, across the street from his apartment since he was a bit frail, but completely clear thinking.

Unfortunately many of the letters of this correspondence are not longer available. However, this personal encounter proved to be quite important.

Frey to Stanton

September 6 1991

Highly esteemed dear Ms Greta;

First I want to thank you for your good-bye letter and its "sweet" attachment (I sent candy-GWS). It was really very kind of you to spend a whole day with me in Reichenau even though your stay in Vienna was such a short one.

We are fondly remembering your visit and we are looking forward to the promised photographs. Hopefully they came out all right.

With warm regards,

Dipl Ing Frey and caretaker Grete

Ing. Frey's Death:



Ing Frey and housekeeper
Mrs. Ranz - Aug. 1991

GRETE RANZ TO Stanton undated

GWS's Note:

Mrs. Grete Ranz was Ing. Frey's housekeeper. In this undated letter she sent his last (typed) letter to me and a copy of the Notification (usual Austrian Catholic custom) of Ing. Frey's death.

Ing Frey's letter(undated) Dear Ms. Greta: Finally I found a good translator for your English review of my modest literary efforts, which you sent me. My Grete's son in law was nice enough to do this.

Albeit my writing is only a hobby. However, because of myshaking hand I cannot work too much in this respect, because even on the typewqrter I misspell.

Atthis time, too, I want to thank you for your photographs of your visit with us in Reichenau. I hope this letter finds you in your new house already, and I request an answer at your leizure.

With best greetings also from my Grete

Best wishes for the

holidays and for the New Year.

Postscript:

Mrs. Stanton, unfortunately Mr. Frey was no longer able to sign this letter himself. His health deteriorated, and on November 7, he reached his final sleep.

Yours, Grete

The "Pate" = Notification of Death describes Ing Frey's many titles, offices, both honorary and other positions from which he retired. It also describes his contributions to Austria.

It describes his burial site, as the family grave, and is signed by Severalof his wife's. relatives. The dates I November 1992

**LETTERS RE: ING.FREY'S WILL RE:AUNT Klara's
PICTURES**

Cranbury, NJ May 7,1993

Gentlemen:

As you can see in the attached letter sent by Ing Frey to me on January 31,1991,he promised me to leave me in his last will and testament those paintings in his possession which had been painted by my aunt Klara Wertheimer .

In December of 1992 Mrs. Grete Ranz sent me a letter which the dear departed had written to me but was no longer able to sign, along with the news of his death. I answered her of course and asked her to express my condolences to the relatives, since I had no address to do so.

Until now I have not received any news and therefore want to ask whom I would need to address re} the heritage of the paintings. Perhaps the relatives are aware of the fact that Mrs. Maria Frey, whom I still visited in 1958 and 1960 (To Dipl Ing Dr Rudolf Buerkl-Maria's brother or nephew:- Since my aunt was deported and was a Holocaust victim, I am particularly interested in honoring her memory. Therefore I am attempting to get the few works of art which are still around to get into the possession of my family. I am also in the process to will those paintings which are in my possession to the Leo Baeck institute as a permanent loan. In this case, of course, the original owner would be given credit. Would you be good enough to inform me, what I would need to do to get the paintings over here. Of course, I would be glad to arrange for the transport and to fund the cost. However, I would have to know where the paintings are now and the date by which they would be available.

With friendly greetings, Greta W.Stanton
signed

Attached Last Will and Testament

Herewith I renounce all previously determined last will. My only heir is Mrs. Grete Ranz, 100 Vienna X, Rotenhofgrasse 106/5.
Signed by Ing Frey and 2 witnesses, Reuchenau October 4, 1992

CORRESPONDENCE WITH Grete Ranz re:aunt Klara's work

Vienna August 13,1993 from Grete Ranz to GWS

Dear esteemed Mrs. Greta,

I received 2 letters from you in which you informed me to transfer the pictures which Ing. Frey promised you. Please, forgive me for letting you hear from me only now- I was totally consumed with closing three households in May and June.

The engineer decided over night to leave EVERYTHING to me, since the relatives were very little available to him. The cancer was terminal, thus the spontaneous decision.

I consider it an obvious responsibility to see that you get the pictures. However, they are packed along with other items. Please, let me know where I should send the pictures.

To the best of my knowledge the legal situation has been settled in court and now moves to the Office of Finance.

Best wishes and greetings from myself

Signed GRETE

Thank you for thinking of him lovingly. I miss him a lot.

My new address is :Ranz, Grete,1080 Wien, Josefstaedterstrasse 66/25

Stanton to Ranz August 24, 1993

Dear Mrs. Grete;

Many thanks for your letter of August 13th. First let me express my pleasure at the fact that Ing. Frey willed everything to you. Once in a while the kindness and loyalty of a caretaker is rewarded. I am

sure you earned it but not always does one get what one merits, thus my special pleasure.

Now you are all alone and you miss the old gentleman but I hope that after the solution of three households –no small matter- you will be able to resume a new life.

Now with regard to my “inheritance”. I am very grateful for your generosity. As you know, the few painting created by my aunt ,which are still around are very important to me.

With reference to the shipment to America which may be more complicated than one thinks, with duty, packing, shipment etc. I want you to have as little difficulty as possible. I therefore suggest that I will make inquiries here and then communicate with you. I am going to California but will return by September 14. If you find out anything in the meantime, I would appreciate it if you let me know. Otherwise I will write or telephone in September when I know more.details.

Again, many thanks and warm wishes and greetings,

Greta Stanton

CORRESPONDENCE RE:RECEIVING AUNT KLARA’S PAINTINGS FROM MRS. GRETE RANZ

After the discovery that Mrs. Ranz was the universal heir of Ing. Frey’s estate there were many phone calls between myself and Mrs. R. She was kind enough to say that this was “a debt of honor” but that she could not get at the paintings which were somewhere in all the goods that had been moved,. After about a year, I began to doubt that I would ever be able to manage to get the paintings and I was working on making the finding and shipment easier for Mrs. Ranz.

By the spring of 1984 I was able to find a man in a shipping company in Vienna through my dear old friend Shalom Reik-my “adopted” brother in Tel Aviv whose family was in the shipping

business. When Shalom called a business associate , who was an Austrian non-Jew a “good man” and reliable, you could be sure that he was a bona fide human being. And indeed he turned out to be that and became a young friend of mine over the years.(He is about the age of my son Andy).

After a number of phone calls this man Fritz Wollner who was to ship the paintings, once they were located , offered to help Mrs. Ranz to unpack and find the paintings. The attached correspondence is some evidence of his efforts. The German letters are translated by me.

Greta W. Stanton
Professor Emerita
76A Chatham Drive
Cranbury, NJ 08812
USA

Vienna, May 26, 1994

Dear Madam:

Yesterday I visited Mrs. Ranz, to expedite your case.

One of the paintings (a Vase with red flowers) I was able to see briefly, the two others will still have to be found in the massive items of the (Frey) estate. She has recently agreed that she will look into it in the next few days. As soon as the paintings are ready for shipment, she will inform me.

For the next two weeks I will be out of town. I hope that by the time I return in the middle of June, your paintings will be available, and subsequently I will be able to give you more details, re: the manner of shipment and the cost.

Until then I remain

Very sincerely yours,

Signed Fritz Wollner
Grete Ranz

Copy to Mrs.

Letter of August 17, 1994 attached (in English)

STANTON TO RANZ

SEPTEMBER 20, 1994

Dear Mrs. Grete, many apologies for my writing only now. I was not quite well and therefore could only take care of most pressing chores.

My aunt's paintings arrived in good condition and I am extremely touched to have received them. I believe that it is quite impossible for you to know, how very grateful I am to you that you acted in the spirit of the late Ing. Frey, and that you were so generous. Mr. Wollner told me that you liked the Ex-Libris aunt Klara made for "Miss Maria v. Buerkel" very much. Do you know that this was the wife of Ing. Frey before their marriage? I believe it was difficult to separate from this. This was what Ing. Frey said to me many years ago, and at that time he made a -photograph of the picture and sent it to me. So, since I now have the original, I will send you Ing. Frey's photo of it, which I loved having on my wall for many years. As soon as I am able to leave the house, I will send it to you.

Again, many heartfelt thanks. With best wishes and greetings,

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) Grete

Greta W. Stanton

Dr. Richard Worsel Wertheimer
Helen T. Bornaleger 6/2

aa:

Justa Wertheimer 351 Park West
New York City

14.6.1941

Appendix 2 Parents' letters and translations

Mein liebes Gretel!
Dein Brief vom 2. h. ist
er uns nicht nur eine Freude
Wir sind nunmehr für
ausgesprochen für unsere
Formalität bedankt.
Ich danke dich sehr für
mich ist auch sehr
die wir werden sehr
angenehm ist uns
Denken. Aber schließlich
auswerten. Die ganze
das Bestätigung, dass
ja, sehr in Frieden
sich in Frieden setzen. Man versteht, dass das ein Brief der Schifffahrt vom
23. Sept., der prinzipiell genügt hätte, das war in der Tat wieder
brennen. Man weiß nicht, was. Ein Tag, der in Folge eines Unfalls an
Kosakowas der zweite Schiffsverkehr hat, und die ersten alle, die die
Befriedigung der Frau, die ich habe. Der Brief vom 23. Sept., der die Schifffahrt
sie hätte sich, da sie bereits bereit ist, ein Jahr lang, an ihre Karriere
in Madrid gemacht, damit sie die Differenz zwischen den beiden
angehörigen in Madrid, bezahlt werde. Ich muss also bei der mit großem
Bedauern erwarten, dass Du, armes Kind, nicht wieder zum Haus
kommen wirst. Hoffentlich wird diese Differenz nicht allzu groß und dann
ist es alles, was ich weiß. Ich hoffe, die alte Geschichte von dem, was ich
sie Du erwartest. Der Dir sehr angenehme Brief an Mr. Kov, wegen
der Intervention unserer Freunde, Erlangung eines anderen bewussten
Erlangung auf unserem Namen, schicke ich dir, das ist, das ich
möglichst viel Zeit für Verfügung steht. Und nun kann es, sozusagen, sozusagen
es von uns abhängt. Das ist, das ich sehr gerne habe. Ich habe
in Berlin sind, was wir Dir am liebsten schreiben, da wir jetzt ja
sicherlich Zeit haben werden. Der Dampfer geht zwischen 5 und
10. Okt., somit bleibt uns, wenn wir nicht, als Möglichkeit, von hier
in Richtung ziehen eine Zeitpause von vielleicht 12-14 Tagen
in Spanien für die Behandlung von den Reisebegleitern und zur aktiven
Erholung für die noch bevorstehenden. Jedenfalls glaube ich, dass ich
das ist der letzte Brief ist, da wir Dir noch von hier schreiben.
In Madrid, bei der Schifffahrt. Ich hoffe ich, dass Dir die Nachrichten sehr
zufinden. Wir können uns jederzeit wieder oder auch nicht recht vorstellen,
dass der Dampfer, der den Dampfer von Wochen weg, der wir ihn
wieder haben. Also, und ich, für heute nur noch viele Grüße und
den Wunsch nach einer baldigen, gesunden Wiederkehr. Auf!

Mein geliebtes Kind, auf baldiges, gesundes Wiedersehen.
Millionen Küsse von Eltern

Wien II., Lernelegasse 67

ca;

New York City

Wien, 14. Oktbr. 1941

355 - V 134

Mein lieber Orest!

Dein Brief vom 2. d. ist erhalten wie Samstag, 10. d. d. d., entgegen Deiner Meinung, dass
er eine kleine Weile zu spät ist. Vielleicht wird er auch noch ein wenig später kommen.
Wir sind nunmehr ziemlich mit allen Vorbereitungen fertig, und liegen bereits alle Vor-
arbeiten für unsere Arbeiten vor, bis auf das, was Du, welches selbst eine
Formalität bedeutet. Der Transport, für welchen wir eingeteilt sind, wird nicht
gedacht werden, um einige Tage. Erst sollte man es sehen, wenn hier am 17. d. man-
nliche ist auch dieser Termin ausfallen, weil es wohl bis 20. d. werden
sich ein werden fallen können. Das ist immer eine große Angelegenheit, und es
angehen ist nun auch nicht sehr verantwortungsvoll, wie ich dir hiermit
denke. Aber schließlich, mit entgegenkommender Geduld, wird es sich schon
auswirken. Die ganze letzte 14 Tage warteten wir schon sehr richtig auf
das Bestätigungstelegramm, da es heute - nun es hier ist. Du weißt
ja, dass die Fäden immer das manna gilt, und die anderen liegen
sich in Geduld fassen. Statt des Telegr. kam doch ein Brief der Schiff-Gen. vom
23. Sept., der ursprünglich gesagt hätte, dass es in Barcelona werden
sollte. Man hat nicht gewusst. Ein Tag später, als infolge eines kleinen Unfalls an
den Adressaten, wurde das Telegramm hat endlich die erwartete telegraphische
Bestätigung der Frau v. d. gesteuert. In dem Brief vom 23. d. steht, dass die Schiff-Gen.
sie hätte sich, da die Bedingung bereits über ein Jahr laufen, an ihre Kontrolle
in Madrid gestellt, damit sie die Differenz "entweder von nun an oder von dem
angehörigen in Madrid bezahlt werde". Ich muss also leider mit großem
Bedauern erwarten, dass Du etwas Geld zahlen werden zum Handel
kommen wirst. Hoffentlich wird diese Differenz nicht allzu groß und daher
nicht allzu schwierig sein. Es ist die alte Geschichte von den, denen ich
sie Du erwartest. Der Dir erst. angezeichneten Brief an dir, der, wegen
der Intervention seinerseits zuweilen, Erlangung eines etwas besseren Auf-
bringung auf unseren Namen, schicke ich dir, um auf diese Weise die
möglichst viel Zeit zur Verfügung steht. Und nun kann es kommen, dass
es von mir abhängt, was natürlich je früher, je besser. Sobald wir
in Bilbao sind, werden wir Dir ausführlich schreiben, da wir jetzt ja
situationell Zeit haben werden. Der Dampfer geht zwischen 5 und
10. Oktbr., somit bleibt uns, wenn wir zu 11. d. abfliegen, von hier
in Rechnung ziehen eine Zeitpause von vielleicht 12-14 Tagen
in Spanien für die Befreiung von den Reisekosten und zur anticipation der
Erholung für die nach bevorstehenden. Jedemfalls glaube ich, hoffe ich,
dass dies der letzte Brief ist, da wir Dir noch von Wien aus schreiben.
In Bilbao bei der Schiff-Gen. hoffe ich sicher, dass Dir Nachrichten von
Luisinda wir können uns gegenseitlich schreiben, aber auch nicht recht vorstellen,
dass sie da ist, dass sie da ist, dass sie da ist, dass sie da ist, dass sie da ist,
wieder haben. Also, nach allem, was heute aus noch viele Jahre und
den Wunsch nach einem belagerten, werden die Gedanken. Auf!

Mein geliebtes Kind, auf baldiges gegenseitiges Wiedersehen.
Mit lieben Grüßen von Eltern

Bilbao, 27. I. 1941.

Mein lieber Petal! Jetzt wir also endlich da und warten auf die Abfahrt der Mar-
gethauer, die uns zwar näher zu dir, wenn auch noch nicht ganz nahe genug sein soll.
Drei Telegramme von Mithras und D. J. ja schon von unserer Abreise mitteilt
und dir leider wohl auch wegen der Nachrichten vom Vorgang gebracht haben, so dass
ich deine Abreise, soweit sie das Zeugnis anlangt, schon wiederholt bedauere.
Doch war die Sachverhalt folgender und wird dir nach Kommunikation
unserer Eltern, sehr und den aus dieser entsprechenden Telegrammtext erklä-
lich machen. Du kannst dir denken, dass mein erster Weg am Morgen nach
unserer Abreise in Bilbao die Transatl. galt. Dort erklärte man mir
dass im Sinne einer am Vortage ergangenen Verfügung Inhaber von Plätzen
ausspan. Hefen nicht aufbrechen dürfen. Ich brauche dir wohl nicht weiter zu
explizieren, wie uns das traf, obgleich ich, von Standpunkt der Logik aus-
gehend, nicht ganz so konstant war, wie eigentlich angesichts des Bot-
schafts zu erwarten stand. Ich sagte und sage mir nämlich - Wenn die
Sachlage ist noch immer nicht endgültig geklärt - dass diejenigen, deren
Laden, Pässe, Tickets etc. in Ordnung sind, werden fahren können. Das ist
jetzt auch die allgemeine Ansicht, die übrigens auch mit der Mr. Ross's,
den ich am gleichen Tag schrieb und der auch mit wunderlicher Post ant-
wortete übereinstimmt. Übrigens soll man morgen Dienstag Definitives
über die Sache hören. Ich hoffe nur dass die Angelegenheit nicht noch
Geldopfer erfordert. - Nun will ich dir zu deiner Orientierung noch etwas
über unsere Reise erzählen. Wir sollten nach San, was uns die H.G. mitteilte,
am 19. abends von hier fortfahren und hatten schon Wohnung gemäß aller
Sachen eingerichtet. Als ich aber am 17. früh die H.G. aufsuchte, erfuhr ich,
dass der Transport schon am selben Tage, also am 18. früh abgehe, was
natürlich nicht wenig zu beklagen war. Mutter war gerade nicht was-
sen. Hatten kein Fährer, als ich die Nachricht von der verzögerten Abreise
erhielt. Nun, wie du dir vorstellen kannst, erging natürlich, wenn
auch alles in Eile geschehen musste, um so früher wir Freitag,
den 17. abends ab. Dr. Huse ging über Berlin, Frankfurt, Paris, durch das
besetzte Frankreich und bei Hudege - dann nach Spanien und verließ ganz
gut. Dienstag nachts kamen wir dann nach Vitorien und 3 Tage -
fehlt hier an. Die Stadt ist herrlich schön, nur ist unsere Unterkunft,
wie leicht vorstellbar, zu groß um all die schönen Eindrücke hier
richtig groß zu werden. Auch wirst du wissen, dass bei Abschied
von der Tante (vielleicht für immer?) kein so leichtes sein konnte und
natürlich auch noch nicht. - Wir sprechen hier auch jetzt den ganzen
Tag nur von den Eltern, die die Tante. Eltern sich kosten von 100 Gold
unser natürlich nicht die alten ersparten erspart für die Zukunft.
Mr. Ross, der ich ein gutes, hat Mr. Fies in Barcelona 500 Pesetas

wären hätte. Leider ist am neuen Gold schon so öftig geworden, dass Sie 50^{tes} Sie
jedem beim Abtritt über die Grenze erhielt (Touret oder Lucca) und von wel-
chem auch noch die Sprachgelehrten in Abzug kam, sind gekommen, sodass
die Nachsichtung ausreicht, aber wegen der Belastung Ihrer Person unration-
al zu gehen er scheint. - Hier haben geschafft hier nichts als zu schreiben um
Ihr vorzufinden, doch hast Du gewiss, in der Lage zu sein, dass Du noch nicht
hastest, gewiss an Sie alle davon geschrieben. - Hier sind wieder viel sehr viel
habe, die auf das Schiff noch leben warten, darunter auch die Eltern des jetzt
in U. S. A. konvertierten Völkchens, Maria. Mutter u. ich hoffe, dass
Ihre Bekanntschaft sich nicht in Karten für Dich auswirken wird. Trotzdem
es allen hier gut geht - wir sind hier in der Stadt, wo wir auch gepflegt sind,
(wahrscheinlich auch vom Tourist, worüber ich nicht genau informiert bin) -
sind alle doch unzufrieden, da sie begreiflicherweise alle die Tendenz haben,
ihre Ziele möglichst bald zu erreichen. Hier werden falls das noch taglich geht,
das nunmehr schon der wichtigste Anfangs schritt getan ist, allerdings wird
ich es manchmal mit Gottes Hilfe. prognostizieren und jedenfalls in
absehbarer Zeit erfüllen! Die noch zu gewöhnlichen Reisetrappe zu werden
sich mit Rücksicht auf das Endziel schon gut überleben lassen. Abigailen
Mutter fragte, ob sie Dich - wobei ich ihr eine ziemlich gute Erklärung zeige -
auf diese Distanz am Pier erkennen würde, meinte sie, man würde Dich jederzeit
wenn schon nicht schon, so doch, "hören". Du siehst, das Vertrauen zu Deiner
Stimmlichkeit ist noch vorhanden. Für heute will ich nichts mehr, da wie die
der letzten Nacht, unsere Korrespondenz hier (übrigens auch ein sehr lautes
Porten) ziemlich groß ist. Ich grüße und küsse Dich, wie immer, viele Male
Dein Vater

Mein geliebter Alvin, ich kann mir Deine Ungeduld vorstellen, bis unser
Gelegenheit vorstellen und kann Dir nur sagen, dass die letzte Abreise
die wohl damals nicht wir sollten zum gleichen Zweck eine andere Reise
unternehmen, haben aber diese bei Weitem vorgezogen, obwohl wir bei der
anderen viele gute Freunde und Vertraute nur Gesellschaft gehabt hätten.
Wir fühlen uns also trotz aller Sorgen hier sehr wohl und hoffen dass
wir nicht recht bald zu Dir kommen, je näher der Zeitpunkt rückt
desto größer wird meine Sehnsucht. Ich küsse Dich und mein Lieber
und grüße alle unsere Freunde von allem Freunde Henry Deine Mutter

Georgische Griffe und Küsse, und baldigst freies Wiedersehen,
sagen furcht auf Deine Großmutter.

Habana, January 8th 1941.

My dearest Greta,

Perhaps you will be astonished to get a letter again as I wrote you only yesterday; but your letter of 31st ult. came into our possession after my having sent my letter, delivered as with its enclosure by Mr. T.'s friend. So I must tell you without any delay, how glad we have been of having a sign of you at last again. Though we are no more anxious about you even if we do not get any letter for a long time, as we know it is not your fault, but only the outward circumstances are to blame for it, we are however very sad at not having a line of you, especially as our acquaintances get their mail without any interruption. But I think the way you chose lately will be good so that our advice of our last letter is no more needed. You can imagine that Matti is very proud and very much astonished at your praising her English letters, although she ascribes a great deal of your praising to your not quite impartial daughterly feelings. As to myself I gather the impression of knowing less from day to day. I am convinced being in U.S. at last I will be understood by anyone but I am not able to understand English people; I suppose so; as a result of my experience here to be sure, but I am afraid of not being otherwise in U.S., though people here can be said to speak a dreadful English. But I fear I am only looking for excuses of my defective knowledge. - As I take from your lines the prospects of our immigrating soon do not seem to be favorable, but perhaps we will have good luck in this case at ~~least~~ least and we will have our turn sooner than we hope. - Matti will write aunt Tony in the next time and render an account of the outlays for grandmother's illness. ~~Should be~~ I would be inquisitive, how she imagines

that the remainder of the \$100.~ can be sufficient for the next ~~next~~ months. I think even the blessed Locker (the English Adam. Piore) would not have been able to solve this arithmetical problem. — As to Fred. I told you the matter about his mother only presuming it would be interesting to you; I did not think you shall inform him about it. I am very much surprised at his not being a soldier, as most young people of our acquaintance are soldiers now even being much older than he.

For to-day enough, so I finish writing and remain with many kisses you folks

Benny, yesterday in the evening I was very happy to get a letter from you, in the morning my Aunt - Emily and I were at the post-office expectant the parcel and the letters even we were at the chief - nothing here - he said, you can imagine how unhappy I was, now in everything alright. I beg you darling ^{tell} Aunt I shall not be angry about me, my feelings for her is the same as it was before, but I cannot write especially in English, I hope we will see each another soon and then is everything in better, still have written a very nice letter to me, but I cannot answer tell them the same. Aunt Benny I will write next time and try to send her a draw up, but I didn't get one still, it is sure, I haven't bought stamps for this money. I don't know to write more besides. I love you

With much sweet
your Mother

Habana, January 8th 1941.

My dearest Seta,

Perhaps you will be astonished to get a letter again as I wrote you only yesterday; but your letter of 31st ult. came into our possession after my having sent my letter, delivered so with its enclosure by Mr. T's friend. So I must tell you without any delay, how glad we have been of having a sign of you at last again. Though we are no more anxious about you, even if we do not get any letter for a long time, as we know it's not your fault, but only the outward circumstances are to blame for it, we are however very sad at not having a line of you, especially as our acquaintances get their mail without any interruption. But I think the way you chose lately will be good so that our advice of our last letter is no more necessary. You can imagine that Mutti is very proud and very much astonished at your praising her English letters, although she ascribes a great deal of your praising to your not quite impartial daughterly feelings. As to myself I gather the impression of knowing less from day to day. I am convinced being in U.S. at last I will be understood by any one, but I am not able to understand English people; I suppose so; as a result of my experience here to be sure, but I am afraid of not being otherwise in U.S., though people here can be said to speak a dreadful English. But I fear I am only looking for excuses of my defective knowledge. — As I take from your lines the prospects of our immigrating soon do not seem to be favorable, but perhaps we will have good luck in this case at ~~least~~ least and we will have our turn sooner than we hope. — Mutti will write aunt Lucy in the next time and render an account of the outlays for grandma's illness. ~~What she would~~ I would be inquisitive, how she imagined

that the remainder of the \$100.~ can be sufficient for the next ~~month~~
months. I think even the blessed Locker (the English Aid. Ruse)
would not have been able to solve this arithmetical problem. —
As to Fred. I told you the matter about his mother only presuming it
would be interesting to you; I did not think you shall inform him
about it. I am very much surprised at his not being a soldier, as
most young people of our acquaintance are soldiers now even being
much older than he.

For to-day enough; so I finish writing and remain with many
kisses your father

Deary, yesterday in the evening I was very happy to get a letter from you, in the
morning my Aunt - Lany and I were at the post-office awaiting the parcel and the letter
even we were at the chief - nothing here - he said, you can imagine how unhappy I was, now
in everything alright. I beg you darling ^{tell} say, Aunt I shall not be angry about me, my feeling
for her is the same as it was before. But I cannot write, especially in English, I hope we will
see each another soon and then in everything in better, stills have written a very nice letter to
me, but I cannot answer tell them the same. Aunt Bessy's will write next time and for
to send her a draw up, but I didn't get one all, it is true, I haven't bought stamps for
this money. I don't know to write more besides. I love you

William sweet Bessy
your Mother

Appendix II

MEMOIRS WRITTEN SEPTEMBER 13, 2000 Parents' First Letter

My dear grandchildren:

This afternoon my memoir group meets again, so I want to translate another letter of my parents which I still happen to have. I will explain in a postscript why it is very difficult for me to write today. However, I am forcing myself, because I feel it is so important that you know my personal accounts of the Holocaust which is such an important part of Jewish history which your grandmma and your great grandparents lived through. Here is the letter.

**Dr. Richard Israel Wertheimer
Wien II.,Schmelzgasse 6/7**

**To:Grete Wertheimer
%Friedsam
KewGardens, L.I.**

Vienna, July 4,1941

My dear Greterl,

Unfortunately we did not receive any letter from you since the one of June 9.It seems the mail is functioning somewhat more slowly again. I hope we will get mail soon and what is even more important that you receive our regular communications. Recently I sent our communications via South America and I will do the same today. We hear it gets to you more quickly this way. It is true it costs proportionately a lot more, however if you can really get it a lot more quickly it is worth the financial sacrifice. *(Remember children, it was wartime. They probably*

deprived themselves of food to buy this quicker way of keeping in touch). I believe I already responded to your telegram in which you touched on the preparations for Cuba. In addition I have to tell you that one cannot do anything here and everything at your end. I have also been told that there is only one place in which the immigration to Cuba can be granted. I believe the Subak children have given you the name of the appropriate person. (The Subak family is the one with whom my parents lived since they had to leave the old apartment in which I lived all my life. Unfortunately in spite of their children's efforts, which were probably as intense as mine, **THEIR PARENTS DID NOT MAKE IT**). We learned that the landing bond is given as a different amount each time quite randomly. Therefore we hope that through your connections in Cuba you will be in a position to get the best possible conditions, i.e. the least amount of money to be paid for us. At any rate, it seems to me that this is the best possible road for us to plan for, since the alternate one seems to be even more difficult. (Today, children I think this might have been an oblique reference to the pending deportations. At that time I was only thinking that it meant the alternative of waiting for visas in Vienna).

On Monday of next week we are moving to the above mentioned address, which I repeat here to be sure: Wien II, Schmelzgasse 6/7. It is a good place and nice people whom we know. We only regret that we have to separate again from the people with whom we have shared a home, whom we have gotten used to, and with whom we lived harmoniously (he refers here to the first forced move after which they lived with two other families in one apartment). The others feel the same way about us. However, all of us will not be too far from each other (I wonder if they were all ghettoized at that point), so that undoubtedly we can keep up our good relationships. After receiving your telegram we have joined our house partners and friends in a telegram to their children (in Boston) suggesting that they get in touch with you so that they can make sure to do everything necessary in the K.

situation . I believe that you with your connections can support them and vice versa. At any rate, mutual consultation might be practical for all of you. (Good advice, none of us "children" was and "adult" i.e. 21). We hope that they, too, will be successful in every way, and we will be able, as they wish, to travel with their Parents.

While I am writing this, Mutti is feverishly busy with the preparations for our moving, which needs a lot of work, even though we have given up a lot of our possessions during our last move.

We assume, that now in July you are no longer in New York, since you told us of pending employment outside of the city. At any rate, I assume that you took care of getting our mail and being able to act swiftly on our behalf should it become necessary. I am thinking as I write this that you are sound asleep since it is 4 a.m. where you are, and should you awake, you turn around and sleep some more , since in America this day is a holiday (7/4). I hope you dream something lovely, and as far as we are concerned it should all become reality. With this wish I conclude for today and kiss you and send regards to everybody. Love, my darling, VATI

My mother writes:

My beloved child, today I would have a good excuse not to have to write, but I'm not like that, although he always takes everything away, so that I have nothing left to write, so I can't even tell you of our moving. However, there is nothing much to say about it. We will be together with Mrs. B. (from the old apartment), but she hopes to be able to leave for the USA soon, even though it was postponed from week to week. We are joining some really nice people who happen to be friends of a friend. Even though one only knows people when one lives with them, I think it will be all right. As you know , I am the one who gets along well, and since we will live nearby, we will eat in the community kitchen for middle income people. This will be much

easier for me, though neither grandma nor dad are very enthusiastic about it. However, I will insist, since three women in one kitchen will be difficult no matter how willing we are. I will serve them (dad & grandma) an improved evening meal. I am telling you, these two, knock wood, have some appetite (I am sure mother made their obviously meager resources stretch and taste good), but I, too, have gained 1 ½ pounds in the last weeks, but don't think I am heavy, you should be as thin, but I am glad because my ponim (face) is a little fuller. I don't look like 80, only like 70 (she was not yet 50 at the time), I got so grey, it's terrible. I will have to dye my hair, should I have the good luck to get to the USA.

PARENTS' SECOND LETTER

Dr. Richard Israel Wertheimer

Wien II. Schmelzgasse 6/7

(This new address reveals their third forced move)

To: Greta Wertheimer (my maiden name)

351 Central Park West

New York City

Wien, October 14, 1941 (3 days before their departure)

My dear Greterl,

Your letter of the 22nd of last month we received the 11th of this month. Contrary to your opinion that it would no longer reach us here. Perhaps even the next one will reach us here. We are not quite finished with our preparations as far as all formal papers are concerned, but the transport to which we are assigned is postponed from day to day. First it was supposed to be the 15th, then the 17th, but it will probably be the 20th before we will be able to depart. You can imagine that the constant postponement is not exactly encouraging. But finally with appropriate patience we

will make it all right. The last two weeks we were waiting impatiently for the confirmation telegram of the steamship line but it did not arrive. As you know, in the South they have the "manana" principle and the rest of the world must have patience. Instead of the telegram there came a letter from the steamship company dated September 23rd. , which actually would have been sufficient, except they did not mention grandmother's name. Because of my impatience I sent another telegram to Mr. Ross (our personal contact) which was answered by a telegram confirming our places in the Transatlantic Line. ---In the letter of Sept. 23, they had informed us that the tickets were no longer valid without additional payments from the USA since they had been purchased more than one year before, and the central office in Madrid would have to decide. I must assume that you, my poor child, will have to be the sacrificial lamb again. I only hope that the difference will not be too much and therefore not too painful. It is the old story of your "dear" parents, whom you are waiting for. The letter to Mr. Ross pleading for somewhat more benign conditions will be sent off tomorrow , so that perhaps he can intervene before you are tapped. Then we can get the show on the road as far as we are concerned, of course, the sooner the better. Once we arrive in Bilbao we will have an abundance of time to write you more. The ship is not supposed to leave until some time between November 5th and 10th , which means that on the assumption of our departure on October 20 from here we will have about 2 weeks in Spain to recuperate from some of the strains of the trip and some anticipated strains. At any rate we believe and hope that this is the last letter we write to you from Vienna . I hope to find news from you at the steamship company in Bilbao .Understandably we can not yet imagine all of this will really happen and that we will be re-united with you at some point. Well, my darling, for today , lots of kisses and a wish of a not too distant re-union. You VATI (DADDY)

My mother's postscript: My beloved child ,here is to a re-union.
Millions of kisses, Your Mutti (mommy)

My grandmother adds (in old German script): Heartfelt greetings and kisses, looking forward to an early reunion, Your grandmother (She did not make it to the USA but she died "in bed" in Havana, Cuba, nursed by her daughter, my mother. I recently had her name engraved on the tombstone of her husband and young son in the cemetery in Vienna.)

PARENTS' THIRD LETTER

Bilbao, Spain to depart for Cuba.:

Bilbao, October 27, 1941

My dear Greterl ; (Viennese diminutive for Greta)
We have finally arrived here and are waiting for the SS Magellanes (the ship) which brings us closer to you if not quite near enough. Our telegram from Wednesday will have informed you of our arrival here and . unfortunately . the postscript brought you new worries , which I deeply regret. When you see the facts leading to our telegram you will recognize our regret and deep disappointment. These were the facts: You can imagine that my first move the morning after our arrival in Bilbao was to go to the Steamship line , the Transatlantic.. There , I was told that according to an ordinance of the previous day people who have a "J"-passport (indicating that they are JEWS) will not be permitted to leave Spanish ports. I don't think I have to describe to you how this news hit us, although I myself tried to look at it with logic and did not view it with as much dismay as this bad news seemed to generate. (My dad, the eternal optimist)....I said to myself that the matter is not yet in its final stages and that those of us whose passports, tickets .and ,possessions are all in order would be permitted to leave for their destinations. This is now also the general trend of people's thinking, with which Mr. Ross thoroughly agrees .(Children you may remember from my previous notes that Mr. Ross is the man in the steamship line who helped

by postponing the dates of departure to keep the tickets valid through many months)) , I wrote to him the same day and he agrees with me. Now I will tell you for your information some things about our trip here:

According to the information by the Wiener Kultusgemeinde (these were the officers of the Jewish Community, which in the Holocaust literature are referred to as the Judenrat) we were supposed to leave Vienna on the evening of October 19th and had prepared everything according to these instructions. However, when I made my routine visit to the Kultusgemeinde on the morning of October 17th ,I was informed that the transport would leave the same evening, i.e. 48 hours earlier, which, of course, caused s quite a bit of trouble.

PARENTS' FOURTH LETTER

Bilbao, November 8, 1941

My dear Greterl,

We are daily expecting a letter from you and are daily disappointed not to receive any since we are here almost three weeks without having heard from you except your telegram. The only thing that keeps us calm is the conviction that you have indeed written at the appropriate times and it is the fault of the mail that we are without communication. Perhaps we will be fortunate and receive mail from you tomorrow or Monday. Monday afternoon November 10th (3 years after Kristallnacht) we are supposed to embark. When we will land in Cuba is, of course ,totally uncertain since neither the exact route nor any stops are known to anyone at this time.

(Remember kids ,Europe was at war, the USA entered the war one month later, after Pearl Harbor). I did hear a rumor that the ship will sail two days after embarkation, then stay for four days in Vigo (still in Spain, i.e. Franco "enemy" country). Were it to go via Lisbon which I don't know, then the

departure from Europe would only begin 2 weeks after we embark. (You have to understand children, that every day in enemy country meant danger of being returned to Hitler's henchmen.) We are, of course, thinking a lot about the timespan which we will have to wait after our happy arrival in Cuba, before we will be lucky enough to be re-united with you in New York. Some of the people here who will also embark on the Magellanes, have already information about their continuing trips, one are the Tamiankas (the parents of the famous violinist), about whom I wrote to you, and another Viennese lady, received visas directly from Washington. I am not surprised about the former, who has had access to the White House but I find the latter case more surprising since to my knowledge there is no special connection to anybody. If it is dependent on an early application to the Washington establishment, I know I can rely on your "famous efficiency". Of course, one must not be ungrateful when one has hope to be able to get to such a blessed country and is permitted to live there. The thing that worries us is the thought that we will again need money without being able to earn it. Hopefully it will not be too long until we can reach our final destination, and we can try (hopefully successfully) to search for ways in which old folks like us will be able to ear a living.---From W.(Vienna) we got some news but nothing recent which might give us good news about the people about whom we are most concerned. In spite of air mail I receive the mail only after 3 weeks so that the last letter from the aunts was on October 24th. (I know now that aunt Klara must have been shortly before her deportation but seemed to have spared her brother the disturbing news.)

Here is great excitement on the verge of the departure of the Magellanes (the ship), especially by the people who don't have tickets as yet but who hope to be able to get some in the last minute. The clamor for tickets is tremendous and there are many people who have been sitting around for months without

being able to leave. In this respect we only had to worry for a few days, as I mentioned to you and thank G.d we don't have to worry any more. Nobody can imagine what we were spared this way except for the people who have endure it. – Well my beloved child, accept the last European greetings and kisses from your VATI.

My mother wrote: My darling Muckerle (another nickname). Only 48 hours more, and I still can't quite believe it. May G.d grant us a healthy re-union soon. I have started to Americanize by painting my fingernails red but your father said "it would be better if you learned English", isn't he mean? Imagine, we met a young couple, who know our friends in Columbia, of course we are sending them greetings. Now, my beloved, keep your fingers crossed that we won't "kotzen" (Viennese slang for vomiting) all the time of the voyage. Millions of warm kisses from your MUTTI

Parents' Fifth letter From Havana in January 1942 was written in English and a copy is attached without translation.

Appendix III

Round Robin Letters 1971 to 2002

ROUND ROBINS

Summer - 1971 - The Stantons move to New Jersey

My dear friends:

Please forgive the fact that I am writing you a "collective" letter. However, those of you who know me well will agree that this is better than my so very occasional attempts to write and keep you up to date, at least on what I call "vital statistics".

Well, here it is: the Stantons are leaving New York. Even though we are just going "across the river" to New Jersey, it seems like a very big deal to us.

Very suddenly, in May of this year, a very attractive offer was made to me professionally. I will be Director of Student Affairs and Admissions, and Associate Professor at the Graduate School of Social Work at Rutgers, which is in New Brunswick, New Jersey. The above address is 8 driving minutes away from my office.

As most of you know, I have been at Fordham the past 3 years where I had the opportunity to do a lot of teaching and I have learned a lot. This new job gives me the chance to do more of the administrative types of activities in a University that I have come to like very much in my previous years at Hunter, and it represents in many ways a type of promotion, plus more money. I would not have considered it at all, if my family had not surprised me by being very excited at the prospect of moving into the suburbs.

Bert, whose hours are flexible, plans to commute to New York about 3

days a week, and may even consider some other plans eventually. Andy, who has one more year at Stony Brook University, will possibly do graduate work at Rutgers, if we are lucky enough to keep him out of the Army. Penny will attend Fordham (where we applied because it would have been tuition free, had I been there) for at least one year, and may transfer to Rutgers then. My mother, who just celebrated her 80th birthday has conceded that perhaps it's time for her to give up her independence and is coming with us. Everybody at this time prefers living away from the city, even the kids, for whom it means coming home to "the country".

So here we are! We were fortunate enough to find a roomy ranch house with lots of ground FOR RENT, which unbelievable. We are looking forward to being there by the end of July and to your visiting us. Enclosed is a map for driving directions for your perusal. For those of you who live abroad - come soon, too. It's 40 minutes from New York Port Authority by bus to New Brunswick and we'll pick you up.

Love from all of us.

GRETA

April 16, 1974

My dear friends and relatives:

Today I must be the bearer of sad tidings. On the evening of April 11th, my little Mutti passed away, two weeks before her 83rd birthday.

I am sad to tell you that her great wish of falling asleep one day and not waking up, was only realized at the very final stage, as indeed her eyes were closed and she seemed at peace.

Since the first week in January, when symptoms developed that were later diagnosed as Cancer of the Pancreas, she became weaker and weaker. She herself was only aware of the secondary illness of hepatitis.

You, in far aware countries who only knew her in her earlier years, would probably be surprised to know of the strong will and determination of this little woman. It carried her through making a new life of work in this country; through living by herself and liking it for many years, and finally, through struggling with terminal illness very valiantly, and seemingly, long beyond her physical strength.

We were fortunate to be able to meet her wishes of not being cut open, and of not being hospitalized. She died at home, in her own bed. She, in turn, was determined to remain as independent as she possibly could be. "I'm not helpless yet" was her standard reply when one tried to do things for her that she thought she could still do herself; and she managed to do so until the very last few days.

I believe that she knew that she was dying and that she looked back on her life with some sense of balance. She did not wish to suffer and be helpless, and so I am glad that she was spared much of it. I must say, and some doctors corroborate this, that her active struggle kept her functioning in spite of a ravaging illness longer than expected, and made the end quicker. She wanted it so.

I am writing this letter for very few people who were close to us. I will photograph it and am asking you to forgive me for not writing to each of you separately, but I just can't.

I know you will join me in being proud of her and mourning her loss.

Affectionately yours,

GRETA

Planning a Sabbatical in Israel

My dear friends,

December 31, 1979

Leshana Towa - for the "goishe" year, too. I figure good wishes are always welcome, and this is my apology for the Chanukah cards which I bought but never sent.

I am writing this as a collective letter to give you all the identical information about my plans for Israel early in the year. I don't remember whether I wrote the tentative plans to all of you, so if this is repetitious, please forgive me.

I have been in touch with several schools of social work and am still in the process of "connecting" with some people here and writing to some others who are suggested to me, in order to make sure that I touch base with both the academic establishment and with the professional social work establishment, when I get to Israel. I am told all around that budgets have been cut and the inflation is high, and also that Israelis in general don't respond in writing too well, so that I have reasonable hope, that once I am in Israel, I will get additional work. The fact of the matter is that at the moment I have a definite seminar and several sessions to teach in Haifa, which will keep me in the country for 9 weeks, starting the first week in March. Other than that, just promises, promises, or some vague notions. The worst thing about it is that I'm not too sorry, because I am really not too eager to work so hard, and I think I

will have plenty of things to see and learn about to fill my time. I had hoped to make a little money to make the trip less expensive, and if the dollar continues to fall and the inflation in Israel goes up, I'll eat my own words. But until then, I'll live dangerously and am planning to come, because NOBODY, BUT NOBODY is taking this opportunity away from me which I had wanted for such a long time. I have the time to come, and whatever professional activities I am engaging in are sufficient to fulfill the requirements of the Sabbatical, and I am getting a substantial part of my salary anyway, so who's complaining.

So, if all is well, I am planning to arrive in Israel on or about February 29th, I understand this is a long holiday weekend, and I hope to spend it in Tel Aviv. After that I will spend 3-4 days of the first week in March in Haifa, and after that go to Haifa on Wednesdays (or Tues. nights) through May 7th, with the exception of Passover week. Sooo, you'll all get to see me a lot.

Now to Bert. I don't know if I had a chance to tell you that he was quite ill in the Fall, in fact that slowed down my plans for a while. Thank G.d he is quite well again, only a bit tired. Part of it (says Greta the psycho-analyst) is the typical pre-retirement blues. He is actually going to retire by February first. In my opinion this would make it ideal for him to join me, but he doesn't want to come at this point, but wants to work on some retirement occupation (as my father used to say "as long as it doesn't degenerate into work, an occupation is all right") while I am gone. He does say he'll come PASSOVER WEEK to join me. Of

course, he might decide in the last moment to go anyway, never having been one to plan way ahead. I think it might help if I could get a not too expensive room or apartment near the Ocean in Tel Aviv or environs, so that he would not feel so much like a tourist. So, would you keep your eyes and ears open for me, please.

So, my loves, see you all very soon.

GRETA

Bert Survives his first Serious Illness

My dear friends and relatives:
1981

September 18,

Just a few lines in a "round Robin" letter to all of you, so that it will come in time to wish you a very happy New Year, of 5742. Let there be peace, health, and contentment in all our lives.

We have had a rather difficult year on and off, because Bert had not been well some of the time but he's fine now. When I returned from my Sabbatical he was not too well, had a previously undiscovered heart condition, high blood pressure and diabetes. He had just changed to a more forceful dictatorial doctor, who was very good for him. He said, "You want to live, buddy, you listen". So Bert *put himself* on a diet and lost 50 pounds. The results were marvelous. Within about 8 months, by ea bought but never sent.

I am writing this as a collective letter to give you all the identical information about my plans for Israel early in the year. I don't remember whether I wrote the tentative plans to all of you, so if this is repetitious, please forgive me.

I have been in touch with several schools of social work and am still in the process of

“connecting” with some people here and writing to some others who are suggested to me, in order to make sure that I touch base with both the academic establishment and with the professional social work establishment, when I get to Israel. I am told all around that budgets have been cut and the inflation is high, and also that Israelis in general don’t respond in writing too well, so that I have reasonable hope, that once I am in Israel, I will get additional work. The fact of the matter is that at the moment I have a definite seminar and several sessions to teach in Haifa, which will keep me in the country for 9 weeks, starting the first week in March. Other than that, just promises, promises, or some vague notions. The worst thing about it is that I’m not too sorry, because I am really not too eager to work so hard, and I think I will have plenty of things to see and learn about to fill my time. I had hoped to make a little money to make the trip less expensive, and if the dollar continues to fall and the inflation in Israel goes up, I’ll eat my own words. But until then, I’ll live dangerously and am planning to come, because NOBODY, BUT NOBODY is taking this opportunity away from me which I had wanted for such a long time. I have the time to come, and whatever professional activities I am engaging in are sufficient to fulfill the requirements of the Sabbatical, and I am getting a substantial part of my salary anyway, so who’s complaining.

So, if all is well, I am planning to arrive in Israel on or about February 29th, I understand this is a long holiday weekend, and I hope to spend it in Tel Aviv. After that I will spend 3-4 days of the first week in March in Haifa, and after that go to Haifa on

Wednesdays (or Tues. nights)

through May 7th, with the exception of Passover week. Sooo, you'll all get to see me a lot.

Now to Bert. I don't know if I had a chance to tell you that he was quite ill in the Fall, in fact that slowed down my plans for a while. Thank G.d he is quite well again, only a bit tired.

Part of it (says Greta the psycho-analyst) is the typical pre-retirement blues. He is actually going to retire by February first. In my opinion this would make it ideal for him to join me, but he doesn't want to come at this point, but wants to work on some retirement occupation (as my father used to say "as long as it doesn't degenerate into work, an occupation is all right") while I am gone. He does say he'll come PASSOVER WEEK to join me. Of course, he might decide in the last moment to go anyway, never having been one to plan way ahead. I think it might help if I could get a not too expensive room or apartment near the Ocean in Tel Aviv or environs, so that he would not feel so much like a tourist. So, would you keep your eyes and ears open for me, please.

So, my loves, see you all very soon.

GRETA

Bert Survives his first Serious The summer was the first one off in a long time, and I had looked forward to it. Bert's illness was a non-auspicious beginning. After that he was fine, and in typical fashion, I was reacting emotionally. How - you guessed it - by overeating. I just returned to work and hope that a more structured existence is going to do an old workhorse like me a lot of good.

Not to forget, my so-called book, a publication of a child welfare symposium a couple of years earlier was finally completed, so I have

joined the ranks of "authors" which is nice when you live with a bunch of academicians who constantly public. I also presented a paper in California last Fall, and finally prepared it for publication during my lazy summer. Last but not least, I prepared a "reader" for my new course which I may be able to make into a publication. Students and colleagues encourage me, but I am not sure the publishers will want it.

To our loved ones in Israel, I want to tell you that we think of you all the time and pray (those of us who do) for you and all of us personally and politically. Be well and safe, all of you.

Love, GRETA and BERT

P.S. The kids are fine, working, and doing their own thing, no news otherwise.

Bert survives pancreatic cancer - a miracle

My dear friends and relatives,
1983

March 25,

I did not think I would have occasion to write another "round robin" so quickly, but I find myself in a position where I really can't repeat the same story again for each of you, even though thank G.d, it's a long story with a happy end.

Just as we were about to get ready to go to California for my Xmas break and intercession, Bert was hospitalized on December 13th, and was literally between life and death for many, many weeks, and just came home after a 12-week hospitalization.

What can I tell you - it's been a trip to hell and back for both of us. He had a malignancy at the border of the pancreas and bile duct. These things are rarely operable, and we were prepared for a brief surgery to relieve his symptoms. When the surgery was performed, they found that

he had a very small tumor without any spread, and proceeded with a rare surgery called a "whipple" which radically removed much of the surrounding areas of the intestinal track and left him cancer-free (knock wood).

The hitch of this fierce surgery is that the procedure itself is so difficult and life threatening that all the many complications - and he had all of them- are quite usual, and the problems were all connected with the surgery, not the original problem. You will believe me when I tell you that the doctors themselves, each one of them, surgeon, cardiologist, interns, residents and nurses alike all assured both of us that he's the toughest man they've ever seen, and that he's got the most devoted family. Soo, between a great constitution, a great will to live, wonderful friends and family, and excellent doctors and medical care, he's made it and is now recuperating, in his inimitable fashion, much more rapidly and fully than could be expected, getting better and stronger every day.

As for me, I'm waiting to allow myself the proverbial post-crisis nervous breakdown of which no one may deprive me, but on second thought, I'd rather hand in there till the end of the school year and then have a vacation instead of a breakdown.

So much for the nightmare. Now a couple of pieces of nice news.

1. We expect to be grandparents in August. Andy surprised us with this news just as Bert went into the hospital, and the happy expectation was a real life-sustaining force for Bert. As Penny put it, "If it weren't true, we should have invented it".

2. Penny got her Master's degree in Communication, and in spite of a very bad and very competitive scene, managed to get a very good "job with a future" which will permit her to practice and learn her new skills, while earning several thousand dollars more.

I do hope that from now on we'll only have good news for you.
All our love and good wishes,

GRETA

September 1984

My dear friends,

It's time again to wish you l'shana tova and hope it will be a healthy and happy year all around.

Not too much new to tell you since I wrote to you in May. Bert's been A-1 o.k., and has resumed his normal activities, is driving around, busy with errands that neither of us ever got to, and "getting things done", which in the midst of the usual bureaucratic inefficiencies is not an easy task, and constantly frustrates him, but confidentially, he thrives on it.

The children are fine, Andy is a full time 200% father, as crazy prejudiced and in love with his little girl as one can be, but managed to get a special award and raise in his career anyway. The baby is indeed adorable, a typical Jewish grandchild - a genius! She is 14 months old and her special feature is shaking her little rear end and having one arm and a finger up in the air, every time she hears music. Penny has moved up in her career and gets promoted quite a bit, works very hard but enjoys it. She is very nice about visiting us as much as she can.

As for me, the above letterhead shows you the direction in which I'm planning to go. However, I'm not promoting this sideline yet, because I am still quite involved with and like my work at the school. I've had a little gallbladder trouble, at this point not too bothersome, IF I maintain a fat-free diet. However, this means that we are leading a very quiet life, at least compared to our New York friends, who are "swingers" on our terms.

Since I worked from mid-May through July, to make up for the Spring semester which we spent in Florida, the summer was a short one. We managed to spend a very long weekend at the Tanglewood Concerts in the beautiful Berkshires, and a long weekend with the granddaughter in Virginia.

My poor darling friend Liesl is still suffering a great deal. I believe I told you that she had a fierce cancer operation last February. She was doing quite well for a while but is now getting worse. She is with her older son in Colorado and I went to see her and hope to have been a little helpful. I just can't get reconciled to human suffering, that seems pointless. However, Liesl herself really made the best of a difficult situation more times than not.

On a more cheerful note,, G.d willing, we'll be in California for a month starting about Xmastime, and lo and behold, I've put in my "reservation" for a Sabbatical in 1986/87. So, watch out, I'll descend on you at least for a little while, and hope that Bert will be up to traveling. It's not that he can't but this was never his "thing" too much. In the meantime, maybe some of you will see fit to come here. The CASA STANTON is waiting for you.

All our love and best wishes,

Greta and Bert

More Illness and Survival

March 22, 1985

My dear friends,

It's time for an update, along with our best Pasover wishes. It's a report of a "winter of discontent", with disaster and near disaster, but thank G.d the Stantons seem to be survivors.

No sooner had I written to you for Rosh Hashana, but our darling Lieserle died. She wanted to live so badly, and she bore the side effects of her illness so valiantly, it was truly worth a bit more of quality life, but it was not destined to be. At least she died at home (in her son's home in Colorado)with the help of Hospice. I talked to her on the phone

every day, and was supposed to come out again the week she slipped into a coma, not to wake up any more.

We were both very close to her and were and still are missing her deeply. As we begin to come out of our mourning, Bert, we had renewed hip trouble, found that the steel shaft of his first hip replacement had broken. The only remedy was surgery to replace the replacement. Nowadays this is no longer such a big deal, but since he had been through so much, the question of survival was a serious one. BUT he didn't want to be so seriously handicapped (he could only walk on crutches and with pain), and the doctors thought that his condition was good, so we went ahead to schedule his surgery for the end of December (the beginning of my intersession at school). I assure you that we will never plan to go to California again. Two years ago he was deathly ill, and this time, surgery again.

Meanwhile home on the range - my gallbladder got worse and I was advised not to wait till summer to have it out. Sooo, I planned for joint illness ... I asked for sickleave for half a semester. That meant that I could be with Bert through his surgery and recovery, and then schedule my surgery for mid-February. I was fortunate to get Nellie, the woman who had been so extremely helpful when Bert was so ill two years ago - she came to stay with us from Idaho. What can I tell you - she's a find. A "schwarze Yente" in the best sense of the word: competent, caring and bossy. She will be with us until Passover, by which time I expect to go back to work and Bert can fence for himself much better.

Sorry I am so detailed about all of these negative happenings, but that's all that's been going on these last 6 months or so. We are both doing quite well now, have begun to go out locally (each of us is allowed to drive "a little") and are planning our first big trip to attend the Seder we always go to, at a relative's in Bellmore, Long Island. So things are beginning to mormalize.

Our children are fine, Penny was fantastic in standing by; both she and Andy both were here New YUear's weekend, when Bert was having his surgery, and she came weekly to help and for moral support. Andy was

on the phone a lot, of course regalling us with stories about his little "genius" daughter.

By the way, I am not making light of my own surgery, but it really wasn't a big deal. I went to New York, because I trust only one, wonderful surgeon. (Bert had a very famous local guy_. Penny and a good friend of mine who lives near the hospital "did the honours" and I was discharged after 4 days. I'm completely healed on the outside, but the inside is still painful. However, I'm doing everything except housework, and schlepping, and I NEVER do the former anyway. This is 4 weeks after my surgery, so "not bad for an old broad" as Bert says. He is walking very well though still on crutches, which we hope will come off next week when he goes back to his surgeon.

Sooo, this is about it for now. Of course my new practice had to wait, but first things first. My school was very nice and I am going back to part-time responsibility and will teach one course in the summer. This is fine with me, since staying home all the time makes me stir-crazy. I'll be off in August, but I don't think this will be a year for traveling yet. Sooo, please come and stay with us, you're always welcome.

All our love and best wishes to all of you.

Greta and Bert

UPDATE - 1986

September 1986 - December

1986

My dear friends and relatives:

The time has come again to wish you a healthy and happy New Year and send you my customary "round robin"- no matter how brief it will be otherwise it will not reach you in time. (My usual problem - Sept. or Dec. - no difference).

Part of the brevity is explained by the fact that I just returned from the Colorado mountains where I gave a workshop at the annual gathering of the Stepfamily Assn. of America. While the workshop itself turned out to be very different from what I wanted it to be, due to the variant needs of the people who attended, it was a lesson in flexibility since I had to change my approach completely at the spur of the moment. However, it did get me in touch with a lot of people and gave me some ideas about things to do when I retire. Of course, the Colorado mountains are gorgeous, and I also visited a few people of whom I am very fond.

Now I am beginning to concentrate, perhaps a little late, about how I will spend two half-Sabbaticals - the Spring semesters of 1987 and 1988, which the University approved. One of the prescribed tasks is the completion of the Bibliography Book on stepfamilies. I am looking for something professional to do to give me an excuse to go to Israel without spending too much money, approximately in May/June. If I could find a reasonable apartment I think I could persuade Bert to come. For the winter months I hope we will be able to go to a warmer climate here, since I can do my work anywhere. (We're off to Southern California)

Bert has really been feeling fine, after a long recovery from his so serious illnesses over the last few years. He's happy and taking care of himself, has kept his weight down, which is more than I can say about yours truly. Am just rejoining Weight Watchers for a change, so here's hoping.

Our biggest problem is our beloved cat, Maxi, whom some of you know. She's getting to be a really old lady (15 years old) and we are concerned about her care, while we are travelling. If any of you know someone who would like to live in our house for free - MUST BE A CAT LOVER - for Jan. through March for sure, possibly longer, please let me know right away. You guys in Israel, perhaps some of you want to try out the New Jersey winter????

Not too much to tell you otherwise. The most important thing is perhaps

that we've survived 1985/86 (the Jewish year 5746 - am I right?) without major illnesses - knock wood. I had a couple of cancer scares but luckily they turned out to be nothing, thank G.d. However, there is never a dull moment. We are very grateful that all's well.

Our kids are fine, our granddaughter is a steady source of joy, and Penny is working on her career and dating a lot.

Be well and happy, all of you.

Much love - Greta and Bert

WINTER IN SAN DIEGO

April 1987

My dear friends,

By the time this gets sent, it probably late for either Pesach or Easter - with my deep apologies. Believe me, we think of you all and we wish we could see more of your lovely faces, but alas, distances and aging processes come between us.

When I last wrote to you all in the Fall, I was hoping that some of my Sabbatical this Spring would take me to Israel. However, the distances, the question about the weather, and last but not least - the type of work I needed to do, made it more feasible for us to "winter" in San Diego. I must tell you that it was a terrific success as far as the temperate climate is concerned, in fact, Bert was quite ready to stay forever. I am not so quick to give up my home and the proximity of kin and old friends. We came back the first week in April and have by now settled back in waiting for the temperate climate to catch up with us.

The winter was very good for Bert and he is tanned and extremely skinny - would you believe? We lived in an admittedly expensive apartment complex (executive style) with a parking space, a swimming pool and a Jacuzzi the equivalent of one block away. The sun was

shining during the day with about 65-75 degrees F, and the nights and mornings were cool, in January, February and March. You Israeli magicians, can you find me a place like that for the winter of 1988? I'd love it.

Meanwhile, perhaps you would consider coming to see us some time soon. Also, if any of you plan to go to Europe this summer, please share your plans with us as early as possible. We have some vague notions - but firm possibilities in our heads, of going to Vienna (to pick up some money) and then to Prague and Budapest (neither of which I've ever seen) - of course contingent upon health conditions by the summer.

So here's hoping we can make it possible to meet soon. In the meantime, be well and know that we love you all.

Greta and Bert

BERT'S ILLNESS AND DEATH

December 25, 1987

My dear friends and relatives,

It is with great sadness that I am writing a "round robin" to those of you who are either not living in close proximity to us and therefore have not been in telephone contact, or those with whom we communicate annually - with apologies for the lateness of these greetings.

This is the last time Bert's greetings will reach you on a card. He left this earth after a valiant and intense fight to stay with us, on December 10th of this year. I can hardly believe it yet, and am trying to adjust from day to day, and have now chosen to let the more distant ones among you know about what had been happening to us.

Last year at this time we were on our way to San Diego, and spent a wonderful three months in California, enjoying warm weather, the company of good friends and visiting with relatives and friends further

North in California and Nevada before we returned home. Bert is particular liked it so much that we decided on spending the winters away from New Jersey, most likely in Southern California. Bert was ready to move right then, and we were looking forward to my early retirement in July '88 to put our plans into practice, and in the meantime we were hoping to spend January - my intersession - away again, in warmer climates.

Well, it was not to be. We spent an uneventful pleasant Spring at home and I was completing much of my work on a book for which I had taken a semester's sabbatical - thus our Southern sojourn, and started a pleasant summer with out local pool membership and trips to a little lakefront beach, enjoying visits from kids, and especially from our granddaughter, and of course our friends from New York to Israel and in between. And then, illness struck again.

On July Fourth weekend Bert fell ill with what first looked like a viral infection, but turned out to be a cancer at the liver end of the bile duct called a Klatskin Tumor. We went to Johns Hopkins in Baltimore where we were told the greatest experts were, and Bert was undergoing surgery, and after our return home he underwent 9 weeks of radiation therapy.

It will not surprise those of you who knew Bert well, to know that he bore tremendous discomfort, pain, and a general weakening of his body with amazing courage and fortitude. The psychological pain of leaving us, which was very much on his mind from the very beginning of his last fatal illness, was much harder to bear. He remained a strong fighter, cheerful and optimistic for a long time. When he realized the seriousness of his condition, his physical decline was extremely rapid. After a very lovely Thanksgiving with the family, he got weaker practically by the hour and he died after one week in a coma. We were able to be with him Penny, Andy and I, till the last minutes, and he died at home, with dignity as he had wished, and he was at peace. We miss him terribly.

In accordance with his wishes, he was cremated and will be buried at sea. We were, however, able to say goodbye to him in a more traditional

way in a memorial on December 13th, in a very lovely, warm room at Rutgers' Eagleton Institute, with a wonderful young Rabbi, Susan Schnur, officiating, and with a number of good friends, and one niece and nephew memorializing him. It was according to all a way in which he would have liked to be remembered. And now, amidst a continuous outpouring of wonderful love and friendship to the kids and myself, we are trying to carry on, somewhat consoled by the tribute people pay him. Love to all of you - GRETA
Widowhood and Retirement

September 6, 1988

My dear friends and realtives,

It is this time of the year again, so I don't want to muss wishing you a very happy new year and adding a few lines about us.

As you can imagine, this has been a pretty rotten year for me. However, life goes on, and so does my life.

As planned, I retired on July 1st. It was difficult, since I chose that dtae around things which Bert and I wanted to do together, particular our winters in warmer climates. So it felt as if Bert had died all over again. However, my colleagues gave mne a wonderful retirement party, which all those who attended, inclduing some of my personal friends who were invited, thought was the nicest one they ever attended. So you see, people are trying very hard to cheer me up. And of course, all the phone calls and letters from all of you far and near have been of tremendous help.

The summer was rough, because of its sweltering heat, but I managed to get away for a few days and swim in the Niagra River during my visit to friends in Buffalo; by and large, I stick fairly close to home, partly because of my Maxi-cat, partly because it's easier for me.

Now, a retiring friend and I celebrated our first day of NO SCHOOL very nicely. I am beginning to see clients, work on fishing my book, and do something about my health, e.g. DIET.

The "kids" are fine and staying close. My granddaughter is 5 and a delight.

Love,
GRETA

Widowhood - Gary's Wedding in Paris - Israel and Kurt in Milan

September 1990 Rosh Hashanah 5751

My dear friends and relatives,

It's been a couple of years since I wrote my last "round robin". I have seen some of you or talked on the phone to some of you in the intervening two years, so some of the content of this letter may be redundant, since not too much has happened to me in the intervening time. However, I thought that it was time to resume writing at least once a year, since I may owe some of you a letter.

So, let me first reiterate to all of you that your love and affection, expressed in letter, telephone calls, and in person has been a sustaining force in my life for the last three years and I thank you all for being part of my life.

It is difficult to believe that I am close to ending the third year of my widowhood (it's been 2 years and 9 months since Bert's death). Having gone through all the proverbial "stages" I must say that even though the void remains, it does get better with time.

The first year after Bert's death meant going on and just trying to manage by myself. It also was the last semester of my tenure at Rutgers, and left me a half year to wind up my academic affairs. Then I had another few months taking care of our beloved and very ailing cat, Maxi (our baby) and by Passover of 1989 I was the sole survivor of our household. I must say I am very grateful to both Bert, and yes, even to our little Maxerle, to hang in there in spite of severe illness to keep me

company. I appreciated Bert's superhuman effort to stick around, and, believe it or not, the same spirit was reflected in our little animal. They do say that animals reflect the sentiments of their owners.

At any rate, by the summer of '89 I decided to follow the invitation of Bert's nephew Gary and his French-Jewish bride to attend their wedding in Paris. Penny and I both attended and a wonderful time. Then I continued on my "as long as I'm in Paris" itinerary, and went to London for a week, to Israel for 3 weeks and spent a week with my cousin Kurt in Stresa on Lago Maggiore. For me it was a very healing experience, with much caring reminiscences and renewing of old relationships.

After my return home, I did a little more travelling to my cousin Ellida who now lives in Las Vegas, to friends in California and Colorado, and in January of this year I visited friends in Florida (Boca Raton) and my friend and colleague Kay Keefe in Naples, where I also gave a workshop on Stepfamilies. In transit, I found myself in Orlando and resumed contact with a lovely person, Hedy Goldfarb, the cousin of the Reik brothers (my Israeli "family").

By March of this year, I was ready to consider that I had to go on with my life, and decided to put my house up for sale. Unfortunately this was the beginning of a bad housing market, so I am still waiting for the big move. It does not help to know that earlier would have been better, I just wasn't ready earlier. Now the longer I have to wait, the less certain I am about what I want to do. Everytime I enjoy life somewhere I think about moving there, it might be the Northpole for all I know. However, in my more rational moments I have picked out one of 3 Senior communities in my area. They are equidistant from New York, 20 minutes from here, 20 minutes from Princeton and close to Philadelphia and Washington. I would be able to buy a nice condo, which will still allow me to house any of you who want to come and stay a while, and to continue my present life style. Southern Cal which Bert liked so much is a temptation but is too far from the kids and above all my beloved little granddaughter.

This kids and little Clare (now 7) are very much a part of my life. Penny

is a happy bachelor girl in New York and is very helpful when I need her and we are very close. Andy and his family are not as geographically close but I hear from them every week, and especially that little voice saying "grandma, I love you" into my machine, is priceless. I see them about once in 2 months.

I just came back from Colorado where I attended the wedding of my friend Liesl Mizner's granddaughter. It was the loveliest wedding ever. In the middle of the mountains (on a property which George - the bride's father had bought). I was so pleased to be deputy grandmother. I like that role and I seem to be achieving it with a few families of my close friends. I also used the opportunity to see some old friends who live in that area.

I notice that I haven't mentioned work very much. Well, I haven't really done very much. The first year after my retirement I finished my book. Also for the past years I have been working on some professional committees. I am very active in getting licensure for social workers in New Jersey and am on the profession's ethics committee. I do see stepfamilies now and then, but have not done too much to promote the business, partly because I don't want to take on long term commitments until I know where I will live, partly because I had had recurrent dental surgery, and partly because I have to be clearer about what I want to do. During the last year I have led a group of families of cancer patients, and have felt that I was doing a very needed service. I may want to do more of this. Also, this is the second year I have been taking courses at Rutgers, mostly in the area of Jewish studies, and have enjoyed doing this.

Well, this has been a longer letter than I thought. Be well my dears!

Love, GRETA

Update for my non-Jewish Friends and Happy New Year 1991
December 1990

Well, it has happened: I have sold my house, or to be more exact, I have a contract, and a closing date, February 15th, 1991, but in today's housing scene anything can still go wrong between now and then.

I have adapted my original plans somewhat. I had thought that I would sell my house by the fall of 1990 and then travel a little. When it looked as though it may well be another year before I will sell, I accepted a part time job at my old school which commits me until June of 1991, I took on the field advisement of 15 students, just can't keep my fingers off the old "trade", and I love it. It was like this in the old times when I smoked and lit a cigarette, because the bus didn't come: there was the bus! So, the moment I committed my time, I sold the house. The other adaptation I am making is my decision to rent for a year rather than buying right away. Since it is more difficult to sell these days, I want to make sure that I like the community to which I am moving before I finalize my decision.

Strange as it may seem, I am pretty calm about this big change in my life, I guess I still have a sense of unreality about the whole thing. It's all worked out in my mind, but in fact, I still have to find a place I want to rent - which I'm assured is o.k. about 4-6 weeks before the event, and of course the idea of moving gives me nightmares. However, this, too will pass, and I have the promise of much help both hired and friends, so I'm sure I'll survive.

Hope all's well with all of you, and perhaps our roads will pass in person in 1991.

Love,
GRETA

I Moved to My Condo-house and Penny Got Married
April 1992

My dear friends and relatives:

It is now over 10 years since I sent around my first "round robin" AND I want to continue this "tradition". So, first of all a Happy Pesach/Easter Holiday to all of you and best wishes for all you want, but HEALTH first.

I am taking this opportunity to let you all know my new address (see above). I bought a condo house in the same development in which I had rented since Feb. 1991. Even though moving was a nightmare, it was worth it, because after a year I knew much better what I wanted. The house is beginning to look like a human habitat, and you are all invited to join me whenever you can. I have enough space for guests and the "wilds" of New Jersey offer some culture, a hell of a lot more than when we first moved here 21 years ago. I also picked a house which is a three minute walk from the bus which goes to New York City and takes only 55 minutes. So, you see, "we aim to please".

The nicest news for this year is Penny's wedding on February 2nd, at the Eagleton Institute. This is a lovely old mansion, a part of Rutgers, my academic home base, which offered both elegance and informality and all who attended (though a previous few) were thrilled. I also offered continuity and Bert's psychological presence, since it was the place WHERE WE HAD his memorial four years ago. The same (lady) Rabbi officiated and it was a real Jewish wedding, even though the groom is not Jewish. The two young people are in love and living in Manhattan until they decide where in the suburbs they want to live more permanently.

As you can imagine, I was busy with wedding plans and house purchase, and in addition I was field consultant for 15 Rutgers students, and taught a class in Advanced Casework; that's so I have an excuse to do nothing perfectly.

Now I'm busy settling down but will go a-traveling in June and July. Anybody who is anywhere near San Francisco in mid-June or in Israel

the first 3 weeks in July, or in Europe the last week in July, please write right away. Thanks.

Love,
GRETA

Still Working and Travelling

December 31, 1992

My dear Friends and Relatives:

Just a short note today to wish you all - belatedly - a happy holiday season and a happy New Year.

Since I sent out my usual holiday greetings for Easter, not too many things have happened since then but I want to say hello and keep in touch anyhow.

Penny and Sam are well and fixing up their "Yuppie" den, a tiny 2-bedroom apartment on West 14th Street, pending their intended move to the suburb within the next couple of years. Andy is happy and advancing his career as a government lawyer, and still is a 200% father, and my beloved granddaughter is 9 years old by now, wears braces, is very close to me; even though we don't see each other but once in 2-3 months.

My own life has been extremely busy, since I not only taught an Advanced Case Work Course, but worked with 15 students in the field - 2/3 of my old job at barely an horarium, but it keeps me young. My house is becoming lovelier (with my French decorator) and you're all invited!

Having a new house and shaping it to be "my very own" has been a very pleasant if time-consuming occupation and speaking with my friend and professional role model Naomi Golan (who wrote an article: Wife,

Widow to Woman) I think I have entered the stage of womanhood in which I can enjoy life with my wonderful old friends (I am really lucky to have found them) and I am lonely only sometimes.

In the summer I attended the graduation from law school at Stanford of my friend Liesl's granddaughter (as grandma's "deputy") and subsequently visited with the older granddaughter and her new baby as great-grandma deputy. Then I went to Israel to the wedding of my "adopted" nephew, Heinz Reik's son. So I have been surrounded with attention and love, and I have kept moving.

Be well, all my dears, and KIT (keep in touch).

Love,
GRETA

The Backing Out - Penny - I travel and Teach

September '94

Rosh Hashanah 5755

My dear friends and relatives.

Another year is beginning and my family and I wish you a healthy and happy one.

I realize that I have not sent out a "round robin" since December '92 and so I think it's time that I communicate with all of you and sum up some of the "happenings" of the last year or so.

The back page of this communication shows (off?) my recent achievement. After five years at the publisher's, my book was finally published (after I had thought that it would only happen posthumously) last April, and lo and behold, a local paper asked to interview me. So, I wanted you to see this, although I urge you to believe me that this is a very bad photograph of me. The paper probably thought I looked

professorial, but I assure you that I look much better than this. Nevertheless, it has brought me a good bit of attention and I have become known in this community. All of this after I had decided about a year ago that I would stop working for Rutgers and concentrate more on some volunteer work re the Holocaust and some other services that interest me. I will continue to do so. However, I will also give workshops and consultations as an outgrowth of my renewed popularity. It seems that I am meant to do a little more work and I am just as glad, since I do like being active.

Andy's family is fine. My granddaughter is 11 by now and so far we are still very close and good friends. Penny and her husband moved to New Jersey last December and are less than half an hour's drive away from me, which is lovely. They have been very lucky in finding a "dreamhouse" and are happy furnishing it. My son-in-law Sam found a job in New Jersey but Penny continues to commute to New York. She was hoping to have a baby but her pregnancy terminated last spring. She is doing well, however, and her spirits are up again and they continue furnishing the nest.

I still do a bit of travelling, when the opportunity arises. I attended a week's training seminar in psychodrama in Florida in June and did some "as long as" visits in Florida with my cousin's daughter Leslie in Tampa (I re-met her and her sister after many, many years at their father's 80th birthday party in Jacksonville last December); then with a friend in Florida (the cousin of my Israeli friends the Reiks, i.i., practically family); and with my cousin Frank in Jacksonville. I think the researchers are right -- as you get older, you become closer even to formerly distant family members.

Speaking of getting closer, about a year ago at this time I attended the wedding of Bert's greatniece in Mill Valley, California, and I had attended the wedding of her brother the year before. These events brought me close to Bert's niece, Karla, and I finally met a nephew of Bert's who turned out to be simply a love of a person.

Speaking of family closeness -- my children gave me a wonderful

birthday party last April. I agreed on two conditions: 1) no presents; and (2) you may not mention my age. The affair was held in a community hired hall but privately catered. There were 42 people present, including a good number of kids and it was a beautiful and very moving occasion, I won't need eulogies when I depart from this earth; I've heard them in my lifetime. Also, my circle of relatives that are close has increasingly included Bert's nephew Gary and his family, and some of Bert's cousins, so I seem to be so very fortunate to have a large extended family, almost none of them blood relatives.

I have not been able to cover all the events but I think I've given you a little picture of my current life. Be well and happy all of you. I hope to see some of you this coming year since I am planning to travel while I still enjoy it, and especially since I don't want to live through 17 snowstorms in New Jersey again.

Love to all of you. Please, keep in touch.

Love,
GRETA

New Year 1995 - Update - pg. 2 (for my non-Jewish Friends)

Rosh Hashana 5756

September 15, 1995

My Dear Friends and Relatives.

It is that time of the year again and it's one year since we last communicated, so here I am, first and foremost wishing you a healthy and happy New Year full of peace and good things to come, quite contrary to my fears when I look at TV.

This time I have wonderful news to report to those of you are far away

and haven't heard me shout it out yet: my daughter Penny gave birth to a bouncing little boy, Matthew Stanton Truhillo on June 30th of this year. Given her age and last year's traumatic experiences we all consider this a very happy miracle. Andy and family, quite a few cousins and a few friends gathered in Penny's new house (with very little parking space) for the baby's birth milah. The Rabbi/moel did a wonderful job according to all those present, explaining the ancient ritual, included and excluded the six kids of various ages who were present to make it joyful for them, and our sturdy little Matthew survived with a minimum of discomfort. He is growing by leaps and bounds, weighing 15 lbs. at the eight-week visit to the doctor. He is a sweet and lovely baby and does all the things he is supposed to do. Penny, who is a wonderful mother, has to return to work on September 18th which is a source of stress, but Sam and she have found a good place nearby where the baby can get individual attention from licensed personnel. Nevertheless it's going to be a big change. For Grandma, too, since I have been seeing a lot of him and his mom for his first 2 1/2 months.

My granddaughter, Claire, is 12 (going on 27 one date and on 3 the next). She and I have a wonderful loving relationship, only regretting that we cannot see more of each other. She is a super student and has just started middle school. She is very happy with her little baby cousin. Andy, who held the baby at the birth, is an interested and loving uncle, but the arrival of a new dog in the family has interfered somewhat with the Virginia Stantons' visit to us New Jerseyites.

Earlier this year I spent two months in Israel being loved and cared for by my wonderful elected brothers (the Reiks) and their families and by many friends. I always feel at home when I am there. I also attended a Social Work Conference at the University of Jerusalem, traveled a little on weekends and saw many of the tremendous changes in the country.

In June I spent a week in Vienna and a few days in Budapest where I had never been. It was a very interesting experience. Vienna, where I went reluctantly (as always) was a wonderful healing experience. It was the 50th post Shoah celebration of my old Sportclub Hakoah which had

heavily contributed to Austria's fame in sports from 1909 to 1938. I met many old "budies" (some recognized me and I recognized some) and renews sole old friendships. My childhood friend Susi Ehrenreich, through whom I knew of the Hakoah celebration, her sister Eva, with whom I stayed in Susi's building, Renee Mittler, who stayed with Susi, were the people whom I saw quite a bit. Especially Renee, whom I had not seen since 1937 and I found that we could still communicate very well. Fritz Thorn, who had been youth group leader whom I adores and looked up to as a Hakoah teenager, was a special "bonus" appearance. My old friend, Edith Tinter, was a surprise visitor and we had a brief, lovely reunion.

An unanticipated consequence of this week in Vienna, some of the people I met (non Jews) in connection with trying to retrieve some of my Aunt Klara's paintings in order to will them to a Holocaust museum, and the open apologies of all the signatories that wine and dine us touched me more than I expected. It's not that I can forgive and especially not forget, but I was able to feel less hatred, and re-integrate some of the more pleasant aspects of my childhood which had been overshadowed by the Hitler experience, into my memory bank.

As for my life in Clearbrook (the community in which I live and to which you are all invited!), I continue to make friends, and as I worked less, I participated more in the activities available. Nevertheless, as long as I still drive around in my little Saturn, I spend much of my time away from here, but I am glad to have found some people to feel close to when I come home. I was and am busy with some volunteer activities, Hadassah, Brandeis, Holocaust Committees, and I do a little paid work now and then, just enough not to make it a four letter word.

I have not been able to cover all that has happened and I apologize for any important omissions. Between a new grandson and some possible eye surgery (cataracts and/or laser treatments) I may not travel as much this year, but then again, I might surprise you. Love you all. Please, keep in touch.

GRETA

December Update: The babay is almost 6 months old, weighs 25 lbs. and is a healthy and happy little boy giving everybody joy. I had a Chanukah party for 18 adults and 9 children, 5 of them under 3 1/2 years old, a great success, much to my surprise in my little house.

I had two lazer treatments and my eyes are a lot better thus no more surgery this year.

In January I am going to Mexico to escape the harsh winter we are having (before winter even started). Love to all of you -
GRETA

Glossary: "brith milah" - Circumcision; "Shoah" - Holocaust
destruction of 6 million Jews;

"Chanukah" - Festival of Lights, Jewish Holiday usually
around Xmas time.

Clairie, my darling,

September, 1996

Enclosed is my "Bat Mitzvah" present for you, wiyth my regrets for its lateness. It ook a little while for me to get it done. I am always a little tardy to get my finances in order. I am sure that you with your excellent understanding of Math will not follow in your Grammy's footsteps in this respect.

I do hope, however, that my gift will enable you to work on becoming an independent young woman when you are 21, which is when this money will become available to you. By then it should have grown to at least 10 times what it is worth today.

I am writing this letter in the hope that your parents will keep it for you, along with teh certificate, in case I am not around any more at that time. I know that you do not want to think about sad things, but death is an inevitable result of old age, so I must conbsider this possibility. I do

want you to know that I feel fortunate to have been able to be around longer than your Grandpa and your other grandma, so that we were able to know and love each other and have good times together for a longer period of time. I cherished every minute of those times.

If I still am around by then, we can talk about it all. If I die before then, you will also get \$26,000 = from Rutgers University, where I used to be a professor. I put your name in when I retired. This money will not become available until my death.

I am assuming that by the time you are 21, you will have only one year of college left and I know your parents will have provided you with the funds to complete your college education. Therefore it will be possible to let Grammy's money spoil you, as is befitting for grandparents. I hope you will use the money for something that you very much want to do - go to Europe or get your own apartment, of whatever else is a little more unusual and a little harder to afford. It is yours to do with whatever you want. If you spend it foolishly, I hope you'll learn from the experience. We all have to experiment as we grow up. I will say honestly that I would not be very happy if you spent the money on drugs or to join a commune, but I have high hopes that you will choose more rewarding ways to achieve more grown-up status.

Whatever you do, be happy and content and know that my love and all my best wishes are with you.

As ever,

Grammy

Revisit to San Diego - New Work w. Sylvia & Mizners

November 25, 1996

Dear friends and relatives:

It is this time of the year again. It is difficult to believe that a whole year

ahs passed since I last wrote to you, in fact it's more than that and I am appropriately ashamed of myself. But I am counting on your love and understanding, and so I'm writing to wish you all a happy Hanukah, Christmas and New Year, and will tell you a few things that happened this year, so that you hear from me at least once a year.

Somehow, in spite of retirement, I seem to be busy and can only quote the proverbial "I don't know how I sued to fit work into my busy day".

My nicest news is the growth and development of my baby grandson, who has now graduated into toddlerhood. He is almost 17 months old, and is a charming, handsome, and personable child, does whatever he is supposed to do at that age, he walks and runs, babbles along, some intelligible, some not. He is quite large ofr his age but has shed most of his baby fat and the big cheeks, which everyone loves but me. His mommy has not so well this year - she had to weather pneumonia and surgery, but has bounced back beautifully. Matthew is in an excellent nursery school which has for the first time taken babies so he is the kingpin and has thrived. Mommie's illnesses have also given daddy a chance to take over as a nurturing parent, so there's a silver lining.

My granddaughter Claire, who was 13 in July, is becoming a typical teenager but so far still lvoes and even communicates with Grandma, so who's complaining?

As for me, I can only say I don't know where the time went, which is a sure sign of old age, but so what. I did travel more than I expected, since my cataract surgery. It did not need to be done, in fact, my eye sight improved, so I decided to travel while I could.

Last winter was horrible here, so I decided fairly spontaneously to go to Southern California with my friend Masria and we spent a month in San Diego. It was nostalgic for me since I has been there 9 years earlier on a three-month Sabbatical, my last travel with Bert before his terminal illness struck. It was bittersweet to see some of the same places again. However, I was able to touch base and renew friendships with many dear people AND the weather was glorious. Similarly, I took off

suddenly in August to visit the Mizners in Vail, who are one of my favorite "adopted" families, and their hospitality and the lovely scenery, Alpine climate and cuisine combined to give me a great time - not to forget their Jacuzzi, right under the Alpine sky or the starlit night,. I also made a short stopover to see Bert's sister and her daughter and family, people of whom I am particularly fond, and who entertained me and my friend Sylvia Mazurki most graciously. Sylvia and I touched base both during the winter and the summer, both times I was near her geographically, but I was also entertained by her when she was in New York after a trip to London in March. This is so remarkable, because she has been combatting a very bad cancer by traveling all over the world several times instead of listening too much to her doctors.

Speaking of horrible winters, last year was so bad that I decided to be away the whole winter this time. SO I'm leaving for Israel on December 27, and will be staying for 3 months. At first I will take an International Educators' Seminar at Yad Vashem, which will help me with some of the Holocaust related work I have recently done (talking to school children, working as a docent in Holocaust exhibits, etc) Then I will stay at a friend's apartment in Tel Aviv, see my many Israeli friends, and perhaps travel a little, too. I am also planning to attend a memorial for my friend and former boss. Naomi Golan at Haifa University School of Social Work in February.

Other work activities this year are my continuing to study and so psychodrama and some occasional workshops on Stepfamilies. I have also become more of a participant in community activities, and have started to learn bridge. Last but not least, I am trying to enter the third millennium by learning a computer. The beginning of this letter on my fancy wordprocessor (6th prelude to computer) is a good indication of my illiteracy, since I lost half of it before I printed it out and therefore continued on my little age-old Hermes typewriter. So who's perfect?

I guess I should mention that I am making up for the years in which I could only entertain occasionally, by inviting as many friends as I can, and my dinner parties are the topic of friendly conversation, since most old folks don't want to bother, but I still love it.

I do hope to see many of you this coming year. Keep in touch, love you all.

GRETA

Winter in Israel - Study at Yad Vashem - Memorial at Haifa University
Holocaust work in New Jersey

My dear friends and relatives,
1997

December 15,

Here's my annual missive, mostly intended for those of you, whom I haven't seen or spoken to in a long time. If some of the info is a repeat, please, forgive me.

Last year at this time, I was preparing for a three-month trip to Israel.. I did go and I had a most wonderful time. One month I stayed in Jerusalem and took an International Educator's course and I am now officially entitled to teach about the Holocaust. I had a most wonderful time. The leaders were a couple of great people and we were taught by the "creme de la creme" of Hebrew University's experts in the area. It was very sad but also very exciting. Interestingly enough of the 27 people from all over the world who came together there were only 6 Jews including yours truly. The world has finally awaked to the fact that there WAS a Holocaust and that prejudice should be nipped in the bud. The newer definition of a survivor is "a person who lived under Hitler's domain some between 1938 and 1945. At last, this includes the likes of me without taking anything away from those who have suffered so much more and have lost more family members. It is also important to me because my teaching efforts are focused on the fact the Holocaust ENDED with the crematoria but did not BEGIN there. I must say that my contacts with some of the Junior High and High school students are very interesting and the kids are very receptive.

My efforts to reach the teachers have only begun. There are lots of programs but it is difficult for me to carve out a role for myself before I know more about the individual programs. It is almost like a middle-aged person looking for a new job, I'm "overqualified" and the academic programs are a little concerned with the competition of an old professor. So I keep working with the kids who are more interested in my personal experiences.

To return to Israel, I stayed in Tel Aviv for two months after the Yad Vashem experience. A friend gave me her apartment for this time and I thoroughly enjoyed being there. It was centrally located with all conveniences nearby. One of these two months I took an Ulpan (quickie Hebrew course) and I had a wonderful time learning and re-learning. I am continuing on a very elementary level here at home, just so I won't forget it all. Socially, it was even greater than before because on my trip to Vienna two years earlier I had renewed my acquaintances with some of my Hakoah buddies whom I had not seen since our teen years and I was touched by all of the love and attention I got, in addition to my previous Israeli "intimates".

I want to add my lovely experiences with Uri Aviram, the Dean of the Jerusalem University School of Social Work, whom I knew from his extended stay at my school at Ruegrs. Not only did he extend himself in Jerusalem but when we were both at Haifa University for Naomi Golan's memorial and I fell off the podium (yes I did, but nothing happened to me) he was a kind and calming influence so that I could SIT DOWN and deliver my comments as planned. It was a very moving tribute to Prof. Golan, who had hired me to be visiting Prof. in 1980. It was good to renew friendships and make new ones all over Israel.

Since my return I have done a little teaching, become more active in my community, and unfortunately suffered the loss of four good friends. Currently I am involved with being both friend and crisis intervention counselor to an old buddy from Vienna, so I schlepp to New York quite frequently. The sad part is the fact that both my husband and my mother died of the same illness, so I am a veteran caregiver but it hurts a lot.

So, I keep actively scheduling pleasurable activities in between.

Last Saturday I had an early Chanukah party for the family (about 25 people attended including 10 children). My 2 1/2 yearold grandson was a star and my granddaughter, now 14, and a little cousin age 13 obliged by playing with the younger kids, and the food was good, if I may say so myself.. The place was a shamble, but I had good help.

Now that I started I could probably go on to write much more but it's getting to be too long a letter. Suffice it to say that my "ecumenical" card which I am sending you is evidence of my effort to enter the third millenium, i.i. I am trying to learn to use a computer. We have a comp. club in my community and I go to the lab once a week and try to learn, along with attending some meetings, even tough it seems to me that teh computer folks talk Chinese most of the time. I just pick up a little more int eh lab. One of these days I'll get myself a computer, if I think that I'll stick with it. I do think the internet is fascinating.

I neglected to tell you that I stopped off in London on my return from Israel and touched base with some long term friends from Vienna, Fritz Thorn and Francis Oakes and wife (Fritz Eichner) and a young friend and colleague, Lori Schaffer/Coleman, but becauseof an awful cold and a foul-up on part of the airline could not see some other dear friends living in London. I did manage to share my concern over my California friend who since died,. with a mutual friend who lived in London and thus found a new friend.

Well, my dears, this is all for today. Be well and KIT (keep in touch)

Love,
GRETA

My dear friends and relatives,

It's that time of the year again. I am terribly busy which is good for a person of my vintage, but I don't want to let Chanukah and the New Year without giving you all a bit of accounting for my activities this past year.

It's been a year of much sorrow since from October 1997 to October 1998 NINE good friends of mine died. Some without warning, others after much suffering. All of them were friends, some closer than others but all close enough to leave a void in my life. In addition to the void it is, of course a MEMENTO MORI therefore part of my personal reaction is to keep frantically busy and this not only brings me much pleasure but it also brings me the reputation of being a "swinger" in my senior community.

As you see from my card, I have been dabbling with the computer. My newly gained friends who are the "bigshots" in the computer room have decided that I am "very bright" and my very immodest response is "I know THAT but that does not give me a good memory at the point in my very SENIOR life.

Another "fun" thing I am doing is my work with The Voice of Clearbrook, which is a radio station in my community. I put together three programs so far one serious opera, one light opera and one "Paul Robeson Sings" and I am in the process of doing one which I call "Crooners and Croonettes". I am also an announcer sometimes. It has brought me some nice new friendships.

I am still spending a good deal of time outside of the community going to New York to keep up my old friendships and occasional Theatre visits. The buses are not getting any better but it beats both the bother and the price of driving to New York. My night driving is still passable, especially after a cataract surgery but I'm getting a little more apprehensive about it.

Last but not least, I'm still or again giving courses on the Holocaust and on "the non-traditional family". So I still keep up some of my skills. I am also increasingly using my newly gained skills in Psychodrama in my regular work and it is very interesting.

Finally, on the 16th of December I am going to ISRAEL and I am looking forward to it very much. I will travel while I am there. And hope to stop in London on my way home, probably in mid March, so I'm looking forward to an exciting winter.

I have to stop, my friends, because otherwise I'll never get to Israel, I'm so busy. Just wanted you all to know I love you.

GRETA

P.S. In my rush, I forgot to mention that I took a very nice fast trip to Europe with my niece Lois Freedman to Vienna and Budapest and visited my cousin Kurt in Italy in a little resort near the Riviera. So you can see, I keep traveling or rather visiting whenever I can. The Millennium is here - ENJOY In Israel again and in Vienna Again

My dear friends and relatives,

It's time to tell you ever so briefly about my year. To tell you the truth, it just flew by. I guess that's a function of age. I spent the first three months of the year in Israel. The third time in 6 years, and had a wonderful time, as always, surrounded by love and attention.

Headed by the wonderful Reik clan, my old Hakoah friends, and many new colleagues and friends. I took two months of an Ulpan (a Hebrew language course) and made many new friends while I learned a little Hebrew. I returned home by way of Italy, visiting my sick cousin Kurt and making a new friend in his other cousin. On my return home I was given a tremendously wonderful birthday party of 40 loving people at the New Brunswick Hyatt.

Now I just returned from another visit to Milan (my cousin is a lot

better) and a very strange time in Vienna. I was one of 32 sportspeople who had contributed both to Jewish and Austrian fame before Hitler. And we were invited to spend Hakoah's (the Club's) 90th birthday in Vienna - expenses paid. It was a very strange experience, bitter sweet and ambivalent as always but I had the opportunity to meet some young Viennese people who are all a new breed. Thus free of guilt but regretting the Holocaust. In between traveling I give workshops here in New Jersey both on the Holocaust and on changing families. My last academic contribution. I work just enough not to make it feel like work and am enjoying what I do. I also participate more and am enjoying what I do. I also participate more in my community's activities, e.g., I am sort of "disk jockey" at the Voice of Clearbrook, my Community's Radio Station.

This is all I have room for.

Love, GRETA

Top - left to right:

**Greta W. Stanton (age 3 or 4); Klara Deutsch Wertheimer (Singer: "Klara Paroli") age 16;
Ella W. Brock, Dr. Albert Brock, paternal aunt and her husband;
Dr. Richard Wertheimer, father, in Austrian officer's uniform, toward end of World War I
Jenny Deutsch Friedsam, maternal aunt.**

Middle - left to right:

**Greta W. Stanton (at Austrian high school championships, 1937);
Johanna Deutsch, maternal grandmother;
Group picture: (center) Richard and Klara Wertheimer;
Baby with hat: Greta Wertheimer, aged 6 months;
Greta Wertheimer, age 1;
Klara Deutsch Wertheimer**

Last row - left to right:

**Wall in Wertheimer home: Model T. Ford, c.1912;
Klara Wertheimer, the painter (paternal aunt); in her studio, paintings on wall:
overlarge size painting of Klara Wertheimer, the singer with her guitar;
Liesl Mizner, family friend (the portrait is in possession of the Mizner family);
Painting of Greta Wertheimer, age 5.**

c.1912; in her studio, paintings on wall: Heimer, the singer with her guitar; it is in possession of the Mizner family);